

THE

SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 1,244, Vol. 48.

August 30, 1879.

[Registered for
Transmission abroad.]

Price 6d.

AFFAIRS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

THE accounts from the seat of war in South Africa, being mainly conjectural, are, as might be expected, inconsistent or contradictory. It is only known that CETEWAYO has still an armed force, of which the numbers and disposition are but imperfectly ascertained. Zulu refugees and prisoners may perhaps merely wish to please their patrons or captors by statements that the troops are disinclined to fight again and that the war is virtually over. Sir GARNET WOLSELEY seems to be less confident than he was on his first arrival of the early submission of the enemy. If some fortunately adverse wind had delayed his arrival for a fortnight, Lord CHELMSFORD would perhaps have been able to follow up his victory at Ulundi by advancing further into the enemy's country. The hurried orders of his successor were probably the cause of his immediate retreat from Ulundi. It is extremely difficult to arrive at the truth by comparing the statements of newspaper Correspondents. In no former war have the members of that new and questionable profession so openly indulged their personal predilections and dislikes. Some of their number have depreciated Lord CHELMSFORD with a spiteful pertinacity which can scarcely be attributed to a sense of public duty. Sir GARNET WOLSELEY, who has thus far done nothing, apparently possesses the secret of conciliating the modern dispensers of military fame. War Correspondents provide amusement and excitement for English readers at the expense of greatly increasing the difficulties of generals in the field. In other campaigns they have seldom scrupled to communicate intelligence which must have been useful to the enemy. It is some compensation for the inconvenience caused by the non-existence of a telegraph to South Africa that they have not had the opportunity of betraying secrets to CETEWAYO. A general must have extraordinary strength of character who is not hampered and discouraged by the knowledge that he entertains at his head-quarters critics who from day to day industriously employ themselves in collecting proofs of his alleged cowardice, incapacity, or vacillation. One of their number accuses Lord CHELMSFORD of having, in a speech at Cape Town, attacked the English press with great acrimony. As Lord CHELMSFORD was no longer in command, criticism on his conduct and language could no longer injuriously affect the public service; but the display of ill-will indicates the feeling which has dictated incessant comments on the late campaign. It might perhaps have been better if Lord CHELMSFORD had confined himself to a formal expression of thanks; but some of his charges against newspaper Correspondents were thoroughly just. As Lord CHELMSFORD said, it is difficult to understand how war can be conducted under the conditions to which he has been subjected. One of his bitterest enemies repeats or invents a rumour that it was only in deference to the urgent remonstrances of Sir EVELYN WOOD that Lord CHELMSFORD fought the battle of Ulundi. The praise accorded to the second in command can scarcely be gratifying, as it is evidently intended only to injure Lord CHELMSFORD.

The rapid dispersion of a part of the army employed in Zululand is probably executed in obedience to instructions given to Sir GARNET WOLSELEY before he left England. The services of the troops were required in various parts of the Empire, and it was desirable, both on public grounds and in the interest of the Government, to reduce the current outlay as soon as possible. The force which

remains will probably be sufficient for the purpose, and perhaps CETEWAYO may regard the reduction in the numbers of the English army as a proof of conscious strength. If it becomes necessary to recall any of the troops which have been sent away, the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF or his official superiors will have incurred a heavy responsibility. A large force of Swazis is about to move against CETEWAYO from the North-West; but it is not expected that he will be captured. On the Transvaal frontier SECOCOENI is giving trouble; and Sir GARNET WOLSELEY has sent a part of his force to operate against him, with perhaps the collateral object of securing the Transvaal against insurrection. A rising of some Pondos in the country south-west of Natal seems to be insignificant in itself, and to have no connexion with the war against the Zulus. The Pondos attacked a neighbouring tribe with which they had probably a feud, perhaps without knowing that their enemies were entitled to English protection. They afterwards inflicted some loss on a party of mounted police and volunteers; but according to a recent account the Pondos have retired to their own country. Like the other inhabitants of British Caffraria, they are nominally subject to the Crown, the form of dependence varying with the arrangements which have been concluded with different tribes. As long as vast provinces are occupied by natives, petty wars will inevitably recur; nor can the process of civilization be rapidly extended. By degrees the authority of the paramount Power will put an end to petty wars.

While Sir GARNET WOLSELEY profits by the success of the late Commander-in-Chief, he also adopts, probably by the direction of the Government at home, the main policy of the HIGH COMMISSIONER whom he has superseded. Sir BARTLE FREERE has uniformly contended that it will be necessary to reduce the Zulu territory into the condition of an English dependency. To satisfy the Opposition in the House of Commons, who loudly denounced a policy of annexation, Sir M. HICKS-BEACH produced despatches in which he had refused his assent to Sir BARTLE FREERE's policy of conquest. It was an obvious objection to the project of absolutely withdrawing from Zululand that CETEWAYO, or a successor, might at leisure reorganize the army and revive the institutions which Sir BARTLE FREERE undertook to suppress. No treaty by which he bound himself to disarm or to permit his young soldiers to marry would retain any validity when it was no longer supported by the presence of an English army. On the other hand, it might be said that the invasion of Zululand was unprovoked, and that it was scarcely just to dethrone a native ruler because, in the exercise of his right and duty, he had defended his own dominions against foreign aggression. The question has been decided in the supposed interest of the stronger party. Sir GARNET WOLSELEY announces that CETEWAYO cannot be allowed any longer to reign; and the country when it is conquered is to be divided into six provinces, with a petty native chief as nominal ruler of each district, under the control of an English Resident. It will be the duty of the agent to see that the young men marry when they choose, and that they are not collected in regiments. The land is to be left to the natives, who will probably receive some protection against the claims of white settlers. Sir BARTLE FREERE dilated in one of his many despatches on the expediency of teaching the natives to distinguish between private owner-

ship and political sovereignty. His doctrine applied more immediately to the confirmation of the titles of Boer settlers to the land on the east of the Transvaal, which was ostensibly adjudged to the Zulus. By a converse arrangement English supremacy in Zululand is not to effect a transfer of property in the land. Probably the natives care little for rights of government in comparison with the possession of property. In other respects the scheme amounts to annexation.

There may be some difference of opinion on the question whether it was politic to impose terms which were certain to prevent the submission of CETEWAYO. He would have no difficulty in obtaining assurances of personal safety and of some provision for his maintenance; but he is now informed that on his surrender he will cease to be a King. He must be much unlike civilized potentates if he is satisfied with Sir GARNET WOLSELEY'S offer. Even in European estimation he has been guilty of no crime; and his own people may be supposed to regard him as their natural champion. While he is at large he is still a King, with subjects and followers, and with a remnant of dominion which it will not be easy to occupy. Security for life and property is nothing more than what he possesses already. It is perhaps necessary for the safety of the chiefs of districts that they should not be exposed to the resentment of their former sovereign. In this matter it is difficult to reconcile policy with justice. Sir BARTLE FREER must regard with complacency the acquiescence of the English Government in the opinion which he has consistently maintained. The annexation or partition of the enemy's territory is in some sense a retrospective justification of the war. It is not surprising that Sir BARTLE FREER retains his popularity at the Cape. The colonists have always shared his belief that a formidable neighbour ought to be treated as an enemy. Their approval of the war implies no inclination to contribute to the expense. They have spent more than a million in suppressing their own native insurrection; and they consider that they have no special duties to Natal or the Transvaal. There is no probability of any considerable contribution either from Natal or from the Cape.

MR. GOSCHEN AT RIPON.

IT is not to be regretted that there are still a few small boroughs in which private patrons exercise prevailing influence. Ripon has acquired an unusually good reputation by its choice of eminent members; and the electors or their powerful neighbour have in no degree derogated from their character in selecting Mr. GOSCHEN to fill an expected vacancy. It fortunately happens that the majority of voters are, like Lord RIPON, Liberals, as they were Conservatives in the time of his predecessors. More than one eminent lawyer has been enabled to accept office by the favour of the borough of Ripon; and thirty years ago Sir JAMES GRAHAM, whose popularity was then not equal to his administrative ability, found a refuge in the borough from the indifference of larger constituencies. A responsible statesman, especially when he is in office, may well personally prefer a small and loyal borough which he adorns to a great city with opinions and prejudices of its own. PEEL, after his separation from the University of Oxford, clung for the remainder of his life to Tamworth; and PALMERSTON was contented with the confidence of Tiverton. Perhaps Lord HARTINGTON, if he were at liberty to consult his own inclination rather than the interests of his party, would willingly retain his seat for the Radnor Boroughs instead of seeking to represent North-East Lancashire. Nevertheless there is reason to regret Mr. GOSCHEN'S more or less voluntary retirement from the representation of the City of London. No member in the House of Commons seemed more perfectly suited to his constituency. The citizens or their advisers showed sound judgment in selecting fifteen or sixteen years ago a young man who was an accomplished scholar, who had a practical knowledge of commerce, and who had mastered the most difficult problems of currency. Soon after his entrance into the House of Commons Mr. GOSCHEN further justified their choice by showing that he was a vigorous and skilful debater both on financial and on general subjects. Admitted at an unusually early age to the Cabinet by Lord RUSSELL, for whom he entertains a becoming feeling of gratitude, Mr. GOSCHEN showed, as had been expected, great capacity for business. When Mr.

GLADSTONE became Prime Minister, Mr. GOSCHEN was one of his most useful colleagues, though his Local Government Bill, and his proposal of selling the University and College lands of Oxford and Cambridge, contributed to the general feeling of uneasiness which was the main cause of the subsequent defeat of the Liberal Government. He had scarcely time to learn the unfamiliar details of navy administration before his party was driven from office; but in Opposition Mr. GOSCHEN has vigilantly watched the proceedings of the Admiralty, not without advantage to the service.

In addressing his future constituents, Mr. GOSCHEN was careful to assure them that he had not been dismissed by his supporters in the City of London. His explanation as to the minority clause has perhaps not been accurately reported; for the system, whatever may be its general merits, would have tended to secure his seat. If the Liberal party has recovered its ascendancy in the City, Mr. GOSCHEN would probably have been returned at the head of the poll; and he could only have been excluded if the Conservatives were so strong that, like their adversaries at Birmingham, they could, in spite of the minority clause, return all the members. Two years ago, when Lord HARTINGTON pledged the party to the extension of household suffrage to the counties, Mr. GOSCHEN, supported by Mr. LOWE alone among the Liberal ex-Ministers, formally expressed his dissent. His independence of judgment has increased his claim to public confidence. His constituents naturally accepted the new article of the Liberal creed, although they would perhaps have consented to allow the question for the purposes of the next election to remain in abeyance. There can be little doubt that the difference of opinion caused Mr. GOSCHEN to look for a seat in which he would be thoroughly independent; and it was fortunate that Lord RIPON had at the moment an opportunity of recommending his former colleague to the suffrages of his neighbours. There is, it may be hoped, no Liberal Hundred or Two Hundred at Ripon, and there is not the smallest risk of a division in the party. It happens that the borough has a direct interest in the exclusion which Mr. GOSCHEN desires to maintain of county householders from the suffrage. He was, as he judiciously observed, the better content to acquiesce in the anomalies left by the Act of 1867, because uniformity of franchise would inevitably cause the disfranchisement of the borough of Ripon. Within the district which is for electoral purposes annexed to the little Cathedral city, household suffrage of course exists already; but, if all the agricultural labourers in Yorkshire were to obtain votes, there would be no plausible reason for maintaining the special representation of Ripon and its environs. The reasons for objecting to a further degradation of the suffrage which were stated by Mr. GOSCHEN in the House of Commons would not be acceptable to a mixed audience. Mr. GOSCHEN distrusts the impulsive sentiments of the multitude, especially because he finds that the poorer classes almost always disbelieve in economic laws.

Mr. GOSCHEN is, not without reason, proud of the great measures which were passed by the Cabinet of which he was a member. He has even invented an original theory to meet the charge that Mr. GLADSTONE and his colleagues squandered a great majority. Mr. GOSCHEN suggests that every important change is disagreeable to the less eager members of the party by which it has been accomplished. They accordingly drop off, and perhaps oppose the next great enterprise, until the preponderance of numbers gradually shifts to the other side. In this way virtuous and self-denying statesmen pay for the public good by losses to themselves and their party. If they were not forced to retire from office, they would persist in conferring unappreciated benefits on the community until, having disgusted all their followers, they were left alone. Their conduct in this as in other respects offers a striking contrast to the selfish contrivances by which Lord BEACONSFIELD has kept his majority together, and even increased it. Parties, or at least majorities, are, according to the new theory, faithful in proportion to the neglect of the public good by the Government which they follow. Mr. GOSCHEN'S argument suggests the inference that by doing nothing Mr. GLADSTONE might have remained to the present day in uninterrupted enjoyment of power. In spite of fanciful apologies, the fact is that the late Government fell in consequence of its blunders, and not of its public services. Mr. GOSCHEN himself never shared in the want of official courtesy

which repelled friends and irritated opponents; but even he, notwithstanding his good sense and usual moderation, was for the time infected by the delusion that every institution ought in its turn to be destroyed or remodelled. He was perhaps too severe in his criticisms on the conduct of business by Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE since Lord BEACONSFIELD and Lord CRANBROOK left the House of Commons. A Government which commits Parliamentary mistakes must either possess merit or extraordinary luck when it fails in six successive Sessions to alienate any section of its adherents.

The part of Mr. GOSCHEN's speech which related to foreign politics must be considered in connexion with his conduct in Parliament during the last three years. No other leader of the party has so systematically abstained from hostility to the general policy of the Government. He was silent even at the time of the Bulgarian massacres, and he took no part in the incessant attacks which have since been directed against the Ministers. At Ripon he seems to have wished to show his sympathy with his party by expressing his disapproval of the Anglo-Turkish Convention and of the occupation of Cyprus. Neither measure has hitherto, after the lapse of more than a year, received defence or explanation; but reasonable objection may be taken to Mr. GOSCHEN's strictures on another part of the Ministerial policy. He says that Lord BEACONSFIELD and Lord SALISBURY, when they returned from Berlin, little thought that at that very time a Russian Envoy was entering Cabul. They were fully justified in assuming that the Russian Government would, on the conclusion of peace, discontinue a proceeding which tended directly to war. On this issue at least, the Government obtained an indisputable triumph. The Russian Mission in a few weeks was compelled to retire from Cabul, and the consequence of the enterprise was the subordination of the Ameer of AFGHANISTAN in all foreign affairs to the Supreme Government of India. Perhaps the topic was ill-chosen; but the borough of Ripon has reason to congratulate itself on the choice of one of the ablest of contemporary statesmen.

THE FRENCH COUNCILS-GENERAL.

WHATEVER may turn out to be the exact proportion of Councils-General in France which have passed resolutions condemning the 7th Clause of the FERRY Bill, it is certain that a very large number, if not an absolute majority, of these bodies have shown themselves hostile to the proposed restriction on liberty of education. At first sight this seems a very curious fact. The electors who return the Councils-General are identical with those who return the Chamber of Deputies. They are differently distributed as regards constituencies; but the raw material of the votes is the same. Why should the result of the voting be different in the Councils-General from what it was in the Chamber; and the 7th Clause of the FERRY Bill, which received enthusiastic support in the one body, be barely able to hold its own in the other? Given that the votes are different, which best represents the opinion of the country? The answer to the first of these questions involves the answer to the second. The present Chamber of Deputies, as has often been pointed out, was returned under very exceptional circumstances. The electors had a specific question submitted to them, and their principal care was to return the specific answer which they thought the question required. They wanted to make it clear that they preferred the Republic to the nameless Government which Marshal MACMAHON was attempting to set up in its place. When a question of this kind has been asked and has to be answered, it is not moderate politicians that are most likely to be employed to answer it. A candidate who was returned as a Republican deputy in October 1877 carried his fortunes in his hand. He was going to make himself a marked man as long as the then Government remained in power. If the majority went against the MARSHAL, there was no saying to what degree of violence a desperate Executive might resort. If the majority went for the MARSHAL, he would be able to make things very uncomfortable for his opponents without resorting to violence. The man who counted the cost of all this and still came forward as a candidate was likely to be a decided Republican; and at a time like that a decided Republican usually meant an extreme Republican. Nor was the character of being an extreme Republican as much a disadvantage in the eyes of moderate Re-

publicans as it is usually. There was a kind of satisfaction to men who ordinarily voted with the Left Centre in showing that, when the issue lay between the Republic and personal government, they were ready to vote for a Radical. It was an additional means of convincing Marshal MACMAHON how very much in earnest the country was.

A Chamber elected under such circumstances is an excellent instrument for testing the feeling of the nation on the particular point in connexion with which the appeal is made to it. But it is not even a commonly good instrument for testing the feeling of the nation upon anything else. It does not represent its views upon the ordinary government of the country; in fact, it is certain not to represent them, because there will necessarily be in it a large preponderance of a particular element in the electorate—the element, that is, of energetic and decided Radicalism. In ordinary elections there are extreme candidates and moderate candidates; but at a crisis like that in which the last general election was held there will be few candidates who are not extreme. They are more willing than others to come forward, and they answer the purpose of the electors better. By and by, when the battle has been fought, and things have settled down into their accustomed channel, the majority thus elected wishes to use the power entrusted to it. It does not recognize the fact that it is not a genuine majority, except for the one purpose it has already fulfilled; and it points to the votes by which it was returned as indisputable evidence of its right to govern the country after its own fashion. The FERRY Bill was the first occasion on which the majority in the Chamber of Deputies has attempted to do this. On the questions of the amnesty and the impeachment of the Ministers of the 16th of May, M. WADDINGTON and his moderate colleagues have been able to persuade their supporters not to push things to extremes. But when a French Radical cannot get his own way in secular politics, he is all the more determined to get it in ecclesiastical politics. If he is forced to admit the unwisdom of letting all the Communists come back from Cayenne, or of turning the Ministers of the 16th of May into martyrs by bringing them to trial for their acts when in office, it is some consolation to him to concentrate all his irritation upon the religious orders. Probably he thinks—and thinks with a certain plausibility—that they have few real friends. He knows that many of his constituents who are much less advanced than he is, so far as secular politics go, are quite as willing to declaim against the clergy, and he argues that upon this platform he and they may fairly expect to act in concert. It is not very easy to say why it is that his calculations turn out to be mistaken, or why a man who seldom enters the church, and grudges every penny that goes into a priest's pocket, should yet resent the exclusion of the religious orders from schools. Perhaps the explanation is to be found in the fact that, while it is the husband who decides what his own religion shall be, or rather how much of his professed religion he shall reduce to practice, it is the husband and wife together who decide to what schools their children shall be sent. So long as the husband leaves the wife the determining voice upon this question, she is willing to leave him to settle other matters as he likes. But if she were not allowed to choose a school for her son or daughter, or, what comes to the same thing, if the school to which she wishes to send them were closed by law, she might remember that her husband is one of those who help to choose the law-makers, and might leave him no peace until he had done his best to get the liberty she values restored to her. Or it may be that there is something in the schools it is proposed to close which appeals in some unnoticed way to the father's interests. The education given may be better than can be got elsewhere, or it may be given in a way which the children like better, or the price asked for it may be less, or the fact that a man's children go there may be accepted by some neighbouring great lady as a compensation for a good many shortcomings in the matter of attendance at Mass. A variety of small considerations may go to make up a father's mind upon the point; and the fact that the number of children in schools where the teachers are members of religious orders has steadily increased, even under the Republic, is pretty good evidence that the minds of a good many fathers have, for one reason or another, been turned in this direction.

In England such a process might have gone on unnoticed until the existing Parliament had come to its natural end, or until something had brought about a dissolution. But

in France the session of the Councils-General provides an outlet to which there is no exact counterpart in this country. Universal suffrage declares itself, though in an informal and irregular way, and its utterances are so far recognized that few people venture openly to defy them. Immediately after a general election, indeed, it might be possible to set the later utterance against the earlier; but when circumstances have changed in the interval, and the Chamber of Deputies has no longer the assurance derived from immediate contact with the constituencies, it is no wonder that the Councils-General assume an importance which the Constitution does not give them. In the present instance this importance is something more than accidental. The Councils-General are not merely a means of testing the degree of correspondence between the Chamber of Deputies and the Electorate—they have a special relationship with the Senate. M. GAMBETTA once called the Senate the Great Council of the Communes; and it is probably something more than a coincidence that the opinion of the Senate jumps rather with that of the Councils-General than with that of the Chamber of Deputies. It is a very great encouragement to an elective Second Chamber to find that, on the occasion of its first serious difference with the popular Chamber, a majority of the departmental Councils all over France take the same view. The constitutional position of the Second Chamber cannot but be strengthened by this incidental support. It was little more than a chance that decided how the Senate should be elected; but now that this chance has provided a Second Chamber which appears to be as much in harmony with popular opinion throughout the country as the popular Chamber itself, there is very good reason that it should not be hastily set at defiance. The FERRY Bill may have constitutional consequences which neither its advocates nor its opponents have clearly foreseen.

SIR ROWLAND HILL.

THE full accounts of Sir ROWLAND HILL's life which have been published in the *Times* and elsewhere not only illustrate his great merits, but prove that in almost any circumstances, and notwithstanding apparent drawbacks, a man of original genius in practical affairs may obtain recognition and success. No training could seem much more hopeless than that which was acquired in teaching, during his own childhood, a school which was apparently conducted quite as much for the sake of trying fantastic experiments as for purposes of education. While he was still a boy ROWLAND HILL seems to have elaborated an outrageously absurd scheme of democratic government to be administered by the pupils themselves. He had derived his first notions of education and boyish character from the precocious little pedants of Miss EDGEWORTH's tales, and he had not apparently while he was a schoolmaster acquired the art of thinking or observing for himself. One of the doctrines of Hazelwood was that every boy should devote himself to the study to which he was most inclined. One anxious parent who had a fancy for new schemes of education was startled by finding at the holidays that his son, in accordance with his own taste, had spent his school term exclusively in learning to play the flute. It is evident that in his earlier years ROWLAND HILL was extraordinarily deficient in knowledge of human nature. Among his reforms, however, one does him great credit. He abolished the barbarous practice of flogging which still survives in schools otherwise greatly superior to Hazelwood. At a still earlier date Dr. RUSSELL, the stern and vigorous Head-Master of the Charterhouse, who would have summarily suppressed a mock Parliament of schoolboys, determined to dispense with corporal punishment, though he afterwards partially and occasionally relapsed into the ancient abuse. Dr. AENOLD so far aggravated the evil as to allow the older boys to enforce their authority by the use of the stick; and his authority still unfortunately supports a cruel anomaly.

About the age of thirty ROWLAND HILL apparently discovered that his true vocation had not been prescribed by the circumstances which made him a schoolmaster. A training in an unusually united family had taught him the habit of working for others, and his sound understanding had sur-

vived his father's preposterous practice of perpetually arguing with his children. His remarkable faculty of organization must have been ill applied to the ridiculous little republic of schoolboys. Whether or not he acknowledged to himself this failure in his early occupation, he had acquired a just confidence in his own ability. For the opportunity of exerting his faculties in congenial occupation he trusted, like other able adventurers, to chance. His political opinions probably recommended him to the small party which at that time was engaged in founding the colony of South Australia. For some years he held an official position under the promoters of the enterprise, acquiring probably valuable knowledge of administrative practice. He seems next to have determined on employing himself in some project of financial reform; and he sagaciously selected as a test of the most desirable subject-matter of change the comparative tendencies of reduction in different taxes to sustain or increase the revenue. He found that the receipts of the Post Office were stationary in amount; and on further inquiry he satisfied himself that the tax was extravagantly heavy in comparison with the service performed. A letter from London to Edinburgh was charged with the exorbitant impost of 1s. 1½d., while the estimated cost of conveyance was the ninth part of a farthing. In this way he approached the great achievement of his life. It is interesting to learn that, when he proposed his great postal revolution, he had never been inside a post-office. He soon arrived at the conclusion that a uniform rate was just, as well as in the highest degree convenient. The whole cost of carriage was so small that differences between long and short distances might well be left out of the calculation. At first, as might be expected, his scheme was derided by official experts; but its simplicity fortunately made his exposition of the project intelligible to all the world. His first pamphlet convinced a sufficient number of intelligent persons to place a strong pressure on the Government of the day. Lord MELBOURNE's Cabinet, which seemed in all other respects to have lost its vigour, contrived to pass the Penny Post Bill before it was driven from office. The only error in ROWLAND HILL's reasoning was a miscalculation of the immediate loss of revenue and of the time which must elapse before the deficiency was supplied. A singularly beneficial measure perhaps contributed to the fall of the Government by adding to the embarrassment of the finances. ROWLAND HILL had been appointed by the MELBOURNE Government to a place in the Treasury, from which he, with much inconvenience, supervised the arrangements of the Post Office. Greatly to their discredit, the Conservative Ministers dismissed the great benefactor of the country from a post in which he had some opportunity of making the new machinery effective. It would be satisfactory to learn that Sir ROBERT PEEL was not personally concerned in an act of short-sighted injustice; but he was responsible for the conduct of his colleagues; and he perhaps entertained a prejudice against a measure which had increased the deficit. It was not till the return of the Liberals to office that ROWLAND HILL was made Secretary of the Post Office, with the right of controlling the veterans who still disliked an improvement which added to their labours. It is unnecessary to expatiate on the advantages which have resulted from ROWLAND HILL's marvellous invention or discovery. Postage stamps symbolizing perfect facility of correspondence have gone the round of the world. Letters in England have multiplied tenfold in proportion to the population; and the statistics of Europe and America would exhibit similar results. If ROWLAND HILL was an unsuccessful schoolmaster, he indirectly taught scores of millions of human beings to read and write. The Post Office revenue has long since recovered the sacrifice which, even if it had been perpetual, would have been a cheap price for the inestimable advantages of the change. In his later years Sir ROWLAND HILL enjoyed the respect and gratitude of his countrymen, and he probably watched with unflagging interest the success of his simple and admirable scheme.

Another eminent public servant died a few days earlier in a good old age. Sir JOHN SHAW-LEFEVRE was born in a higher social position than Sir ROWLAND HILL, and he enjoyed incomparably greater advantages of education. He entered on active life with the reputation of having been Senior Wrangler, and his general accomplishments, as well as his connexions, gave him an introduction to the

best society. If he had pursued his original profession of the Bar, he would certainly have attained great eminence; and he could not have worked harder than in the official career which he adopted. After holding two or three minor appointments, he became a member of the Poor Law Commission, of which Mr. FRANKLAND LEWIS was the chief. The organization of the new system involved innumerable difficulties, which were greatly aggravated by popular agitation, and by the incessant vituperation of the *Times*. The New Poor Law, as it was then called, was the most useful of all the great changes of that generation; and Sir JOHN SHAW-LEFEVRE deserves credit for his share in the early administration of the new system. It would be tedious to enumerate the offices and commissions which he held during the remainder of his life. He had much to do with the Civil Service examinations, and he was Vice-Chancellor of the University of London. Wherever intelligence, administrative experience, and indefatigable industry were required, successive Governments habitually looked to Sir JOHN SHAW-LEFEVRE, and they never applied in vain. At last he was deservedly appointed to the lucrative and dignified office of Clerk of the Parliaments, where it was for many years a part of his formal duty to meet his elder brother, now Lord EVERSLEY, when he advanced as Speaker to the bar of the House of Lords. A drawing of the ceremony, with faithful portraits, is somewhere placed by the side of a sketch of the two brothers as boys, and the likeness of each at an interval of perhaps forty years is highly interesting. Incessant official labour was not enough to engross Sir JOHN SHAW-LEFEVRE's intellectual activity. Through life he constantly added to his great acquirements, learning in his old age Russian and Low Dutch, in addition to the languages which he already knew. His manner and conversation were in a high degree graceful and attractive. A singularly useful life was also fortunate in the absence of any moral or social drawback.

PRETENDERS AND THEIR PROSPECTS.

THE French are fortunate as regards their Long Vacations in always having two Pretenders upon whom to hang ingenious inventions. Prince NAPOLEON has lately been honoured in this way by the *Figaro*. As it was stated about the same time that the PRINCE was going to keep a newspaper, and with that view had bought the *Ordre*, it seems unlikely that he should have forestalled his own organ by taking into his confidence the conductors of a rival journal. What he is reported to have said to the writer in the *Figaro* is not sufficiently interesting to make the authenticity of the report a matter of much interest to anybody. What it amounts to is that he is going to show himself a much cleverer man than his cousin, and that in the end all classes of his countrymen and all the nations of Europe will recognize, not only his capacity, but his courage. The present state of Europe, he is made to say, will soon give him an occasion of displaying this latter quality. Upon what field this opportunity will present itself is not quite clear, since the PRINCE proposes to win, in various ways, the confidence of England, Austria, Russia, Italy, and Germany. Unless, therefore, he proposes to present himself as a conqueror in Belgium, or as a liberator in Turkey, it is not easy to see how his military and political ambitions are to be combined. The simpler and more probable explanation of the contradiction is that Prince NAPOLEON never said anything of the sort. Newspapers which have eminent personages interviewed for their benefit maintain a peculiar standard of veracity, to which the story in the *Figaro* no doubt conforms.

The *Patrie* has made an imaginary journey of the Count of CHAMBORD through France the occasion for an equally imaginary discourse which he is said to have delivered to his principal supporters. According to this story the COUNT preached patience and expectation, and bade his followers wait for the inevitable day when the fall of the Republic shall leave the ground clear for the long delayed manifestation of the legitimate King. The story would not be worth repeating were it not for the commentary which is appended to it by the Paris Correspondent of the *Times*. This addition takes the shape of some observations made to him by a "leading Legitimist," who maintained that the speeches

put into the Count of CHAMBORD's mouth were merely "malevolent inventions." It is to be observed that this "leading Legitimist," while professing to disbelieve that the COUNT would have advised his followers to be patient and moderate and wait till the third Republic breaks up, admits in effect that this is the kind of advice which the Count of CHAMBORD has hitherto given to his party. We have seen, he says, "many things break up during the last 50 years"—50 is probably a misprint for 30—"and every time we have seen ourselves further off than ever from power." In 1848 we placed our hopes on M. DE FALLLOUX; but LOUIS NAPOLEON got in before us. In 1870 there was a chance for us if the King had come to place himself at the head of Legitimist France and "appeal to the co-operation of other Kings." In 1871 we had a majority in the Assembly; but it was M. THIERS who profited by it. In 1873 our friends were in office; but the King would do nothing, and Marshal MACMAHON became President. Now he has disappeared in his turn, and M. GRÉVY reigns in his stead. Whether the Count of CHAMBORD has, or has not, been once more telling his followers to wait for better times, there can be no doubt of the correctness of this sketch of recent history from the Legitimist point of view. The Royalists have had two chances since 1870, and they have availed themselves of neither. The omission may have been dictated by the highest possible motives, but it is not the less an omission. In 1871 France cared only for peace, and the Royalists seemed the only party that could give her peace. The Empire had been destroyed by the war into which it had blundered. The Republic was for the time identified with the desperate resistance organized by M. GAMBETTA. Accordingly Royalist deputies were everywhere returned to the National Assembly. Whether, if HENRY V. had been proclaimed at Bordeaux, he would have been able to maintain himself on the throne is another question, but it seems certain that he might have mounted it had he been so inclined. The second chance was in 1873. The Royalist Assembly had grown weary of M. THIERS and his Republic, and it can scarcely be doubted that, if the Count of CHAMBORD had presented himself to the deputies on the night on which Marshal MACMAHON was elected, his claims would at once have been recognized. Here, again, the success might not have been permanent, but it would have been an assured success for the time. It is not wonderful that the Legitimist party should be sharply divided upon the merits of the policy of which these two acts of self-denial are the expression. The Count of CHAMBORD has been a pretender so long that there is probably a section of his adherents who in their hearts scarcely desire a restoration. At all events, they do not desire a militant restoration. They would like well enough to see the King reigning over a nation sincerely convinced of its sins, and having no other object in view than to efface from the mind of its injured sovereign all recollection of its past ingratitude. But, in order to be sure of the existence of this spirit in the nation, they would like the nation to make the first move. In 1871 and in 1873 the Legitimists might possibly have sustained the restored Monarchy against all comers. But they would almost certainly have had to sustain it against somebody. Even in her most exhausted or reactionary moments France would not have given HENRY V. a unanimous welcome, and his followers were by no means agreed in being willing to provoke a civil war in order to place him on the throne. On the other hand, more ardent members of the party cannot but see that as yet nothing has come of the waiting game which has been played. No one with the least faculty of seeing things as they are can suppose that the Legitimist cause is in as good a position now as it was eight or six years ago. France is as blind to her guilt as ever she was.

The impatience felt by this section of the Legitimists is reasonable as well as natural. It is true, no doubt, that the chances of an attempt to restore the Count of CHAMBORD would be smaller now than they have ever been yet. But if they promise to be smaller still five years hence this is not an argument likely to weigh with a really ardent partisan. Your reasoning, he will say to the more timid members of his party, if it proves anything, proves that all hope of a restoration must be abandoned. That is not a conclusion which I am prepared to accept until I have made the trial. What you have to establish if you wish really to convince me is that the trial would be made

under more favourable conditions six months or twelve months hence. The judicious Legitimist knows very well that he cannot honestly hold out any prospect of the kind; but at the same time he is not willing to admit that nothing but a miracle can give the Count of CHAMBORD his crown. Consequently the two halves of the party remain in a state of undeclared antagonism to each other, the one holding that the Count of CHAMBORD has missed his chance because he did not know when to seize it, the other regretting that there should be Legitimists ill-advised enough to imperil any chances that the future may have in reserve for him by over-hasty action. As between these two theories there is little doubt that the party of action, however far it may be from the truth, is still nearer to it than the party of caution. The true policy of the Legitimists would have been to strike when the iron was, if not hot, at all events hotter than it is now, or is ever likely to be again. On the theory that a restoration would be an unspeakable blessing to France, it was their duty as patriots to run some risk to secure this advantage for their country. They ought to have known that to wait until the French people should of their own free will beseech the Count of CHAMBORD to reign over them was to wait to see a dream reproduce itself in broad daylight. It is just possible that, if the throne had been suddenly seized and stoutly held, and if the King's government had been wisely administered, the nation might have learned to accept the restored Monarchy as it has learned to accept the restored Republic. But it was no more likely in 1871 or in 1873 than it is in 1879 that the nation, if left to itself, would try the Royalist rather than the Republican experiment. Probably what misled the Legitimists on those two critical occasions was the apparent collapse of the Imperialist party. They honestly believed that the Republic could not last; and, after the reconciliation between the elder and the younger branches of the Royal House, they took it for granted that the heir of the Republic must be HENRY V. Waiting for dead men's shoes brought its proverbial ill luck with it. The Republic is living, and to all appearance likely to live; and if it were to die unexpectedly, it is to Imperialism in some form that the thoughts of Frenchmen would naturally turn. The completeness of the change must have been keenly brought home to the minds of the Legitimists by the course of events after the 16th of May, 1877. When Marshal MACMAHON dismissed M. JULES SIMON, the man he turned to for help was M. DE FOURTOL, a Bonapartist, and the Duke of BROGLIE, a Royalist who, in the estimation of the strict Legitimists, is scarcely better than a Republican. There could scarcely be more conclusive evidence that, in the opinion of practical politicians, the Legitimists are played out.

RAILWAY PROPERTY.

ALL the principal English Railway Companies have published their Reports, and most of them have held their half-yearly meetings. The almost universal diminution of receipts was already known, both by the weekly returns of traffic and by the summaries extending over longer periods which are from time to time published. The gross revenue of the London and North-Western Company for the half-year showed a reduction of 150,000*l.*, and the loss on the North-Eastern was still larger. The principal interest of the Reports, or rather of the preliminary announcements made by the Companies, turned on the dividends, which again were regulated by the outlay on revenue account. Probably shareholders have for the most part been agreeably disappointed. Their income has in some cases fallen off, but not in proportion to the diminished traffic. The wear and tear of the goods rolling-stock and the mileage of goods trains have been reduced, and almost all materials used on railways have been unusually cheap. Coal, iron, fodder, oil, and other railway necessities have seldom been so low in price. It is also probable that the Boards of Directors, though they may not have improperly stinted the charges for maintenance and renewal, have, on the whole, in doubtful cases inclined to thrift rather than to extravagance. A permanent cause of saving consists in the durability of steel rails, which have now for many years been gradually substituted for iron on the principal lines. Even where replacement is still in progress, steel is now scarcely dearer than iron was in some former years. Almost every Chairman, in

addressing his Company, has called attention to the distinction between goods and passenger traffic. It is impossible or inconvenient to take off passenger trains when they are temporarily unremunerative, especially when, as Mr. MOON remarked at Euston, eager rivals are watching to supply accommodation which might perhaps otherwise be withdrawn. No more valuable testimony could be given to prove the benefits of competition. Experience still confutes the pompous maxim that where combination is possible competition is impossible. The unequalled service of express trains by three routes between England and Scotland is mainly due to the wholesome rivalry of the Great Northern, the Midland, and the London and North-Western. The remuneration of the Companies is perhaps insufficient. Mr. MOON observed, not for the first time, that the reduction in fares by the Midland Company four or five years ago had diminished the London and North-Western revenue by 200,000*l.* The loss to the Great Northern and to the Midland itself must also have been large.

The North-Eastern dividend was less by one per cent. than at the corresponding period of last year. No other line has suffered so heavily by the depression of the coal and iron trade, and it shares the loss arising from the general stagnation. The Great Western, notwithstanding a considerable diminution of traffic, maintains the modest rate of 3½ per cent., and the Midland dividend is unaltered. The North-Western dividend shows a reduction of half per cent., and it is the lowest which has been declared during ten years. The London and South-Western Report disclosed no alteration. The singularly unelastic revenue of the North Staffordshire was for some unknown reason increased by a small fraction. On the other hand, the Great Southern and Western of Ireland, which has for thirty years enjoyed steady and growing prosperity, reduces its dividend by one per cent. The bad season and the depression of prices of agricultural produce probably account for the decline. The Great Eastern, notwithstanding an exceptional increase of traffic and a considerable rise in the market price of shares, pays no dividend for the half-year to the ordinary shareholders. As no other railway depends so largely on agricultural produce, the prospects for the autumn are not encouraging. The comparatively high price of the stock is probably explained by the Act recently passed confirming last year's arrangement, by which the Great Eastern Company, acquiring joint ownership of certain Great Northern lines, hopes to obtain a share of the through goods and mineral traffic from Yorkshire to London. The object has been pursued for many years; and two or three lines have been promoted for the purpose either by the Great Eastern Company or in its interest. It is better that the experiment now sanctioned should be tried without any fresh outlay of capital.

All the Companies complain of the decline of passenger traffic, which to some extent may be attributed to temporary causes. The bitter and prolonged winter greatly discouraged travelling, and the longer days which have alone indicated summer have not been favourable to pleasure traffic. Easter was spoiled by snow, and Whitsuntide by rain. The few fine days which have occurred have been less productive to the railways because, being unexpected, they gave no facility for pre-arranged excursions. It is possible that next year may be better, and it can scarcely be worse. Much of the reduction in the passenger traffic proceeds from a different cause. The depression of trade affects the number of business journeys so largely that the great commercial lines have in this respect been among the principal sufferers. The revival of trade, which is now foretold with more vehemence than genuine confidence, would immediately produce increased personal communication between manufacturers and markets; and relief in this form would be proportionately more advantageous than an increased amount of freight of goods. Full trains cost no more than the same trains running empty, and the current time-tables have been arranged for the convenience of the largest passenger traffic. On the whole, it is probable that there will in the course of the next twelve months be some increase of railway traffic; but the recovery has not yet begun. Two months of the autumn half-year have shown a continued reduction of receipts, although the trade reports from the iron districts and from some other seats of trade have of late been comparatively favourable. As long as there is no active demand for discount in London, little reliance can be placed

on prophecies of an improvement in which Railway Companies would be the first to share.

The general result of the half-year's working will probably be little altered by the publication of accounts by the great Scotch railways. The Caledonian, and in a smaller degree the North British and the Glasgow and South-Western, depend much on mineral traffic. They will also be affected by the general dulness of trade, both in their goods and their passenger traffic. The future prospects of the North British have been greatly improved by new works on the line and by recent legislation. Amalgamation with the Bothwell Company will give them a control of a large coal traffic, passing in some cases over a not inconsiderable mileage. The Tay Bridge has given the Company an important advantage in competition for Northern traffic, and the joint ownership of the Dundee and Arbroath line, with the approaching completion of the Arbroath and Montrose line, will probably place them on an equality with their rivals. In a few years the Forth bridge, if the ambitious design is executed, will give the North British the shortest and best Northern route. Both Scotch and English railway stock has for some time commanded a higher price in the market than might have been expected in the presence of a falling revenue. The ordinary stock of the best lines can be bought to pay about four per cent., with a risk of reduction if commercial stagnation continues. Debenture stocks at present prices scarcely pay three and three-quarters. The difficulty of finding other desirable investments probably turns the attention of capitalists to railways. The money which would a few years ago have been invested in foreign loans, in collieries, or cotton mills, now seeks employment in a convenient form. Unless the railway revenue increases, a rise in the rate of discount would perhaps lower for the time the value of railway stock. On the other hand, the half-yearly Reports may tend to sustain prices by the proof which they afford that dividends can be earned in the worst of times. Pugnacious shareholders at meetings and half-informed writers in newspapers, continue from time to time their demands for the closing of capital accounts. There has been extremely little outlay on new lines; but it is impossible, without risk of eventual loss, to avoid a constant outlay on improvements. Larger stations, additional sidings, and sometimes double lines, are as necessary for the purposes of the Companies as for the public advantage. It is sound policy to make preparation in good time for a future revival of trade and consequent increase of traffic.

CROTCHETS OF THE CHAMBERS OF COMMERCE.

IT is to the credit of the Associated Chambers of Commerce that they do not call their annual meeting a Congress. Although, however, they have the good sense to avoid the name, they are not sufficiently careful to avoid that which the name ordinarily stands for. Everybody knows what to expect from a Congress. A great number of subjects are set down for discussion, and a corresponding number of motions and amendments are made regarding them. Nothing ever comes of these general debates; indeed it is hardly too much to say that nothing is expected to come of them. So far as the authors of the Congress are concerned, their work, when they do any, is done at much smaller meetings held between the annual sessions. The sessions themselves are meant for show and for nothing else. The meeting that has been held during this week at Belfast is a good illustration of this fault. The representatives of the Chambers of Commerce had their say upon almost every subject that interests commercial men. The consequence was that, as no one can be interested to much purpose about a great number of things at the same time, nothing that was said will have much effect. What is wanted at a meeting of this kind is careful and detailed examination of some one question of great public importance. It is quite useless to press a dozen commercial questions upon the Government all at once. Nothing can be more convenient for a Government which has its hands full than to be asked to achieve impossibilities. If the Associated Chambers of Commerce would really have worked out their views upon the contents of a Bankruptcy Bill, or the carrying out of treaties of commerce, or the law of partnership, or the conduct of Private Bill inquiries, or almost any

other of the subjects which were discussed at Belfast, they would have done the trade of the country some real service. Men of business do not invariably know what is best for their own interests any more than any other class of mankind; but it is never expedient to legislate for their interests until their own views of them have been thoroughly mastered and weighed. This is a process towards which the Associated Chambers of Commerce could, if they chose, render invaluable help. It is unfortunate that, instead of doing this, they should merely add to that mass of sensible or foolish talk which is always large enough not to stand in need of addition.

Chambers of Commerce have seemingly not yet unlearned the error of exaggerating what a Government can do for trade. The first motion submitted to the meeting was one pledging the Association to continue to urge the appointment of a Minister of Commerce and Agriculture, with a seat in the Cabinet. The mover of the resolution added, oddly enough, that he hoped the office would be given to Mr. SAMPSON LLOYD, the President of the Association. As Mr. LLOYD's qualifications for a seat in the Cabinet are as yet unknown to the public, they may possibly be of the most conclusive kind. If, however, the President of the Associated Chambers of Commerce is to have a prescriptive title to be Minister of Commerce and Agriculture, it would be convenient if the Association would keep a Conservative and a Liberal President always going. It would be too much to ask of a Prime Minister that he should saddle himself with a colleague not of his own way of thinking in politics; and a Minister who did not think about politics at all would be a somewhat damping addition to Cabinet Councils. It does not seem to have occurred to the speaker that the President of the Associated Chambers of Commerce might not be the best possible Minister to look after the interests of agriculture. As soon as commerce and agriculture have obtained a Minister all to themselves, they will probably begin to quarrel about which shall have the largest share of him. It is evident that the Chambers of Commerce allow their hopes of what is to follow upon the appointment of such a Minister very much to outrun the reality. It is undoubtedly important that the Minister, whatever he is called, who has commerce and agriculture under his charge should always be included in the Cabinet, for the very sufficient reason that a Minister not in the Cabinet has very much less chance of getting his Bills attended to than if he can himself be present to look after them. But the work of a Government department is mostly done by the permanent staff; and when Lord SANDON has been rechristened and the duties which devolve upon him rearranged, the Chambers of Commerce will probably still find that the official they have really to reckon with is Mr. FARRER. The obstacle that stands most in the way of good business legislation is that even business men themselves do not care very much about it; at least they do not care about it in comparison with politics. Nor, on the whole, is it to be desired that they should do so. It would hardly have been decorous, for example, if the present Government had been turned out in the crisis of the negotiations with Russia because the Opposition promised a better Bankruptcy Bill. Yet it is by making their general support dependent on the acceptance by the Government of this or that measure that particular sections of the community usually manage to get their own way. If the Associated Chambers of Commerce wish to reap all that they hope for from the appointment of a new Cabinet Minister, they must be prepared to pass a self-denying ordinance binding their members not to support any Government which does not legislate as they wish in commercial matters. Whenever this is done a schism in the Association will be imminent. Englishmen are usually politicians first and men of business afterwards, and they are not yet likely to reverse the order of their tastes.

The list of questions upon which the Association pronounced an opinion would of itself give employment to a Minister of Commerce for several Sessions. The withdrawal of the Bankruptcy Bill was naturally regretted; but the Association still maintain that their Bill is a better one than the Bill introduced by the LORD CHANCELLOR. Unless some further agreement on this point can be come to, the passing of the next Bankruptcy Bill will only lead to a renewed demand for further legislation. Why the mode of distributing a bankrupt's estate for the benefit of his creditors should be the theme of such interminable con-

trovery, it would be hard to say; but, if the next measure that aims at accomplishing this object could be the result of a compromise between opposing views, and not merely the expression of one or other of them, there would be more chance of Parliament being fairly rid of the question. The redemption of the dues on the Suez Canal was supported by a majority of votes, though a minority was of opinion that, inasmuch as the benefits of the Canal would in the end be mainly enjoyed by foreign nations, it was not to the interest of Englishmen to impose any present burden on themselves for the purpose of eventually removing a burden from other people. The railway interest is apparently not represented in the Associated Chambers, for a proposal to present a petition to Parliament praying that the powers of the Railway Commissioners be extended was carried unanimously. A resolution that all Parliamentary inquiries with reference to Private Bill legislation should be conducted in the district to which they relate was equally popular. It is not quite clear how Parliamentary Committees can conduct local inquiries, though it was stated that, in the year 1878, the inquiry relative to the transfer of the Bristol Docks to the Corporation was so conducted. One of the speakers went the length of preferring that these inquiries should be conducted by experts, which would no doubt make it perfectly easy to give them the local character which the Association desire. But there is no present sign of any readiness on the part of Parliament to abridge its powers with regard to Private Bills. In view of the present reaction against economical first principles, there is cause for satisfaction in the fact that a prolonged debate on reciprocity ended in nothing worse than a resolution urging the Government to lose no time in concluding commercial treaties with wine-growing countries. The most curious feature of the meeting was the success of a motion calling upon the Government to issue postal notes which may be cashed anywhere and at any time. The conversion of the Post Office into a sort of National Bank might have been thought too serious a matter to find immediate favour in the eyes of a majority of Chambers of Commerce. The adoption of the resolution is another proof of the curious fact that, when men of business do let their imaginations run away with them, they usually run farther than anybody else's before they can be pulled up.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION AT SHEFFIELD.

THIS year's meeting of the British Association, though not marked by the exhibition of any novelty of a kind likely to command popular interest, has been the occasion of much good and solid work. We shall have a word to say anon of the general drift of the President's opening address. It was characterized by Professor Huxley, himself a specialist in the field surveyed by Dr. Allman, as profound, eloquent, and scholarly; and after this it may seem superfluous to add any word of praise of our own. We cannot forbear, however, from remarking the skill of composition and arrangement with which the evidence is marshalled and made to lead up to the conclusion. Then in the several Sections there have been addresses by men of proved eminence in their several departments, and all interesting in their kind; and one lecture delivered to the Association—we mean Mr. Crookes's—promises to be the starting-point of an entirely new advance in molecular physics. To this, as the most striking announcement of actual and possible discoveries brought before the Association, we may first give our attention. Sixty years ago—long before the modern science of molecular physics had come to the birth—Faraday, with a kind of prophetic insight, had conceived that matter might exist in a “radiant form,” produced by “a change as far above vaporization as that is above fluidity,” and accompanied, as he conjectured by analogy from the comparison of the liquid with the solid, and of the gaseous with the liquid state, by great simplification of physical properties. Mr. Crookes now brings forward experiments intended to furnish direct evidence of the existence and behaviour of matter in some such condition as imagined by Faraday. The modern theory of gases regards them as composed of molecules which are flying about in all directions and constantly hitting each other. Now the frequency of hits obviously depends on the number of molecules flying about in a given space. If we could sufficiently reduce the number of molecules in a given space to make the hits of no account in comparison with the misses, we should have a state of things different from that which obtains in a gas under ordinary conditions. Such a state of things, if Mr. Crookes rightly interprets his experiments, can actually be obtained by artificial rarefaction, when it is carried to a point which in the earlier days of experimental physics would have been thought equivalent to perfect exhaustion. The so-called vacuum tube of the electrician contains a gaseous residuum which, as the density is further and further diminished, assumes peculiar properties differing from those of gas at ordinary densities. So great

are the differences that Mr. Crookes calls on the scientific world to see in them the fulfilment of Faraday's prophecy.

It is impossible to give here an abstract of Mr. Crookes's results. We may note, however, that the free molecules of gas described as “radiant matter” assert themselves as matter to the last. Driven by electrical repulsion along the vacuum tube, they can exert a mechanical force easily made visible by proper arrangements; and, further, their motion can be converted into heat with such effect as to pierce the glass tube itself. Or their concentrated hammering—the molecular bombardment, as Mr. Crookes calls it, of these almost inconceivably minute particles impinging on a solid mass with enormous velocity—will heat a piece of iridio-platinum to dazzling whiteness, and finally melt it. Again, the chemical individuality of the various gases employed appears to remain unaffected; while, on the other hand, new magnetic properties come into play which, so far as the experiments have gone, seem to be independent of the particular gas used. The pressure at which “radiant matter” best thrives is about one-millionth of an atmosphere; by no means the lowest that can be obtained, for Mr. Crookes has got a vacuum of one-twenty-millionth corresponding “to about the hundredth of an inch in a barometric column three miles high.” Criticism in so strange a region must be left to the few physicists who are thoroughly qualified to speak on the matter. It seems clear, however, that Mr. Crookes has brought us to the borderland of a new and most important field of discovery. Why, after the demonstration he has himself given of the vigorously, one might almost say brutally, mechanical and material performances of his radiant matter, he should speak of “the borderland where Matter and Energy seem to merge into one another,” we confess that we cannot see. Neither do we see how any possible physical discovery could make Matter and Energy seem to merge into one another; at least so long as the terms are used in the sense in which alone mathematical physics can use them. Great physicists and mathematicians have more than once longed to get rid of Matter altogether; but that is not quite the same thing.

Let us observe that, even if “radiant matter” yields up to science all, and more than all, the secrets it seems to promise, we have no reason to suppose that we shall yet have seized matter in its simplest form. Now consider the distance between a gas with the mean free path of its molecules so enlarged that the collisions may be neglected, and the very simplest and lowliest piece of organic matter. It will seem immeasurable, extravagant, impossible. It baffles the imagination to grasp them as belonging to the same world. But it is a certain fact that the complex compounds of organic chemistry are built up of the same elements (whether truly elementary or not) which are resolved in the vacuum tube into a relatively primitive freedom. Now take again the distance between the lowest organism and the human body, and see how much less it will appear in comparison; though here, too, did we regard organic nature alone, we should seem to find abrupt transitions and impassable gulfs. The fundamental unity of all life, which was the theme of the President's address, is no more too vast for us, and we are rather fain to accept it with a sense of relief as a resting-place in the infinite. But so it is with all our inquiries. The immense continuity of time and nature overpowers us, and we parcel them out as best we may, and then fancy that our little divisions and aids to imagination are something in nature herself. Dr. Allman's task in his opening address was to show how thoroughly the continuity of natural operation has been vindicated in the science of life. He directed the mind's eye of his audience to protoplasm, the substance which is the physical basis of life, both animal and vegetable, and is to the biologist what the light-carrying ether is to the physicist—a substance, from the biologist's point of view, extremely simple, but chemically so complex that its composition is not yet exactly known. From the utterly amorphous masses of deep-sea protoplasm dredged up by exploring expeditions (unless we admit the objection raised by the failure of the *Challenger* to repeat the discovery, to which Dr. Allman seems not to give much weight), and the “minute lumps” found by Hückel in fresh water, through the amœbas possessing the first rudiments of structure, and the single-celled organisms of sea and land, among which the red snow plant is remarkable, Dr. Allman led up to the function of protoplasm and cell in the higher animal economies. Blood-corpuscles and pigment-cells, and the egg in its earlier stages, have all something of the independence of a separate organism of the simplest type. And the same thing is true, though less obvious, of the cells which are built together in the constant bond of limbs and organs. Then, after a series of instances showing the real correspondence of the phenomena of life in plants to those of animals—among which attention was called to the true respiration of plants, commonly masked by a distinct and more familiar process in which oxygen is given out—Dr. Allman proceeded to his conclusion. Protoplasm is the universal vehicle of life, and all living protoplasm is irritable. These unifying facts run through the whole of the animal and vegetable world. In one word, “life is a property of protoplasm.” Here the office of pure science might, strictly speaking, be taken to end, and the President might have left his hearers, if he had thought fit, to draw their own philosophical inferences. But Dr. Allman rightly ignored the dogma set up by some people of late years that scientific eminence is an absolute disqualification for entering on philosophical questions—at least when the man of science disagrees with one's pet theories in philosophy, or even (which is the most unpardonable offence) tells one that they are only scientific blunders in disguise. Using the freedom of the man of science

and the discretion of the philosopher, Dr. Allman went on to face the question whether to say that life is a property of protoplasm is to say the same of thought and consciousness. And to this he gave the only philosophical answer—namely, that in no case can thought be called a property of protoplasm in the same sense as life. For life is an external fact, a function of matter and motion; “but between thought and the physical phenomena of matter there is not only no analogy, but there is no conceivable analogy.” The correlation between consciousness and organized living matter is a thing in the region of observation and verification, and belongs to natural science. The interpretation of it—if an interpretation be possible—belongs to metaphysics. And from a metaphysical point of view it is possible to resolve matter into a function of mind, but not possible to explain mind by matter. Dr. Allman threw out the daring suggestion that, since the human mind is gradually and surely advancing in organization, and “the great law of evolution is shaping the destiny of our race,” there may possibly be evolved some day “other and higher faculties from which light may stream in upon the darkness, and reveal to man the great mystery of Thought.” Assuredly there is something very attractive even in the hope of this for a far distant future. Yet we cannot help remembering that many philosophers, from the Neo-Platonists to Schelling, have already claimed—and with but indifferent success—to be the possessors of such a faculty. And, again, how can the course of evolution be competent to give us a faculty so different in kind from any that we have at present? It would be like acquiring the power to realize new dimensions of space. Posterity, however, must be enterprising for itself and in its own way. All we can do for it is to cultivate the habit of enterprise, and refrain from dogmatizing about the limits of human knowledge.

We can give only a brief notice to the work of the various sections. In Section A Mr. Earnshaw brought forward a physical speculation on the relations of matter and ether which appears to have been favourably received by competent persons. How far it has been mathematically worked out, or applied to the explanation of particular phenomena, is not stated in the reports we have seen; but, so far as the reports go, the hypothesis has the air of being of a rational and useful kind, and not of the fantastic sort which anybody can invent who has enough ingenuity and not too much knowledge. In the Section of Biology Professor Mivart gave an elaborate address on the merits of Buffon and the gulf between man and the lower animals. We should be more ready to accept the glorification of Buffon on Mr. Mivart's authority if we did not suspect, from the known tenor of Mr. Mivart's published works, that part of the real intention was to depreciate Mr. Darwin. On the other point Mr. Mivart's opinions are already well known, and have perhaps been sufficiently discussed. In the department of Anthropology (to make one more selection where only a partial selection is possible) Mr. Tylor gave a word of warning against the practice of lumping together all pre-historic men as primitive. The warning does not come too soon. We have no right to assume that the earliest men of whom we have traces were primitive in the sense of being either very near to the really first men or very like them. Still less have we the right to assume that existing savages may be taken as representing the thoughts and ways of primitive man. The earliest generations of men, wherever and whenever they have lived, may have been further removed from the cave-dwellers of the Stone Age than the cave-dwellers from us. Yet assumptions of the kind above noted have been tacitly made by eminent writers, and elaborate theories have been built upon them. Another observation of Mr. Tylor's was that in its infancy Anthropology seemed to have only a few years' work before it; whereas it is now seen that the work is only beginning. This is true of all our knowledge, nay of all our work. The more is done, the more we find to do; the circle is ever widening, never completed. The next meeting of the British Association will find it already widened, and will receive, we hope, the reports of many new conquests.

THE ROBUST STYLE OF WRITING.

A MODEST vice is less offensive than a virtue which is always blowing its own trumpet and beating the tom-toms of its own complacent conceit. We prefer a stingy man to a generous man who boasts of the favours he confers; nay, it is perhaps the quiet and unassuming character of avarice that has made it “a gentlemanly vice.” Most people are so well aware of these moral truths that they spare to congratulate themselves in public on their own excellences. Among the uncomfortable exceptions to this rule is the self-conscious manly man, the robust writer, who has invaded literature of late, and made it a bear-garden. This creature is forever feeling his intellectual and moral biceps in public, thumping his dilated chest, and thanking heaven that he is “manly, sir; manly!” In presence of a life, of a poem, of a work of art, he first asks, in a blustering voice, “Is it manly? is it robust?” One of the more pleasing and delicate writers of this school has lately published a series of papers on the “Manliness of Christ,” and we may perhaps look for an essay on the “Boyishness of St. Luke.” The robust writer is so preoccupied by his love of biceps that he cannot think, even for a moment, of any other literary quality. He is an art critic perhaps, and he is confronted with a landscape in twilight or a “romantic” interior.

He cries at once that twilight and romance are unmanly, and he goes on to swear by his god Dagon that they are also immoral. It is amazing the scent for immorality that your robust critic displays. Every artist who does not fall down and worship biceps, every poet who has a soul to feel and a style to render shades of sentiment and refinements of character, is informed by the robust writer that he is corrupting youth. The robust writer, curiously enough, knows a great deal about corruption. He is always finding allusions to mysterious iniquities, and hinting at naughty books presumed to be in his enemies' libraries, where less strong-minded and able-bodied observers can detect nothing wrong. So fond is he of blaring about purity and of sniffing out impurity, that it is scarcely cynical to suspect the robust writer of possessing an unclean mind. Thus one's admiration of this swaggering critical Puritan is checked by a doubt as to whether, after all, he is anything better than a hypocrite of the latest fashion.

The robust writer has his literary admirations as well as his objects of indignation and contempt. When he gets hold of a poet, or an essayist, or a humourist whom he thinks it manly to admire, he goes on to praise him in his barbarian style. He does not, when he plays the favourable critic, illumine “the hapless object of his howling homage” with a flood of equable light. He comes up, like the north wind, blowing and roaring, and through the storm of his eloquence it is difficult to catch a glimpse of the book or the character that he admires. One may instantly recognize the robust writer by his love of the words “pedant” and “specialist.” Every man is a pedant with him who has a clear and minute knowledge of the topic about which he is ignorantly bellowing. Exactness and accuracy of information, *nettelé* of style, are, in his eyes, the mark of the pedant. It is an insult to him, as it were, that other people should be learned where he is half learned, should be scholars where he is a smatterer, should have taken pains where he has caught up the first random collection of gossip and legend. The robust writer glories in manly misstatements of fact. He goes wrong in dates to the extent of some fifty years, or perhaps a hundred, and this he calls “sweeping away the nonsensical cobwebs of pedantry.” To let the robust writer into a literary period is like letting the north wind and an untutored housemaid with her broom into the study of a man of letters. All the notes and papers are blown about and confused, all the books are turned upside down and arranged in the wrong places. The effect is perhaps rather picturesque in its way; but the whole muddle must be cleared off, and order must be brought back with infinite pains. If any critic attempts to restore order where the robust writer has gone before in his turbulent style, he must make up his mind to be called a “specialist,” a “petent,” and a “Dryasdust.” There is much merit in knowing things wrongly, in knowing half-truths, in drawing false conclusions from lucidous premisses, when it is the robust writer that has done these things. To set him right is to stamp oneself a pedant, a trifler, a tame, minute, laborious nincompoop. Terms like these, or stronger, have lately been applied by the robustest of all writers on classical subjects, first, to the ancient critics who, with pains and labour, secured for us respectable texts of the classics; secondly, to the modern scholars who have set the manly one right when he has published nonsense. It is difficult at present to face the wrath of the robust; for by pushing, shouting, and practising the arts of popularity they have managed to seem fine honest fellows, with no nonsense about them. More careful and quiet critics must take heart, must not let themselves be browbeaten. All work based on mere indolence, and buttressed by mere assertion, must soon drop to pieces and perish with other fallacies well trumpeted in their time.

If there were reason to fear that the robust school would last long and have permanent influence, it would be necessary to point out that criticism can never really repose on the caprice of the half-educated. If it be true that the aim of criticism (and almost all writing except fiction is critical now) is to see things as they are, the robust writer is at once out of court. He does not in the least wish to see things as they are, as they stand related to the life of men and to the circumstances of the time in which they existed. He merely drags them into connexion with his craze for “manliness” and “open air,” and with his great critical canon that all good work is popular, and that no work not popular is good. The unlimited and unconditional assertion of that canon is itself as mere a bid for popularity as ever politician made who promised to abolish the Income-tax. In artistic work there are many species and vast variety. It may be said with historical truth that the greatest poetry, the supreme attempts to mirror human action and human life in song, have been, and always will be, popular. The world at large is here the best judge in the long run, and the true patron of great poets, of Æschylus, Homer, Shakespeare, Molière, and the world often contradicts the robust contemporary scolder. Having got hold of the truth that “the common reader” is the ultimate judge, the robust writer at once becomes a kind of literary demagogue. The public of the day and of the hour is made by him, the true judge of all art. He declines to observe that there are such things as various species and various grades of merit. He will not hear of beauty which does not at once win the popular verdict. Thus a robust writer, if he concerns himself with the poetry of the eighteenth century, will as certainly call Gray “a prig and a pedant” as he will bespatter “dear old Sam” and “stout English Churchill” with his praises. Gray was not, nor was it natural that he should be, immediately popular. Johnson says, speaking of the “two

sister odes," that "either vulgar ignorance or common sense at first universally rejected them." And that great man and good (though robust) critic, declares that this and that of Gray's stanzas are "unworthy of further notice. Criticism disdains to chase a schoolboy to his commonplaces." He adds, in the true spirit of British manliness, that "an epithet or metaphor drawn from Art degrades Nature," by which judgment he disposes not only of Gray's best things, but of many of the best things in Homer. Then Johnson ends with a commonplace so false that it will never cease to attract and charm the robust-minded, and so sounding that they will always be repeating it, though they know not its author. "We are affected only as we believe, we are improved only as we find something to be imitated or declined. I do not see that the *Bard* promotes any truth, political or moral." We have no Johnson, but the small change (in copper) of that great, blunt genius, is everywhere current. The herd of many critics is pronouncing its brawling judgment "all day long on all things, unashamed." When we hear or read their criticisms, when we are told that this artist is "affected," or "childish," or a plagiarist; that such or such a poet deals in "glittering accumulations of ungraceful ornament," that his "images are magnified by affectation," that he sings only for a clique of silly sworn admirers, let us remember Johnson and Gray, and the later judgment of true lovers of poetry. Johnson said that Gray was "effeminate," spoke of his "fantastic foppery," declared that his ideas were "outrageous and incongruous." He called the line "Give ample room and verge enough" wretched, and said that Gray "had no other line so bad." He called the suicide of the Bard a cheap invention—"suicide is always to be had, without expense of thought"—and a "bad example" to youth. The youth of five or six generations has learned Gray's "Bard" by heart, in spite of Johnson's knock-down criticism; but we never heard that any boy or girl was induced by the example of the Celtic minstrel to commit suicide. But a criticism in the robust style is never complete till its author has added to all the artistic blame at his command the far-fetched charge of immorality.

While deploring the excesses of the robust school in letters, the observer must admit that the lisp school of writers is partly responsible for its existence. Because some men of genius have lived fastidious and retired, and, like Gray, "have affected effeminacy before those whom they did not wish to please," the members of the modern lisp school must also conceal themselves in alcoves whence no one wishes to extract them. In their writings they always go in, so to speak, for the "remote," and care for no poet whose works have got into a second edition. Their painters are the faintest stars in the great Italian galaxy. Their style is as pretty and as valuable as the cheap *rococo* jewelry, with sham gold, sham turquoises, sham rubies, which is common in Swiss curiosity shops. It is probable that a natural reaction against this dubious dandyism has driven many a man of sense into the robust camp. But these reactions are the very things that we must learn to resist. The robust and the lisp schools are filled by feeble persons driven into them by mere dislike of their opposites. Every one who would see art and nature as they are, not as they are coloured by prejudices and affectations, must leave these and all other camps and cliques. For robustness, too, is an affectation, and the manly writer, with his love of all the brutes and bullies in history, is too often a *poseur*.

LOCH FISHING.

IN the late Mr. St. John's *Sketches of Sport in the Highlands* there is a passage in which the writer graphically describes his sudden revulsion of feeling at the intrusion of a steamer into a romantic part of Loch Ness. The day was bright, and the water like glass, broken only by the occasional rising of a trout; crags and beech trees were reflected in the loch, and everything was loveliness and serenity. The vision of beauty was, however, rudely disturbed and the writer's enjoyment spoiled by a puffing steamer with its accompaniments of smoke, noise, fiddles, the glaring parades of holiday-makers, and the superficial comments of cockneys. But no one knew better than Mr. St. John that many districts of Scotland abound in small lochs where a paddle will never splash and on which a cockle boat has never floated, and that there are tracts in the Lowlands which, for picturesqueness and inaccessibility, might make the traveller think he was in the wilds of Sutherlandshire. For the fisherman such spots have inexpressible attractions; and the tourist may admit that, if the mountains are not so grand and the water not so extensive as in the neighbourhood of the Shin or Loch Maree, yet Ayrshire and Kirkcudbright, and parts of the Lowlands, can show nooks in their hills which have not been vulgarized by becoming the battle-field of Water Companies and the theme of Special Correspondents.

To an ardent fisherman from the South, accustomed only to some well-fished waters in the vicinity of a railway, or to the strict rules and provisions of a club formed for the preservation of the Kennett or the Itchen, there is at first something exquisitely alluring in the list of lochs which he will find in such books as the *Sportsman's and Tourist's Guide*. Everything seems to promise a delicious combination of picturesque scenery, pure mountain air, and well-filled baskets. Lochs with names never mentioned by Scott, Christopher North, or Aytoun, with sandy bays dotted with islets and fed by innumerable mountain torrents, perplex him by their very number. Some are described in the guide-books or in the *Rambles* of some local chronicler as swarming with trout, which, though

rarely exceeding half a pound in weight, rise greedily at the fly, while others contain monsters that might lead the bewildered angler to think he had hooked a fresh-river salmon. Another charm in the narrative is that leave, or liberty, as it is termed, to fish in these splendid reservoirs is obtained with the utmost ease. No oligarchical club has taken a lease, nor has an association been formed which retails weekly tickets at fabulous and absurd prices. There is no ominous board at the entrance of the pass below the loch which warns off trespassers and threatens them with the terrors of the Scotch law. Fishing rights exist; but then the proprietor does not fish himself, and permission can be obtained by a civil requisition addressed to the agent. A tackle-maker at the nearest town has always on hand a number of flies, admirably suited to each particular water; an obliging farmer, one of the best anglers in the district, is invariably ready to pour out volumes of information to any gentleman who brings a note from the "factor"; and the shepherd whose hut lies just above the lake and under "Black Craig" can, at a pinch, put up for the night a couple of anglers who are prepared to rough it on porridge, good milk, newly-caught trout, and unadulterated whisky. Occasionally, too, there may be a boat on the loch, with the key of which the said shepherd is entrusted. But in any case, what with obliging agents and chamberlains, promises of capital sport and heavy creels, lovely scenery and delicious air, the unsophisticated visitor congratulates himself on having made a grand discovery, and wonders why his friends persist in trying Welsh streams which have been emptied by poachers, or mooring a punt for worthless barbel and contemptible gudgeon in some cherished "swim" near Maidenhead or Teddington.

It must be said, in fairness, that there is another side to the above picture, though every feature of it is strictly true. In the first place, driving or riding to these angling waters is out of the question. Now and then a railway may drop a passenger within half-a-mile of the loch, but it generally happens that the last return train passes the station just at the very time in the evening when the trout, after sulking all day under big stones, may be expected to rise. In other cases a "bus," perhaps, takes the angler six miles on his destination, or a "machine" can be hired from a neighbouring inn. But far oftener it will be found that the nearest point to which wheel or hoof can bring the impatient sportsman is eight or ten miles from the loch itself. The road seems to recall the description of that given by Friar Tuck from the recesses of his hermitage to King Richard when, as the Black Knight, he stood knocking at the door. It "is easy to hit." The path from the wood leads to a morass, and thence to a ford, "which, as the rains have abated, may now be passable." The traveller, like the said Knight, if he surmounts these trifling difficulties, will have to take care of his footing up the left bank, as it is "somewhat precipitous"; and he must then keep straight forward over the sheep track, till he has accomplished his long walk, with the traditional "bittock" tacked on to the end. When at last, after climbing one or more passes—for these lochs are found at elevations of a thousand or fifteen hundred feet—he sees before him a sheet of water, the trials of his faith may not be at an end. The shepherd has taken to the "hull," and the gudewife has mislaid the key of the boathouse; or, if the boat is found, it is half full of water, and must be baled out. After baling, it still leaks for want of a coat of paint. If there is no boat, as generally is the case, the alternative may be fishing stockings and waders. But india-rubber stockings and light brogues are suited to sand and water, and not to heather and rocks; and a complete change of suit, involving the services of a boy to carry it, is necessary at the beginning and the end of the day's sport. However, at last, everything is in order. You have breasted the hill, wiped the perspiration from your brow, adjusted your rod, selected your most captivating flies, and have only to look out for the most likely feeding-grounds. Here, again, the angler who knows to a nicety the best pools in the Yore or the Eden, and perhaps in the Nith and the Annan to boot, surveys with a rueful countenance the unbroken expanse of a mile of water, and knows not where to begin. Like the Irishman's speech, which was all "pith," Loch Craig-an-Darroch, and the Lochs of the Cleugh and the Knowes, seem all one continuous pool. There is no knowing where to begin. A deliberate survey of the shore, aided by that intuition which comes to the true sportsman's aid even in the strangest of countries, reveals a sandy bay with a few weeds in one corner and a shelving bottom. Or there may be a flat rock to be reached by a little wading, or a point where a burn enters or leaves the loch, or there is a particular bend in the shore which invites the hand and eye of experience. But here a further hitch may occur. The loch has, it is true, remained undisturbed for a month, or since two "bits of Glasgow bodies," to use the shepherd's language, filled their creels with capital trout in less than two hours. There is just the curling breeze which the angler loves, and which carries out his line some thirty feet from the shore. It is early in the season, and the fish cannot be sated; everything has promised an angling day; the two flies and the dropper fall like thistledown on the water; the fisherman himself was never in better form; and yet not a fin stirs nor is a ring made by a fish. To add to the disappointment, the local farmer or gillie, with exasperating civility, gives you a minute account of the peculiarities of a loch which he has known since his boyhood, and of the habits of its tenants, in flat contradiction to the careful statement of the guide-books. The monsters of 3 lbs. and 4 lbs. which you relied on are not to be had in this loch at all, but in another, a good nine miles off as the crow flies. The water you are

vainly whipping contains no big trout, but shoals of fish averaging five to the pound, exquisite in flavour, ready to take anything in the shape of fur or feather when the fit is on them, but of a temper even more capricious than the ordinary fanciful trout. Similarly unpleasant criticisms are made regarding the nature of your flies. Relying on the best authorities you have brought the black palmer and the cock-a-bondhu, but your ruthless adviser scans them suspiciously and suggests an extraordinary combination of a gaudy fly with a yellow body and a dash of blue in its wings. You search your book in desperation, or else sit down calmly on a tuft of heather and manufacture from the raw materials the best imitation in your power. Equally perplexing are the conflicting accounts of local celebrities as to how the loch should be fished and what conditions of the atmosphere are the most favourable for sport. One paramount authority stands out for a moderate breeze, a cloudy sky, and a low mist stealing over the waters. Another resolutely prefers a stiff gale, such as makes your miniature Benacus foam and rise like the sea, and does not mind if the sun shines overhead in all its brilliance. In one page you are warned that it is no use casting a line in these cold and cheerless waters before Midsummer; while an unwritten tradition holds, on the other hand, that capital bags may be made at Whitsuntide, but never later. One instructor tells you to wade a few steps and cast your line into the deeper waters; another recommends you to choose a shallow bay, walk out as far as possible, turn your back to the deep part, and fish towards the shore. While the doubts of these commentators are being gradually resolved, the fish at last begin to rise. You hook a fair fish, which breaks away after a few struggles, and console yourself for your disappointment by landing another over half a pound. In a short time the trout dash at anything. The breeze falls, but the fish still rise; for three-quarters of an hour the lake seems to boil like a kettle; and your patience is rewarded by a basket of pink fish, in excellent condition and of remarkable agility and strength.

Every now and then the angler, in addition to several dozen of fish six or eight inches in length, does come across some of the monsters regarding which hopeful innkeepers and idle gillies had given glowing descriptions. But the charm of such expeditions does not consist in the weight or number of the catch. Every good angler is a bit of a naturalist, and this kind of fishing affords rare opportunities for observing the habits of birds with their young, and of such wild animals as the snare or gun of the game-keeper has not yet annihilated. Eagles are no longer seen in the south of Scotland, though we know a huge hill whence a pair were taken when young, just twenty years ago. The real wild cat has vanished, or has given way to the domestic animal that infests woods and hunts on its own account; the badger is rare, but the hill fox has her litter in the roughest boulders at the head of many a glen; and occasionally a tremendous splash and the appearance of a round dark form at the top of the water reminds the sportsman that he has the otter for a partner in his day's excursion. High above him in the air he will see a pair of gleans; a cock grouse will crow to its mate, unconscious of danger, on the hillock below which he is fishing; and as he crosses a reedy burn at one corner of the lake, he disturbs a wild duck with a goodly brood of flappers. Altogether, the novelty of the situation, the wildness and beauty of the scenery, the rich colour, the variety of light and shade, and the keen sense of health and activity, combine to give a zest to these trips which may be wholly wanting or may be less enjoyed on the banks of rivers and rushing streams that teem with fresh-run sea trout or vigorous grilse and salmon. Then several of these mountain lakes contain pike of large size; not the base-born and coarse-fed genus which Macaulay described as battenning on the floating garbage of the Tiber, and which Juvenal, before Macaulay, had satirized as

Vernula riparum, pinguis torrente cloacæ,

but a monster fed on trout and char, swimming in waters pure and wholesome as the heather around them, white in flesh and sound in texture. Occasionally, where facilities of communication allow, pike are taken in the drag-net, and we have known one of twenty-seven pounds caught in this way far up in the hills. But they can also be trolled for successfully with the "spoon bait" or the "phantom minnow." It is a fact that the existence of large pike is not incompatible with that of large trout. Only the fittest and most active of the latter survive, and grow to the size of four and five pounds. Many of them, we must add, bear on their backs and tails the unmistakable marks of the pike's teeth, which they have just managed to escape, after a short struggle. But the destruction of half-pounders goes on at a rapid rate, and the insatiable angler who likes to number his take by dozens bestows a malediction on the ill-advised proprietor who first introduced pike into a mountain lake. The same waters contain char, or, as the natives term them, "trout of another sort," and in the autumn, or even earlier, after heavy "spates," very large lake trout may be taken by a worm in any of the small brooks which feed the lakes. The existence of trout during such winters as the last, when thick ice covered the surface for ten weeks together, is of course accounted for by hibernation. That they vary in colour according as the waters are clear or peaty, has long been well known; and a genuine gastronomist can even distinguish *primo morsu* what loch or stream has furnished his breakfast.

Taken as a whole, these rambles need never disappoint. There is always something which compensates for the toil. The takes are occasionally sufficient to satisfy all but the most exorbitant demand. Scenes of woodland beauty will be succeeded by a huge expanse of

wild moorland, crowned by mountains over two thousand feet in height. Old castles placed on islands or rocky promontories will recall traditions of the Bruce and the Douglas, of endless Maxwells and Johnstones, or of the ancestors of "the Duke." From the heights in some one Lowland county on a clear day may be seen either the well-known craig of Ailsa, or the whole range of the Isle of Man, or the Irish coast, or the Solway Firth and the mountains of Cumberland. An ichthyologist may speculate on the peculiar fish called the vendace or vendiss, which is confined to two lochs in the neighbourhood of Lochmaben. This fish, we are told, scorns a worm and never rises to a fly, but is taken in nets once a year by an association of gentlemen in Dumfriesshire called the Vendace Club. Scott, whom nothing of this sort escaped, includes this fish in the catalogue mentioned by Roland Græme in the *Abbot*. To a geologist who has read the instructive volumes of Professor Geikie, the lochs and hills of Dumfriesshire and Kirkcudbright will supply a pregnant commentary on the glacial period. And the philologist and antiquary might spend his time to less profit than by inquiring into the derivation of such unfamiliar sounds as the Cog burn, the Byre burn, and the Hewk burn, the Chanlock, the Carron, and the Tima, the Crickup, the Garpol and the Glenzier, the MossPaul and the Unthank, the Bodesbeck and the PolMoody, the Glengabber, the Goukston, the Glenmanno, the Glenglass, the Greete, the Poppelbeck, the Spofore, the Whang, the Muck, and the Noddle, the Tig and the Polkebbuck, and other innumerable burns and waters connected with Lowland lochs, good, bad, and indifferent, clear as crystal or black as peat.

PROFESSIONAL BEAUTIES.

BEAUTIES are sometimes out of fashion. We do not deny that beautiful women are always more or less admired, but beauty-mania, like other manias, is an occasional epidemic, and not a chronic disease. Even when beauties are in fashion, only one variety commands the market at a time. There are men living who are old enough to remember the time when the political beauty was dominant. The woman of this description was on rather a large scale—mature and strong-minded. She flirted with statesmen and diplomatists, and her boudoir was supposed to be a hot-bed of political intrigue. If she had been as powerful as she pretended, no monarch could have called his kingdom his own; but, although the world took her too much at her own valuation, she was in reality little better than a lion-hunter and busybody. The queens of another period were the young, the innocent, and the fair. Many of their portraits are still extant, in which they appear in long limp white garments, with waists just below their arm-pits. They would have been voted slow in our time, but in their own day they were considered models of purity and grace. They had little to say for themselves, but poetry was written to them by the ream. Their loveliness was of the wishy-washy style, and they were pure because they knew no better. Very different were the heroic beauties. They would be thought bores and blue-stockings in these days, and they were probably very flighty in their own. "Emancipated women" have fortunately not been hitherto beautiful, and fashionable beauties have not yet been champions of women's rights. Religious beauties have throughout history had occasional reigns, but, upon the whole, beautiful demons have had their turn more frequently.

For good or for evil, beauties are now in fashion. Indeed so fashionable are they that to be a beauty is one of the recognized professions. Amateur beauties are despised and neglected, and have no more chance of success than a medical man with no diploma. The faces of the leading statesmen, barristers, and physicians, are not so familiar as those of the leading beauties. Marriage seems to be a necessary preliminary to recognition as a beauty in these days. When the pretty woman has been married she has, as it were, passed the first examination—the "smalls" of beauty. A woman hardly attains to her full beauty until she is twenty-two, and if she is not married by that time the world thinks that she ought to be. Having passed her "little go," the candidate has to enter into a competitive examination, the examiners for which are fashionable men of the faster sort, but only a small number are allowed to pass into the ranks of professional beauties.

In all professions and trades, the way to get on, according to modern notions, is to advertise, and beauties are not slow in availing themselves of this method of attaining fame. We consequently find them advertised, like lost terriers and missionary meetings, in shop windows. Beauties contrive to combine the two important modern agencies of advertisement and photography in their thirst for admiration, and we see their names and their photographs in so many windows that, were it not impossible to be tired of them, we might grow slightly weary of the perpetual repetition. The simple might expect to find the cartes de visite of the husbands by the side of their wives. Not a bit of it. If we look at a photograph of one of the beauties in a London shop window, we shall probably find the representation of Cardinal Manning on one side of it and that of an eminent murderer on the other. All three are notabilities in their way; but with this difference, that neither the Cardinal nor the murderer has any wish to be advertised, whereas this is the heart's desire of the beauty. The persistency of the latter in this pursuit is amazing. She even rivals the patent-medicine monger, who takes a column of a daily paper to explain that his wonderful syrup is good for headache, heartburn, chronic rheuma-

tism, and pulmonary complaints. She is not to be beaten by the quack, and occupies a large space in every shop window of a certain type, portrayed in as many aspects as the unfeeling phycic. She seems to say, "Look at me in this position, and if you do not then admire me, look at me in that. Don't I look bewitching under an umbrella, and cannot I melt your stony heart by standing with my head on one side and my thumb in my mouth? Look at me, buy me, talk about me, and oh, write about me! Speak of me as the beautiful Mrs. A., and say that I am lovelier than Mrs. B." And thus the beauty hopes to gain even more celebrity than the antibilious pills in the chemist's window next door. She would despise the comparatively obscure fame to be obtained by the exhibition of her photograph in the drawing-rooms of good society. There are other worlds for her to conquer. Are there not the shop boys and the city clerks—yes, and even the errand boys? Is life worth having unless every snob will turn to look at her in the Parks and the streets? Wherever we go in our great metropolis, we seem unable to escape the well-known faces of the beauties, and in the public picture-galleries we find them in the characters of Nymphs, Vestals, or Sylphs. We suppose we shall see them before long, "done" at full-length in marble, as Venuses.

The conversation in good society is occasionally rather commonplace, and the weather or the parties of yesterday and to-day form the principal topics of polite small-talk. A fresh subject of interest, therefore, in a world where there is apparently so little that is interesting, must necessarily be a boon. Formerly, such observations as "What a crowd there was at Lady A.'s last night!" and "I am afraid it is going to rain," brought the average fashionable man pretty nearly to the end of his conversational tether; but now the remark that "Mrs. B. is looking very well this morning" increases his resources fifty per cent. The approach in the Park of one of the beauties attracts an attention which used to be accorded to royalty only, and the privilege of being unblushingly stared at is no longer confined to the blood royal. Professional beauties have a class of journal specially devoted to their glorification. Here their sayings and doings are faithfully chronicled. Occasionally a long article is devoted to a description of their charms, and they generally monopolize prominent paragraphs. No description of a race-meeting in any newspaper is complete without a description of the dresses worn by the professional beauties, and a bazaar or fancy fair is unnoticed unless they are present. For a time, during the late London season, the sayings and doings of the celebrated French actress who was received with so much enthusiasm by the once straitlaced English threatened to obscure our national beauties. Columns of the so-called "society journals" were devoted to her, in which she was briefly described as "she." But "she" has now left our shores, and the erring devotees have returned to worship at the shrines of the beauties. The appearance of the goddesses is again chronicled with the same accuracy as the price of Consols or the rainfall, and their proceedings and whereabouts are more faithfully recounted than those of the reigning sovereign herself. Writers in the fashionable journals seem to attach more importance to the blowing of the nose of a professional beauty than to a general engagement at the Cape.

Old-fashioned people marvel much at the homage paid to the professional beauties in Society. If one of them stays at the house of a lion-hunting old peer she is taken in to dinner by her host, in precedence of ladies of far superior rank. Her wishes are law as to the arrangements and amusements of the whole party, and everything is made subservient to her whims. She generally has a little court of ladies and gentlemen in waiting; and, if you invite her to your house, you must ask some of these to meet her, or she will be bored and sulky. When you have succeeded in persuading a beauty to stay with you, you must of course be prepared to take the consequences. Her will must be yours. You will be lucky if her favourite amusement is simply to pose herself in graceful attitudes and look beautiful. If less interesting, the statuesque beauty is far preferable as a guest to the lively beauty. The latter, when in a playful humour, is apt to become overpowering. She exhibits her lightheartedness by cramming pieces of ice inside gentlemen's shirt collars, and by throwing a glassful of champagne at an admirer on the opposite side of the table. She hurls peaches, which have cost you a shilling a piece, at the heads of her friends, scrambles with her neighbour at table and breaks one of your best dessert plates. But you must not mind; this is merely the little fee of the great professional. She proposes a ride, and astonishes the inhabitants of your well-conducted and quiet village by riding one of your horses through it at full gallop, accompanied by her court, whom she compels to ride at the same pace. She volunteers to drive your phaeton or four-in-hand, and will think it a good joke to drive into somebody or something, and if she smashes your carriage, it is all done in fun, and she expresses herself as so thankful that "nobody was hurt." When you are sitting with your men friends after dinner, you will probably congratulate yourself upon your temporary respite from the pleasantries of your pretty guest, but perhaps you would scarcely feel so satisfied if you were aware that she was at that moment engaged in paying private visits to the rooms of each of your male visitors, making an apple-pie bed for one, pomading the sponge of another, sewing up the night-shirt of a third, peppering the pillows of a fourth, and so on. It will probably end in your having to apologize for her conduct to at least one of your guests in the morning, and when the party is dispersed,

you will most likely register a vow that whatever lions or lionesses you may pursue for the future, you will never take home another professional beauty. It were better even to fill your house with prigs and blue-stockings, women of mind, and girls who are "intense," than to become the host of a professional beauty and her court.

ALPINE ACCIDENTS.

WITHIN a very short space there have been four deaths on the Swiss mountains. A young American traveller has been killed by a fall on the eastern face of the Matterhorn, and a guide who, suffering from illness, was abandoned by his companions, died on the same mountain. An Englishman has been killed on the Diablerets, and an unfortunate Swiss who, with his betrothed, was making the ascent of a little peak near St. Gall, ventured too near the edge of a precipice when gathering some edelweiss, fell over and was killed.

Of these four misfortunes, the two first mentioned were the most remarkable, the wildest temerity having been shown in one case, and hideous callousness, almost amounting to legal crime, in the other, if the account which has appeared is to be believed. With regard to the death of Dr. William O. Moseley, the American, it must be said, painful as it is to have to make the remark, that he lost his life entirely through his own carelessness, and his death cannot be charged to what some regard as the perverted craze for climbing the Alps, inasmuch as such disregard of the most simple precautions as he showed might have made almost any pursuit dangerous. From the account of the accident—or, to speak more correctly, of the sacrifice of life—which has been published in the *Times*, it appears that on Wednesday, the 13th of this month, Dr. Moseley left Zermatt to ascend the Matterhorn in company with Mr. W. E. Craven, an English traveller, and of the guides Peter Rubi and Christian Inäbnit, of Grindelwald, both as skilful and trustworthy men as could be found. It was the intention of the travellers not to sleep at the refuge which there is on the eastern face of the mountain, but to make the ascent and descent in one day. They started, therefore, at half-past ten in the evening, and must have accomplished a great deal of their climb in the dark, as they reached the summit at nine o'clock on Thursday morning. During their upward course Mr. Moseley complained several times of the rope as being an impediment and utterly unnecessary. Turning to descend, after a short halt on the top, they passed without difficulty over the worst part of the route, where there is a chain fixed to help travellers. This Mr. Moseley would not use. The descent was continued until a point on the eastern face of the mountain, described as "about three-quarters of an hour" above the hut, was reached, when Mr. Moseley wanted to take off the rope. The others persuaded him not to do this; but in a few minutes he became extremely impatient, and took it off. Rubi, the leading guide, who had before urged that it should be kept on, now yielded, and the rest of the party were untied, and they then descended very rapidly. "About twenty minutes from the hut," says the writer in the *Times*, "they had to cross a projecting piece of rock with a smooth surface. Rubi crossed first and planted his axe, so as to give Mr. Moseley, who followed, a firm foothold. Mr. Moseley, however, declined assistance, and placing one hand upon the rock endeavoured to vault over it. At this moment his foot slipped, the axe flew out of his hand, and he fell from the rock on to some steep snow beneath it, down which he slipped on his back, and nearly succeeded in stopping himself with his elbows. Unhappily the snow was frozen, and he fell on to the rocks beneath. Realizing his position, he turned round with a great effort and tried to grasp the rocks with his hands; but the velocity he had then attained was too great, and he fell from rock to rock until he disappeared from view. Mr. Craven and the guides returned to Zermatt at 7 P.M., having been on foot over twenty hours." The body was found on the following Sunday by Peter Knubel and three of the Taugwalds, at a point two thousand feet below that where the slip occurred, and was brought into Zermatt for burial. It was found on examination that a very simple precaution, almost invariably taken by travellers, had been despised. There were scarcely any nails in the sole of one of the traveller's boots. It may almost be said that nothing had been neglected that could produce an accident.

Comment on such a case of wilful imprudence is scarcely necessary. The eastern face of the Matterhorn is not—terrible as it looks from the Riffel—really difficult or dangerous when fairly free from snow, and, with moderate care, may be traversed with perfect safety. It is to be observed that the party of which Mr. Moseley was a member must have climbed a considerable portion of it in the dark. It is scarcely however a place for jumping about on, and most assuredly not a place for jumping when there is no rope to hold up the traveller if his leap miscarries. If a man in the hunting-field were to ride at an easy fence with an ungirthed saddle, he would probably succeed in getting a nasty fall; and what Mr. Moseley did was almost as needlessly venturesome. He slipped just at the moment of taking his spring, as so often happens. Had the rope been on, the others would, almost to a certainty, have held him up. There was at one time some difference of opinion as to whether the rope should be kept on when rocks have to be traversed; but the established practice of mountaineers is to retain it; and there can be no doubt that, when some of the party can establish themselves in firm positions while one man crosses

a *mauvais pas*, it ensures safety. To spring without having the rope to rely on was to court death, and death came. Strange to say, however, Mr. Moseley's rashness is not without a parallel, as the loss of a life has before been caused by a similar error. In 1869 a well-known Alpine climber was killed on the Schreckhorn, owing to his having, when unroped, attempted to spring on to some rocks which he thought to be within his reach. In both cases death was due to what is often laughed at when the results are less serious—the vanity and self-confidence of amateurs. Just as a landsman who has a smattering of boat-sailing runs risks which make a seaman shudder, these two unfortunate men, confident in the result of some seasons in the Alps, tried to do what an Oberland guide who had passed his whole life on the mountains would probably consider too hazardous. Happily there is reason to think that this confidence, which is based on ignorance, is not common among the Alpine brotherhood. Some of the most distinguished members of the Alpine Club have again and again inculcated the necessity of unceasing caution, and warned mountain zealots against thinking that they can run before they can walk; while those few men who have shown that they can safely rely on themselves and dispense with guides altogether have qualified themselves by an exceptionally long and severe apprenticeship which cannot fail to have taught them that recklessness is nowhere more out of place than on the high Alps. It is scarcely necessary, then, to speak of the unfortunate Mr. Moseley's death as giving a warning, since, despite the fact that rashness exactly similar to his had caused death before, it may be taken for granted that the warning is little needed. Still less is any moral to be drawn from the story of the other death on the Matterhorn; for the sternest disciple of Mr. Carlyle would scarcely say that it is necessary to tell even the degenerate Englishman of the present day that he should not leave a dying companion for the sake of amusing himself. If the account of the death of a guide in the hut on the southern side of the Matterhorn, which appeared in the same page of the *Times* as the description of Mr. Moseley's death, is accurate, this is what two men belonging to the Swiss Alpine Club did. The account may be, very likely is, inaccurate, perhaps almost entirely untrue. It has not been contradicted; but it was not likely to reach those whom it concerned for some time. It may therefore be contradicted, and be proved to be untrue; and it is greatly to be hoped that it will be shown to be false, for, as it stands, it is a horrible story of selfishness and inhumanity.

According to this painful narrative, two members of the Swiss Alpine Club, with two guides and a porter, left Breuil on Tuesday, August 6th, to cross the Matterhorn—i.e. to reach the summit from the south, and to descend by the northern route. They were to pass the night in the hut which was erected some twelve or thirteen years ago on a part of the mountain more than thirteen thousand feet high, which was formerly called *le collier de la vierge*, and is now known as *la cravate*. This was reached; but before it had been attained one of the guides had become seriously unwell, and had spat blood from time to time. During the night he got rapidly worse, and when the time for the start arrived his symptoms were very grave. What then happened is best told in the language of the writer signing himself an "English Alpine Clubman," who sent the account to the *Times*. He says:—

It is possible the members of the Swiss Alpine Club did not fully realize the serious nature of his illness—at least it is to be hoped they did not; but they had made up their minds not to be balked of their expedition, and, ordering the other two men to get ready, placed a small supply of food beside the sufferer and prepared to leave. Then, if one of the witnesses is to be believed, a most painful scene occurred. The (as it afterwards proved) dying man rose in his couch and with the tears streaming down his cheeks implored one of them at least to stay by him, and not leave him to die alone, for he felt his last hour was rapidly approaching. But a deaf ear was turned to his entreaties. One by one the party filed out of the hut, the door was shut, and the last was seen of the poor fellow in this life. The party crossed the Matterhorn successfully, but did not reach Zermatt till late in the evening. It was, therefore, only next day that it was possible to send relief, and then two guides were despatched to the hut. They opened the door, and at once saw their aid had come too late. Stretched across the floor, his hands clenched as if in a wild effort to reach the door and admit the air of heaven, there lay, stone dead, their former comrade. They returned to Zermatt, and a party of guides and porters subsequently ascended and brought down the body. The dead man has left a widow and family unprovided for.

If this statement is true, the conduct of the two Swiss travellers ought almost to bring them within the reach of the criminal law. They deliberately left a man to die. They must have known that they would not in all likelihood reach Zermatt till nightfall; that probably the guides would not be able to start till next morning; that they would have to make the whole northern ascent of the mountain, to pass along the summit ridge, to descend a very steep and difficult gully, to traverse the jagged and arduous *arête* *Tyndall* and a portion of the *arête* which rises over Breuil before they could reach the hut on the *cravate*; and that therefore, if the expedition to Zermatt was continued, the unfortunate guide would remain unaided for some thirty-six hours. On the other hand, it must, at the time of their start, have been clear to them that, if two men were promptly sent down to Breuil, succour might possibly come the same evening, and that they would be able to leave the man in the hands of his friends, and to undertake their expedition the next morning. Yet they would not delay even for a day; but, disregarding the unfortunate wretch's entreaties, left him, as it turned out, to die alone. Happily the ghastly tale may prove to be untrue, and it may be shown that these travellers have been greatly maligned. Should no contradiction

appear, their conduct ought certainly to be inquired into, and the Swiss Alpine Club, which is a very respectable body, would do well to investigate the matter. If the grave accusation which has been made in the *Times* is not disproved, it will certainly be thought by most Englishmen that this Club possesses amongst its members two singularly detestable ruffians whose conduct to a dying man would in some countries have been punished as a crime.

Of the other two accidents which have been mentioned there is scarcely anything to say, as the accounts which have hitherto appeared of them tell little. Full information respecting them will doubtless be given at a future date in the pages of the *Alpine Journal*.

THE POPE AND THE SCHOOLMEN.

LEO XIII. has issued an Encyclical on the Study of Scholastic philosophy, and especially of "the Angelic Doctor," St. Thomas Aquinas, which appears to be very variously received and interpreted, not only by external critics, but by those to whom it is specially addressed. It is regarded by some as a retrograde, by others as a liberal manifesto. There is a prevalent idea, by no means confined to Protestants, that scholasticism is altogether dry, technical, unprofitable, and obsolete. The late Dean Milman observed that "of those vast monuments of (scholastic) theology which amaze and appal the mind, the sole remnant to posterity is that barren amazement." Hallam said that "the scholastic philosophy, so famous for several ages, has since passed away, and is forgotten," and expressed his surprise at having met with four Englishmen who had read parts of Thomas Aquinas, adding that "certain portions of his writings are still read in the course of instruction of some Catholic universities." Others have spoken still more disparagingly. Yet this estimate of the Schoolmen cannot be received without reserve or qualification. Writers differing so widely from them and from each other as Hegel, Von Raumer, Humboldt, and Mill speak in a very different tone of their intellectual calibre. Coleridge thought that "a much larger amount of profit might be gotten from the Schoolmen than from the Fathers," and Professor Shirley, while admitting that their writings seem to be separated from the rest of literature by some impassable barrier, "insisted that they not only bespeak an amount of literary toil rare in the most cultivated times, but give evidence of a precision of thought and subtlety of logical analysis which may challenge comparison with the best works of the best ages of philosophy." No reasonable and well-informed student of the present day would think of denying that the scholastic philosophy supplies at least a very important chapter in the history of the human mind, and especially that the *Summa* of Aquinas is a striking monument and masterpiece of genius, though it may be partly based on conceptions which have now become obsolete. The whole position and atmosphere of the Schoolmen however differed widely from that of the Fathers of the early Church with whom Coleridge contrasts them, and who have themselves been rehabilitated, after a long period of contemptuous neglect, by the theological revival of the last half century. The Schoolmen were not engaged, like the Apologists, in controversies with heathenism, or like the later Fathers, in controversies with heresy. Their special object, as Archbishop Trench has pointed out, was partly to formulate and arrange the vast assortment of materials they had inherited from the patristic age, but still more to effect "the reconciliation of faith and reason by giving its due rights to each," and thus "to inaugurate a supernatural rationalism in the Church." With some writers, like Abelard, this meant testing every Christian doctrine by an external philosophical standard, and accepting no article of faith which could not be comprehended, if not established, by human reason, and hence it tended to induce a sceptical and even atheistic tone of mind. But more often it meant educing from the creed of the Church, illustrated by the philosophical and logical methods of Aristotle, then lately re-discovered through an Arabic translation, a sort of encyclopædia of dogmatic and ethical truth. Fleury says that for a long time Peter Lombard, "the Master of the Sentences," Gratian, the compiler of the *Decretum*, and Peter Manducator were regarded as forming a complete theological library. The system, when taken by itself, was necessarily narrow and one-sided, for the scholastic age was one in which history, criticism, and science, in the modern sense of the term, can hardly be said to have existed. But it was nevertheless fruitful in ideas and methods of reasoning which, by the admission of eminent thinkers of our own day of very different schools, have in later times been too much ignored. The scholastic system was undoubtedly, what a great German divine has called it, "one-eyed," but for that very reason it required rather to be corrected and supplemented than to be destroyed.

But the controversy as to this last Encyclical turns rather on the purpose and drift of the author than on the abstract merits of scholasticism; and this is a question which time alone can fully solve. The interpretation of the words will be found in the method of applying them. Meanwhile the natural and obvious meaning of the document accords with what the antecedents of Leo XIII. would have led us to expect from him. So far as we can judge from an evidently not very felicitous translation in the *Tablet*, it differs widely in style from the florid and bombastic rhetoric for many years past associated with these Papal mani-

festoes, while it breathes a spirit of moderation and intellectual earnestness. The Pope begins by insisting on the importance of preserving and utilizing the truths discovered by Pagan philosophers, and appeals to the example of the Fathers of the Church in this respect. And he proceeds to dwell on the "multiform use of philosophy" in relation to revealed truth. He goes on to speak in detail of "the learned men whom we call the Apologists," who are enumerated and commented on, one by one, not forgetting Origen, "a man distinguished by the teaching of the school of Alexandria, and versed in the learning of the Greeks and Orientals, who composed many laborious works wonderfully adapted to explain the divine writings and illustrate the dogmas of religion, works which although, as they are now extant, not wholly free from error, contain great force of reasoning." The great Basil and both the Gregories, and "the powerful genius of Augustine," are next commemorated, and so we are brought down to the mediæval doctors or Scholastics, among whom "the angelic St. Thomas" stands pre-eminent. We need not recapitulate here the panegyric pronounced on him by Leo XIII. and those he quotes from the writings of earlier pontiffs. But it is worth noting that one aim of the Encyclical appears to be to recall theological teachers and students from the multitude of modern manuals and text-books to great masters such as Aquinas, and this is supposed to be levelled partly at the Jesuit schemes of theology. In this sense we should be disposed to understand the following passage:—

But, as men are drawn by the force of example, this desire of novelty seems, in some countries, to have invaded the minds even of Catholic philosophers, who, setting aside the patrimony of ancient wisdom, have preferred raising new structures to enlarging and completing the old by means of the new, and this certainly with a design wanting in wisdom and not without injury to the sciences. For this manifold kind of doctrine, since it rests on the authority and will of each teacher, has a mutable basis, and for that reason renders philosophy neither firm, stable nor robust, as the old philosophy was, but, on the contrary, tottering and light. And if it happens sometimes by chance that it is found unequal to bear the assaults of enemies, let it recognize the cause and fault of this in itself.

The Pope immediately adds, however, that he has no intention of blaming those learned and able men who employ their industry and erudition and the wealth of new discoveries in the culture of philosophy, "for we thoroughly understand that all this pertains to the advance of learning." And he goes on to insist on the importance of employing reason to win back those who are alienated from the faith, for which purpose nothing can be more opportune than "the solid doctrine of Fathers and Scholastics." It is not therefore at all to the disparagement of patristic studies that the Schoolmen are recommended.

But neither, as we gather from a subsequent paragraph, is there any intention of disparaging physical science, in which of course neither the Schoolmen, nor the Greek philosophers on whose principles they relied, are sound or adequate guides. We are told that it is the greatest injustice to attribute to the Schoolmen the vice of opposing the advance of the natural sciences, and that they readily understood that nothing is more useful than diligently to investigate the secrets of nature and prosecute the study of physics. This is probably true enough of the intention of the Schoolmen, who neither had nor could have had any idea of the incompleteness and inaccuracy of their own physical knowledge; but the Pope must be presumed to mean that later discoveries in natural science, if found inconsistent with their views, are not therefore to be rejected. This is indeed expressly stated in the following paragraph, which is perhaps the most important in the Encyclical, and which shall therefore be quoted as it stands; we have taken the liberty of italicizing a few critical passages. It will be seen that the scholastic philosophy is commended only so far as it is not found incompatible with truth derived from other sources, and Aquinas is held up to honour not as an absolute, still less infallible, authority, but only "in comparison with the rest." The concluding caution against "foreign and unwholesome waters" we take to refer again to the modern text-books, Jesuit and other, which more than reproduce the narrowness and dogmatism of the older scholastics without their power or their depth:—

While, therefore, We proclaim that every wise saying, every useful discovery, by whomsoever it may be wrought, should be received with a willing and grateful mind, We exhort you all, Venerable Brethren, most earnestly to restore the golden wisdom of St. Thomas, and to propagate it as widely as possible for the defence of the Catholic faith, the good of society, and the advancement of all the sciences. The wisdom of St. Thomas, We say, for if there is anything in the scholastic doctors of over-subtle inquiry, or ill-considered statement, if anything inconsistent with ascertained doctrines of a later age, or, lastly, in any way not admissible, it is by no means Our intention to propose that to Our age for imitation. But let teachers, chosen by your wisdom, endeavour to instil the doctrine of St. Thomas Aquinas into the minds of their disciples, and to place in a clear light his solidity and excellence in comparison with the rest. Let Academies founded or to be founded by you illustrate and defend this doctrine and employ it for the refutation of dominant errors. But lest supposititious draughts be imbibed instead of genuine, and corrupted instead of pure, take care that the wisdom of St. Thomas be drawn from its own fountains, or at least from those streams which are derived from the fountain itself and still flow entire and untainted according to the sure and concurrent opinion of learned men: but take heed that the minds of youths be kept from those which are said to have flowed from that wisdom, yet in fact have been swollen by foreign and unwholesome waters.

In a previous paragraph the Pope had referred with regret to the famous universities of a former age, beginning with Paris and Salamanca, and this seems to indicate a preference on his part for the mediæval plan of university training over the comparatively modern seminary system introduced by the Jesuits. To be effective the Encyclical ought to be followed up by a general reconstruction of the received methods of ecclesiastical education and

discipline. And such may be the actual desire and intention of Leo XIII., though it remains to be seen how far he will be able to carry it out. The Jesuits and their adherents would of course be his most determined opponents. But the aim and tendency of the Encyclical appear to be in favour of the promotion of liberal culture, whatever may be its practical results.

A FRENCHMAN'S WEEK IN ENGLAND.

THE ignorance of England which Frenchmen were at one time scarcely ashamed to acknowledge is now rapidly yielding before a new and profound study of our country and its customs. In the spring of the present year these islands were again discovered by M. Sarcey, the dramatic critic of the *Temps*, who showed himself to be unfeignedly pleased with the many signs of progress which he encountered. The published report of his journey doubtless served as a stimulus to several of his colleagues in journalism, for within the last few months our shores have been visited by a considerable number of eager students, each of whom has devoted himself to some special aspect of our budding civilization. M. Sarcey himself disposed of literature and drama in a manner that left nothing to be desired. His criticism of the English theatre had a peculiar interest from the fact that he did not understand our language, and his recognition of the merits of English critical literature was the more spontaneous seeing that by his own confession he had previously not dreamed of its existence. But the ease with which M. Sarcey mastered his subject has encouraged some of his successors to attempt even more daring feats of intellectual activity. Only the other day M. Bergerat, on the strength of having visited a few studios in London, delivered himself of a trenchant and final criticism upon the position and prospects of the English school of painting. This was an intellectual treat specially reserved for the readers of *La Vie Moderne*; and now M. Albert Millaud, writing in the *Figaro*, favours us with a comprehensive and exhaustive judgment upon the more interesting features of our social life. It is quite remarkable how rapidly these gifted writers acquire their information. M. Millaud modestly admits to having passed only eight days in London; but we will undertake to say that he already knows many things about our habits and customs of which even the best-informed Englishmen are wholly ignorant. Where a less practised observer would have caught only a superficial impression, he has been able to penetrate profoundly into the social character of the people he is criticizing. And in the manner no less than the matter of his discourse there is a rare freshness and fascination. He writes with the air of a man who feels that he has discovered all that he records, and who is all the while modestly conscious that his readers will be overpowered by the vast store of knowledge which he has so speedily accumulated.

And certainly M. Millaud's industry and intelligence are sufficiently surprising. It is true that, according to his own account, England is a country fitted for instruction rather than amusement, and this may in some measure account for his untiring devotion to the study of social phenomena. There has been nothing to distract his mind from the very serious task he had undertaken; but, although this is in one sense a cause of congratulation, he feels bound to offer, by way of preface, a complete and profound explanation of the prevailing sadness of English life. With the courage of a writer who does not hesitate to risk a daringly original hypothesis, M. Millaud goes at once to the root of the evil. He puts his finger without hesitation upon the weak spot in our social system, and holds up those inveterate offenders "roastbeef" and "plum-pudding" to the reprobation and contempt of Continental opinion. The daily food of the inhabitants of London consists, he tells us, of salmon and potatoes, followed by "roastbeef en quantités énormes," and rounded off with fortresses of plum-pudding. This modest repast is always, as we learn, accompanied by copious draughts of "half-and-half," a beverage which produces such an unextinguishable thirst that the remainder of the day is spent in drinking brandy and soda or in sipping port and sherry. Having thus effectually disposed of the sources of English sadness, M. Millaud is free to investigate more important aspects of our social life. Seizing at once upon the most essential indications of character, M. Millaud is confronted at the outset of his inquiry by the extraordinary prevalence of the high hat. This is a point to which he evidently attaches the greatest significance, and with untiring patience he follows the fortunes of the high hat through every grade of society. It is interesting to learn that it is universally worn by railway officials and by beggars, and generally by the drivers of locomotives. More remarkable still, it is the accepted costume of bricklayers and masons, who, although they may be persuaded to lay aside their coats, are never under any temptation induced to part with their high hat. Nor is their jealous attachment to the high hat the only peculiarity of the English workman. Wherever it is possible to work with gloves, the working-man wears gloves; and does so, according to M. Millaud, in vindication of a deeply-rooted sentiment of equality. If this gifted student of social facts had gone no further, he would still have accomplished enough to establish his authority as a shrewd and accurate historian. Now that the working classes are beginning to take a prominent part in political life, it is of the utmost importance that they should be exhibited in their true light; and we cannot but rejoice that they should be permanently

associated in the mind of the intelligent foreigner with such genteel and blameless attributes as the high hat and kid gloves.

It will be seen, from the examples we have given, that it does not take M. Millaud very long to dispose of a question when he once addresses himself to it. From the working-man he passes to the consideration of the principal sights of London, and here he is careful to keep the readers of the *Figaro* duly informed of the latest novelties. The two exhibitions which he thinks are really creating the greatest sensation just at this moment are the wax-works at Madame Tussaud's and the Zulus at the Royal Aquarium; and, in connexion with the first of these places of entertainment, M. Millaud is careful to note the addition of a life-like image of the Prince Imperial. But, after all, it is scarcely upon these lighter topics that our author's talents are shown to the best advantage. The full measure of his ability both as an observer and a student is more completely vindicated in the letter in which he deals with the criminal classes of London. In describing a visit to Whitechapel, made under the protection of the police, he takes an opportunity of expounding some of the most cherished principles of English law. His remarks under this head will not be without interest and instruction even to professed students of law; for in the progress of his researches he has made one or two discoveries which have even a greater air of novelty than Madame Tussaud's exhibition. There is a kind of prejudice among us that the French mind is prone to hasty generalizations, and is impatient of detail; but these charges certainly cannot be brought against M. Millaud, who is careful to inform his readers of every circumstance connected with the detection and punishment of crime. It appears, for example, that when a thief is convicted, the property which he has stolen is at once deposited in a museum of stolen articles at Scotland Yard. There is a vulgar impression that the property is restored to the owner; but M. Millaud takes care to point out that this is in direct conflict with the principles of English justice. It is, we now learn, the thief, and not the owner, who is ultimately entitled to the stolen goods; and lest there should be any doubt upon the point, M. Millaud proceeds to set forth the ethical considerations which have guided the Legislature to this conclusion. The term of imprisonment, he explains, is calculated according to the value of the article stolen, and is, in fact, the price which the criminal has to pay for the thing that he covets. So soon as he has paid this price, his part of the contract is complete, and it only remains for the representatives of justice to deliver up to him the object which he has thus lawfully earned by his labour. Such, exclaims M. Millaud by way of conclusion, is the paradox upon which English justice is based. We feel after reading this paragraph that we have never before realized the beauty of our legal system. There are fussy reformers who will for ever insist that the principles of criminal law need to be more clearly defined; but the fault, as it now appears, lies not in the law, but in the expositor. In the hands of a master like M. Millaud the tangled mass of judicial decisions takes form and shape, and the conflicting purposes of crime and justice are reconciled according to a new scheme of moral order. After this brilliant statement of the claims of our criminal code, it is inevitable that even the most astonishing discoveries of M. Millaud should seem somewhat tame. We hear, for example, almost without surprise, that whenever a Londoner has to go to Wapping he arms himself with a formidable knife, and that a stranger can never go to Whitechapel without running grave risk of being thrown into the Thames. These are comparatively trifling matters of fact, which we are ashamed not to have known before; but in regard to the principles of our law we feel, on the contrary, that unless M. Millaud had arrived in London the discovery might never have been made at all. We can only express a hope, in conclusion, that M. Millaud will continue his researches. Let him be assured that, if he goes on as he has begun, his experiences will be as interesting to Englishmen as to his own countrymen. We are too apt to be very ignorant about our own affairs; and, even if we were not, an acute observer like M. Millaud is sure to detect some interesting phenomena which have escaped the notice of others.

A MODERN ARABIC ROMANCE.

MR. QUARITCH has recently published a work in Arabic, entitled *Kissat al Hakawati al Islambuli*, the "Antobiography of the Constantinopolitan Story-teller," edited by Mr. Catalago, the well-known author of the Arabic-English Dictionary. Although issued anonymously, it is understood to be the work of an Englishman, Lieutenant-Colonel Rous, and shows a great mastery of the Arabic language.

El Hakawati, as he is somewhat ungrammatically called, the "Constantinopolitan Story-teller," begins life under the auspices of a Turkish nobleman, who adopts him, and subsequently presents him to the Sultan. By the latter he is treated with great kindness, but at his death becomes the object of court intrigues, and is ignominiously banished from the country. Engaging as a common seaman, he finds himself on board a corsair, and follows for some time the business of a pirate with much success, escaping of course when the ship is ultimately attacked by a man-of-war and sunk. A passing ship carries him to Tripoli, on the African coast, where he procures a camel and starts off for a long trip in the Desert. Here he has the ordinary adventures of the medieval Eastern on his travels. He meets with a *jinn*, who restores to an old woman her son, after having kept him for fifty years in a

shell in revenge for the death of his (the *jinn*'s) own offspring. He next encounters a tribe of monkeys, who turn out to be men transformed for their sins. He then settles at Merzük with the old woman and her son, but, the latter getting married, he again sets out for Morocco. In crossing the Desert his companions are all buried in a sandstorm, which is very well and graphically described, but he himself is saved, and takes refuge with a hermit in a cave. He only leaves him to join a caravan, fall into the hands of slave-catchers, and be sold into slavery himself. He succeeds in procuring his freedom by doing his master a service; and, after some further adventures, he reaches Smyrna, where he meets a youth who has been awfully mutilated. This person's story is made a vehicle for conveying a horrible description of the treatment of slaves in the East—a description which is somewhat exaggerated, as, although the slave-catchers are not particularly humane, Oriental masters, as a rule, treat their human property well. El Hakawati then crosses to the coast of the Caspian, where he gets employment, and is about to marry his master's daughter, when she dies. The father gives him a large sum of money, which he had intended as the girl's dowry, and sends him away. Crossing the Desert on his way to Persia he is taken prisoner by a great rebel chief, who sends him to the Shah to petition for peace, as his own former envoys never returned, and keeps the money as a security for his coming back if permitted to do so. Fulfilling his mission, he is again allowed to go on his journey; but is once more taken prisoner, this time by Turkomans, who grossly ill-treat him. At last he escapes with an old woman, a fellow-prisoner, to Meshed, where the brother of his companion sets him up in business. Although prosperous and happy, he is again driven by his thirst for adventure to journey to Shiraz and thence to India. On their way he and his companions have an adventure with a band of robbers, from whom, however, they contrive to escape. A guide whom they have picked up beguiles the way (which is rendered tedious by heat and absence of water) with stories of the appearance of a Ghoul which infests these parts. Presently a person answering in every way to the description comes up, but he turns out to be a respectable merchant, who helps the caravan out of their difficulties. The tradition of the Ghoul, half cannibal, half vampire, which is so common in Eastern romance, is a curious instance of the manner in which popular legends are often founded on misinterpreted facts. The Ghoul is identical both in name and attributes with the Ogre of Western fable, and both are but a distorted representation of the Aghoras, a peculiar sect among the hill tribes of India, who carry their protest against the conventional restrictions of society to such an extent that they live like brutes and eat carrion, thus giving rise to the numerous Ogre stories which are found in the folk-lore of so many peoples.

At length the travellers reach Shiraz, of which city a good account is given. In fact, the great fault of the book as an Oriental work is the graphic nature of the descriptions and the logical nature of the statistics given. An Eastern author, in describing the surroundings of a town, is content with saying that it has streams like the rivers of Paradise, and gardens like those of the fabled Iram, the lost earthly Paradise of Sheddad. If he wishes to give any statistical information, he exaggerates his figures so grossly and introduces so many conventional expressions that all the commercial value of the statement is lost. El Hakawati, on the contrary, describes towns and places in language which, although certainly bald, is so accurate that the reader who has visited the localities mentioned has no difficulty whatever in recognizing them from the descriptions. At Shiraz he is taken by a mysterious youth to see an old blind man who has been bewitched by a magician at Kurrachee, who had prophesied that he would be restored by a person answering to the description of El Hakawati. Prompted by a mysterious intuition, the latter picks a herb and makes a lotion with it, which cures the old man. It should have been a fumigation with the leaves of wild rue to give the proper *couleur locale*. The old man then tells his story, which is that of a Parsi escaped from the oppression of the Arab conquerors, and which throws the whole narrative into the wildest chronological confusion. The ex-blind man assists El Hakawati in prosecuting his voyage to India, where he lays in a stock of native goods and sets off for Bagdad to trade therewith. The return journey is made an excuse for a description of Mosul and the antiquities of Nineveh, Basra, &c., in the course of which a passage occurs which must have been originally uttered by a Muslim, it is so true to Oriental nature:—

And when he [the Christian traveller] heard from me the description of the inscribed stones in India and the beauty thereof, he said, "I must go to Basra and embark on board ship and journey to India, that I may study these inscriptions which you have seen in the caves"; and off he went from Bagdad to seek them. For true it is that the Frank sects are wonderful in their habits; they have neither common-sense nor judgment. What man among the congregation of the Faithful would buy broken stones; and leave his country, and his home, and his family, to seek after inscriptions in caves and ruins?

He next visits Diyar Bekr and Aleppo, at which latter place he meets a man who has been in China, and was caught and exhibited in a cage as a "foreign devil." This treatment of foreigners by the Chinese was not at all uncommon in former days; the custom now survives only in the irrepressible tendency of the Canton *gamin* to cry out, "*Hai yah! Fan quai lo!*" "Hi, there, you old foreign devil you!" whenever he sees a stranger who looks as if he did not understand Chinese, or who is at a safe distance. In Aleppo he meets also with a man from Constantinople who has had an interesting adventure in that city, having recovered from the Bos-

phorus the body of a young lady who had been murdered by her stepmother, saved the sister of the murdered girl, married her, and opened a shop, setting up in business on the proceeds of the sale of her jewelry. The same person tells him a story of how he had found a vast treasure in a cave under a ruined house to which he had been miraculously guided. The search for treasure is universal throughout the East, and is not always so chimerical as might appear to us. In a country where to be known to possess wealth only exposes the owner to the rapacity of tax-gatherers and other officials, and where safe investments are unknown, it is no uncommon thing for a man to bury his hoard, and delay until too late communicating the hiding-place to his expectant heirs.

From Aleppo our hero goes, *via* Hamath, on to Tadmor, the ruins and the history of which are fairly described; then he stays for some time at Damascus, and visits Jerusalem by the usual route, Baalbek, Baniyas, Tiberias, Nazareth, Sebastia, &c., being taken on the way. This part of the book, together with the account of the Holy City and its surroundings, is extremely interesting, and the narrative is relieved by a few simple, but readable, adventures. After travelling through the southern part of Palestine, he proceeds, by way of Hebron and Kerek, to Petra, and thence to Sinai. Every portion of this journey is evidently written from personal experience; and, although the descriptions are short and concise, they show very considerable powers of observation. Reaching Cairo at length, he starts for Mecca, the journey to which place is, however, passed over in a few words, and only serves to introduce an account of the plague. Coming unexpectedly into some money left him by one of the victims of the epidemic, he returns to Egypt and makes an excursion up the Nile, describing the various ancient temples and other ruins, and incidentally telling the story of an Aimeh, or dancing-girl, whom he had given a passage home on his *dahabeeah*. On the way he makes friends with a doctor, who of course has a story to relate; and, after staying some time longer at Cairo, returns to Constantinople, where no one recognizes him after his long absence. While he is meditating over his former life in that city the ship goes off with all his property, leaving him alone and penniless. From this plight he is rescued by an old man, an astrologer; and his connexion with this person leads to his narrating another of those romances of the Harem which are unfortunately too common and too true in Muslim life. Here the main facts are an attachment between a young girl and her cousin, her forced marriage with an older and wealthier man, a last meeting, discovery, and the murder of the young couple and of all persons concerned in bringing them together, excepting, of course, our hero. His adventures after this become more improbable, and the times and places more vague; the last is his being taken prisoner by a pirate vessel belonging to the Knights of Malta, kept as a galley-slave for a long time, escaping during a sea-fight, taking refuge on board a Muslim vessel, and finally being taken to Syria, where he devotes himself to study. Making great progress, he is patronized by a sage, who takes him to a hermitage in the neighbourhood of the Dead Sea. The son of the King of Abyssinia comes also as a pupil of the old man; and, on the death of the latter, the Story-teller and the Prince return to Egypt, and the book ends.

The work is by no means lacking in interest; and, being written in easy Arabic, it may be useful as a text-book for students of that language. At the same time we must remark that the writer, although he has fairly well caught the idiom, has not mastered the spirit of the East. Where the marvellous is introduced, it is done with a timid hand, and an attempt is made in the later part of the work to tone down the improbabilities of the earlier portion; the descriptions, as we have noticed before, are too matter of fact and too accurate; and we miss the mixture of prose and verse, and the frequent quotation of proverbs and passages of the Coran, of which Oriental writers are so fond. The story, again, purports to be a record of personal adventure, and this is not the sort of narrative by which a professional storyteller gains his livelihood. If it be written, as we are given to understand, by an Englishman, it is certainly a *tour de force*, and it is worth reading as a plain but pleasant record of travel; it can never, however, rank as a typical standard work in Arabic literature. The language is a happy mean between the *nahvi* or book language, and the vulgar parlance of common life, and may serve to form an easy introduction to the latter.

FORGET-ME-NOT AT THE LYCEUM.

A GOOD deal has been said lately about the fact that most new plays produced in London are taken from the French, and about the causes of the seeming poverty of invention of English playwrights. It has been asserted that in truth there is no such poverty; but that managers, having regard to the trouble and expense necessary for mounting a piece which they hope to run, in accordance with our deplorable English fashion, for the whole of a season without any change in the bill, prefer taking a piece which has already been successful in France and adapting it to the English stage, to running the risk of producing a piece which is weighted with the disadvantage of novelty. Assuming that this statement of the position is more or less correct, it is curious to observe how unreasonable from an outsider's point of view is a system the material success of which can hardly be thought benefi-

cial to the prospects of English dramatic literature. The advantage of economy which once belonged to it is now removed, and a manager who has a French play adapted to the English stage has to deal with two playwrights instead of one. The adaptation in most cases involves weakening the capital point of the original piece, as well as transplanting to England the manners and customs of France, and giving them as English an appearance as may be, a process which can seldom be altogether satisfactory. This to be sure is a refinement of the present day; playwrights of a former generation were content to do the thing in a rougher fashion, and one at least, for instance, of Mr. Tom Taylor's productions betrays its unacknowledged French origin by turning on a point of law which is sound enough in France, but has no value in England. A playwright may of course plead in defence of this method that so long as his audiences are content with impossible laws or customs, it matters little to him if they jar upon critics or lawyers; but such a plea will only serve to condemn him the more, so far as his artistic capacities are concerned. On the other hand, it will show that, if blame attaches to him, it must at least be shared by his audiences. If there is a demand for a certain thing among playgoers, managers and playwrights can hardly be found fault with for keeping up a continual supply of that thing; and, whatever may have been the original cause of the present state of affairs, it would seem that audiences are more easily attracted by an English version of a play which has been approved of in France than by an original English play the merits of which they will have to find out for themselves. The belief that the power of constructing and writing original plays is confined to Frenchmen may fairly be called a superstition. To take one striking instance, Mr. Burnand proved fully enough by his comedy called, if we remember right, *Our Club*, that there was at least one English playwright capable of bringing a neatness of construction and dialogue, unsurpassed by the authors of *Le Procès Vauradieux*, to bear on a subject in which there was no offence. But Mr. Burnand has since then been content to follow the fashion of adaptation, although it must be said that in most cases he borrows little beyond a central idea from the French.

What Mr. Burnand did with regard to the lightest kind of comedy has now been done, to our thinking with complete success, with regard to comedy-drama by Messrs. Merivale and Grove, whose play, *Forget-Me-Not*, was produced last week at the Lyceum, now under the temporary management of Miss Genevieve Ward. The difference of opinion among critics as to this play suggests some curious reflections. From some it has received the highest praise, while others have treated it with the utmost coldness and indifference. It was well and truly pointed out by the *Times* that the piece could be performed in any European country without undergoing any process of adaptation; and it is not impossible that, if it had come to the English stage with a reputation secured in another country, there might have been less difference of opinion as to its merits. It seems to us to have in a marked degree the combined strength and lightness which belong to the best examples of the contemporary French drama, and it has the advantage of not turning on conjugal infidelity. The leading idea of the piece is, so far as we know, entirely new; the construction is good; and the dialogue, which it was found desirable to cut to some extent after the first night, is both pointed and natural.

The scene is laid throughout the three acts of the play in a house at Rome occupied by the widowed Viscountess de Brissac and her sister, Alice Verney. The first act opens with an introductory dialogue between Mrs. Foley, companion to Mme. de Brissac and Miss Verney, and Prince Malleotti, an elderly fop whose character is cleverly conceived and sketched. Miss Verney's appearance on the stage serves to inform the audience that she is oppressed by the consciousness of an important and disastrous secret which she must at all hazards keep from her sister. Sir Horace Welby, who is in love with Alice Verney, and who, being for some time at Rome, presently comes to call on the two sisters, attempts in vain to find out what it is that weighs down Alice with a sense of impending danger and misery. He leaves her, promising to return to dinner, and she presently receives a letter which announces that its writer is coming to stay for six weeks with her and Mme. de Brissac, and which fills her with renewed alarm. As she reads the signature—Stéphanie de Mohriart—the writer appears. The audience is made aware later that the Marchioness de Mohriart is the mother-in-law of Mme. de Brissac, and that she and her late husband have borne such notoriously evil characters that her son, the Viscount de Brissac, had entirely severed his connexion with them before his marriage. She and the Marquis de Mohriart were, in fact, proprietors of a secret gaming-house, where she led young men on to play, and, when their purses were empty, laughed in their faces. One such young man—Benedetto Francini, a Corsican—when or after his money had been exhausted, made to Mme. de Mohriart such a declaration as her conduct warranted him in making. She replied by treating him with scorn, and by causing him to be beaten by her servants and turned out of the house with her husband's approval. He carried out the traditional Corsican vendetta by making his way into the house at night and killing M. de Mohriart. But for the arrival of the police he would have also killed the Marchioness. Such stories as these connected with Stéphanie de Mohriart make her, of course, a most unfit person to be associated with Alice Verney and her sister. But it is her intention to be associated with them and to be introduced by them into good society in Rome for the

space of six weeks, at the end of which her hold over Alice Verney will be at an end. How unfit a person she is to be associated with women of blameless life is marked by Sir Horace Welby's exclamation of her familiar name—"Forget-Me-Not"—when he first meets her in Alice Verney's drawing-room. From the moment of this meeting the play turns upon his determination to rid the house of her, and her equally strong determination to remain as an honoured guest in the house for six weeks and to make her way back to decent society. The first act ends with Alice's telling Sir Horace that the woman whom he is so surprised to find in her house is Mme. de Brissac's mother-in-law, and the curtain falls upon his astonishment and horror at this discovery. It should be noticed that during this act there has been a short dialogue between Sir Horace and a certain Barrato, a Roman police-spy, who hates his vocation, and appeals to the Englishman, who has had occasion to employ him, to save him from his degraded state. Sir Horace, struck by something unusual in the man's manner, consents to listen to his story and his prayers on the following day.

The second act reveals, among other things, the secret of Stéphanie's hold over Alice Verney, a secret with which she parries Sir Horace's attack upon her, and which enables her to laugh at his threats of exposing her true character, as any action taken against her would involve ruin and misery to the Verneys. The act is entitled, incorrectly, or rather insufficiently, "Article 148." This article in the Code Napoléon sets forth that young men and maidens of French birth cannot marry under a certain age without the consent of their parents. Now the Viscount de Brissac when he married Miss Verney, not being of the age set forth, committed an illegal act. But under certain conditions the marriage becomes valid. These conditions are set forth in Article 183, where it is laid down that, unless within a certain time the parents, or one of them, of the French party to the marriage declare it null and void, it is, and always will remain, valid. Six weeks of this time have yet to run when Stéphanie forces herself as an unwelcome guest upon her daughter-in-law and her daughter-in-law's sister. These facts are known to Alice Verney, but unknown to Mme. de Brissac, who was married in what she naturally took for a proper fashion; and her child, whose legitimacy or illegitimacy rests for six weeks with Stéphanie, is her one comfort in life. Mme. de Mohrivar, when brought to bay by Sir Horace Welby, shows him what her power is, and, as far as we can see, he is absolutely helpless in face of the weapon which she possesses. Help, however, arrives from an unexpected quarter in the person of Barrato, the police-spy, and the curtain falls in the second act on Sir Horace's telling Barrato, who has put certain papers in his hands, that he has brought the "answer to a prayer." This situation is admirably contrived, and makes a very telling end to the act.

It is perhaps hardly more fair to the writers of a new play than to the writer of a novel to reveal to people as yet ignorant of it the key to the riddle in which spectators or readers are interested, and we shall therefore abstain from saying exactly what is the weapon with which Sir Horace is enabled in the third act to vanquish Stéphanie, to obtain her approval of her son's marriage, and to earn her gratitude. Experienced playgoers may guess it, if they can, from the final situation of the piece. Stéphanie, having signed the paper with reference to Brissac's marriage which Sir Horace submits to her, is on the point of leaving the house and Rome, when she starts back in overpowering terror at seeing Barrato coming up the stairs. She conceals herself behind a curtain. Sir Horace, who has rescued Barrato from his occupation as a spy, begs him, when he comes in, to turn his back while a lady who has special reasons for keeping clear of the police makes her way out of the room; and Stéphanie, looking with the fascination of terror at Barrato, whose back is turned to her, makes her way across the room and out at the door.

So far as we have carried our account of the story of *Forget-Me-Not* we have given a mere outline of a play which depends as much upon the neatness and plausibility of its construction and upon the naturalness and effect of its dialogue as upon the originality of its plot. There are some scenes which strike us as specially meritorious; that, for instance, in the first act, between Stéphanie and Alice, those in the second and third between Welby and Stéphanie, and the last scene, as to the meaning of which some hint has just been given. The characters are well conceived and well illustrated. Miss Ward as Stéphanie shows herself to be a true artist. The character, that of a bad, scheming woman who might have been better, has of late been rather a favourite one with dramatic authors. Miss Ward gives it a fresh aspect. The strong dramatic power which she once or twice exhibits is no less admirable than the ironical tone of comedy which is the main characteristic of the part. In the last scene Miss Ward's performance is of the highest order. If the gradual escape from the room were done with the least want of force or artistic feeling it might go hard with the play. In Miss Ward's hands the situation becomes thrilling. Mr. Forbes Robertson plays Sir Horace—a part of a kind somewhat new to him—with the truest perception and feeling. All that he wants is more repose. Mr. Tyars appears as Barrato, a small but very important part, which could hardly be better played. Mr. Calhaem displays good intentions in a part for which he is not particularly suited. Miss Louise Willes shows considerable pathetic power in the difficult part of Alice Verney, Mrs. Leigh Murray is admirably comic as Mrs. Foley, and Miss Eily Paton does charmingly what she has to do

as Mme. de Brissac. Her performance is indeed full of promise. Messrs. Grove and Merivale may be congratulated on having produced a play which is both new and good, and which stands out as a landmark in a usually dull theatrical season.

REVIEWS.

PERRY'S LIFE OF ST. HUGH OF AVALON.*

THE title of this interesting and well-executed monograph—Canon Perry's latest contribution to the Church History of England, which in his previous works he has done so much to illustrate—is slightly misleading. The *Life of St. Hugh*, which is its ostensible subject, takes up less than half the volume, more than one hundred and seventy pages of which are devoted to the history of the establishment of the see of Lincoln and to biographies of its first occupants, together with sketches of the monarchs and clergy of St. Hugh's time. Not indeed that we are disposed to make this any ground of complaint. It is difficult to quarrel with a book for so much more than fulfilling its promise, especially when the matter is so excellent as that furnished by Canon Perry. If we have a cause of regret, it is that the learned author has not made this volume in name what it is in fact—the first of a series of Lives of the Bishops of Lincoln. Such a work from his pen would not be unworthy to take rank by the side of Dr. Hook's *Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury* or Mr. Raine's *Fasti Eboracenses*. Happily it is not too late to carry out this plan. Mr. Perry has already given us in a somewhat slighter and more popular form a biography of St. Hugh's greatest mediæval successor, Robert Grosstete, "*Domini Papæ et Regis re-dargutor manifestus*." May we not hope that he will find leisure to carry on and complete the series? His graphic pen would find congenial employment in depicting such prelates as Oliver Sutton, the indefatigable administrator of his see, "*justissimus, constantissimus, et mundissimus homo*"; John of Dalderby, canonized for his virtues by the popular voice, though never officially inscribed by the Church of Rome on the roll of recognized saints; Henry of Burghersh, the trusted diplomatist of one of England's greatest monarchs, whose Treasurer and Chancellor he was; Philip of Repton, the once zealous Wickliffite, tempted by the brilliant bait of a mitre and a cardinal's hat to bow his neck to the crushing Papal yoke, and recant his former convictions, but who, in bitter self-reproach, resigned his see, and judged himself unworthy of burial in his own cathedral; William of Alnwick, that able and statesmanlike prelate, the spiritual guide of the "meek royal saint," Henry VI., and his counsellor in the foundation of Eton and King's Colleges, Cambridge; Richard Fleming and William Smith, the founders respectively of Lincoln and Brasenose Colleges in the sister University; John Longland, the zealous persecutor of "*Sacramentaries*," and father confessor to Henry VIII., whom he survived a year; and, to omit many attractive names, the saintly Robert Sanderson, the greatest master of casuistical divinity that the reformed English Church has produced. Few sees can exhibit a nobler catalogue of bishops, or one better fitted to exhibit the lights and shades of the history of the English Church, and the varied features of English churchmanship.

The biographies of the early bishops, to which for the present we propose to restrict ourselves, are appropriately introduced by a sketch of the introduction of the Christian religion into the district of Lindsey, "enabling us to trace the succession of its bishops from the Scotch Diuma, the disciple of St. Finan, down to the Monk of Fécamp, the last bishop of Dorchester, and the first of Lincoln." We see that, like the missionary dioceses of our own time, the extent of the great Mercian diocese, of which Lincoln is the modern representative, was enormous, without any very defined limits. It extended from the Humber to the Thames—this, indeed, it did in living memory—and comprised the whole of Middle England with the exception of East Anglia and Essex. This vast tract was, about 679 A.D., by the influence of Archbishop Theodore of Tarsus—who, in a higher sense than Augustine, deserves to be styled the founder of the Church of England—broken up into five dioceses, one being that of the Lindisfari with its seat at Sidnacester, probably to be identified with the modern Stow, whose admirably restored cruciform church is even now of almost cathedral dignity, and the other that of the Mid Angles, with its seat at Leicester. Pressed southwards and westwards by the conquests of the pagan Danes, we find the two sees, early in the eleventh century, merged into one, having their bishop's chair at the little town of Dorchester near Oxford. There it remained till after the Conquest, when, in pursuance of the Norman policy—"not one of sentiment, but of power"—all episcopal sees were transferred from *villæ* to *civitates*, and "after four hundred years of chequered and struggling life the great Mercian see reached its final home." "*Lincoln*," writes Canon Perry, "which had grown into great importance under the Danish sway—it was one of the five Danish Burghs—was already on the way to be described (by William of Malmesbury) as one of the most populous cities of England, and the same policy which marked it out as the site of a strong castle would also mark it out as the site of a cathedral church. The less

* *The Life of St. Hugh of Avalon, Bishop of Lincoln; with some Account of his Predecessors in the See of Lincoln.* By George G. Perry, M.A., Canon of Lincoln. London: John Murray.

systematic English might tolerate the existence of cathedral churches in villages, but this arrangement could not commend itself to the Normans. With them the cathedral was not to exist for itself, but for the diocese. It was not merely to pray and preach, but to govern."

The prelate by whom this removal of the see to within a few miles of its original home was effected was Rémi or Remigius, the diminutive and dark-complexioned, but energetic, monk of Fécamp—"statura parvus, sed corde magnus; colore fuscus, sed operibus venustus" (Henry of Huntingdon)—who, as Treasurer of his house, had expended its funds in providing a ship and manning it with armed knights to aid William in his invasion of England, was present on the battle-field of Senlac, and was rewarded by his grateful master with the see of Dorchester, vacated the year after the Conquest by the opportune death of Wulfwig. Canon Perry's narrative of the circumstances following his consecration by Stigand, when he attended William on his triumphal progress through his Norman dominions, returning, with proud self-gratulation, as a bishop to the abbey of Fécamp, "which he had left a simple monk," is well told. So, too, is the account of the consecration of Lanfranc, in which Remigius took part, and of the visit of the new Archbishop to Rome to receive his pall. Remigius accompanied him, and, by Lanfranc's influence, obtained absolution from the Pope for the simoniacal transaction—for such it confessedly was—by which he had mounted the episcopal throne, receiving back from the hand of Alexander the pastoral staff which, in pursuance of "a little comedy doubtless all rehearsed before and played out to the end with becoming gravity," he and his brother culprit, Archbishop Thomas of York—the only charge against whom was his being the son of a priest—had resigned into the hands of the Pope that he might do with them as he pleased.

Little as we can approve the means by which Remigius obtained his bishopric, he appears to have fulfilled its functions with the most laudable energy. If we are to believe Giraldus Cambrensis, who, as Mr. Perry warns us, was writing professedly to obtain the canonization of Remigius—a fruitless effort, the Remigius who still keeps his place in the Calendar of our Common Prayer-Book on October 1st, being, of course, the more celebrated Bishop of Rheims—and whose account is therefore somewhat exaggerated, he applied himself with vigour and success to rooting out the infamous domestic slave-trade with the pagan Danes in Ireland of which Bristol was the mart, and the other horrible vices the toleration of which was the disgrace of the Anglo-Saxon Church. The dwarfish bishop—Mr. Perry is in error in speaking of him as "slight" as well as short, the "corporis exiguitas" of William of Malmesbury refers only to stature—made his presence felt by constant visitations in every part of his enormous diocese, comprising not less than ten counties, proving that, if he had bought the chief pastorate, he was no hireling but a good shepherd, who had a real care for his flock.

The great monument of Remigius's episcopate, however, was the cathedral which, soon after the transference of the see from Dorchester, began to rise in the "new transmarine Norman manner" on the "sovereign hill" of Lincoln—"in loco forti fortem, in pulchro pulchram," are Henry of Huntingdon's words—at the same time that the townsmen, ejected by King and Bishop for their vast building works, were erecting churches in the lower town in the national style, the still existing towers of which are among our most interesting architectural memorials. Although this mighty fabric has almost entirely passed away, enough remains to enable us to trace its ground-plan and reproduce its general characteristics. The foundations of the short apse and side walls of the aisleless choir lurk unseen beneath the floor of the stalls, while the three gigantic cavernous recesses of the west front, in their bold outlines of almost savage rudeness dimly foreshadowing the glories of Peterborough's magnificent portal, sufficiently indicate the uncompromising sternness of the earliest Norman builders. However much the "designs, dimensions, and grouping" may have "astonished" the people of Lincoln, Mr. Perry is mistaken in attributing to Remigius's work any "richly elaborate details of carving." The Norman ornamentation of the west front is entirely of later date. With the exception of the capitals, and those of the very rudest, there is not a carved stone or moulding in what remains to us of the first cathedral. The singular bas-reliefs of Scriptural subjects, so similar to those at Chichester, belong to an earlier period; and, like them, were probably transferred to the new building from some previously existing church. We may, however, accept Mr. Perry's verdict, that "as the church of Remigius was one of the first great Norman churches finished in England, so it was one of the finest . . . not easily to be surpassed." The death of Remigius occurred on Ascension Day, May 6th, 1092, three days before that fixed for the consecration of his cathedral. This ceremony had been delayed by the vexatious claims of the Archbishop of York to the metropolitan rights over Lincoln which he had once formally resigned, and the consecration was only secured at last by an enormous bribe to the grasping Rufus. Mr. Perry repeats the curious story of the Bishop of Hereford, Robert of Lorraine, who, on receiving the King's mandate to attend the consecration, consulted the stars, and finding from them that the ceremony would not take place, refused to undertake a needless journey.

The religious establishment, destined by the founder to find a home and centre of work in his new cathedral, was secular, not monastic, "an arrangement of far greater power and capacity," and more in accordance with the policy of his royal master, who, in Mr. Perry's words, "wished altogether to break the power of the monastic body by introducing at the great centres of

Church influence—the cathedral cities—bodies of secular canons in place of monasteries." Mr. Perry has some very sensible remarks on the enormous advantage secured to the English Church by this change of policy, in which William was strongly supported by the majority of his bishops, who, as subsequent events showed, only too justly dreaded the independent spirit of the monasteries, and who felt that in a body of monks, ignorant of the world, and with minds narrowed and dwarfed by a routine of conventual duties, they could not hope to secure that efficient conciliatory aid which, as the Bishop of Truro has recently shown us, is of the very essence of a Cathedral Chapter. The reluctance of Lanfranc and the opposition of the Papal see, which has always recognized in the regulars "the great prop of their power and claims," to some extent thwarted the King's plans. "A letter from the Pope forbade the contemplated change at Winchester, and that designed at Canterbury has also to be abandoned;" but at Lincoln it was successfully accomplished. Before his premature death Remigius had seen the completion of his ecclesiastical as well as of his architectural fabric, and had gathered round him a chapter consisting of a dean, precentor, chancellor, treasurer, seven archdeacons, and twenty-one canons, of whose spiritual and secular activity a graphic sketch is given by Henry, Archdeacon of Huntingdon, himself the son of one of the body, closing with the touching words, which we miss in Mr. Perry's record, "Amabant quæ amamus; optabant quæ optamus; sperabant quæ speramus," and with the exhortation which their active lives suggested to "make life something different from a sleep."

St. Hugh's predecessors are characterized by the Bishop of Truro, in the admirable little volume lately reviewed in these columns, as "strange prelates." Of these Remigius's successor, Robert Bloet, was one of the strangest. The trusted confidant of William Rufus, the bearer of the Conqueror's letter to Lanfranc bequeathing him the crown of England, his obsequious tool as Chancellor in his exactions and perversion of justice, and, Mr. Dimock's earnest defence notwithstanding, certainly the sharer in his private vices—"omnis libidinis et infamie et reus" is Malmesbury's damning verdict—Bloet's episcopate is a crying example of the degradation of the highest offices of the Church under that infamous sovereign. A magnificent prelate—ostentatious in the display of his knights and horses, his highborn pages, gorgeous attire, and sumptuous table—Mr. Perry, who is inclined to take a lenient view of his character, allows that he was "much more of the man of the world than the bishop." Though he gained general popularity by the geniality of his disposition and his open-handed generosity to the poor—"he raised up many and oppressed none," writes his contemporary, Henry of Huntingdon, "the father of orphans and the delight of the people"—and earned the gratitude of his cathedral by many magnificent gifts—palls, copes, chalices, and the like, after having obtained licence for its consecration by another huge bribe and by the still more substantial benefit of doubling the number of prebendaries and endowing them amply, we must still acquiesce in Sir Francis Palgrave's judgment that he was "miserably qualified for such a dignity and charge." That he was a father we know; of this his ardent advocate, Mr. Dimock, says, "there is no reason to doubt"; whether or not he was married we do not know, but the probabilities are greatly against it. Bloet's end was of startling suddenness. Riding by the side of Henry I. with Roger Bishop of Salisbury—for he outlived Rufus—in the park of Woodstock, he was struck with apoplexy, and crying out, "My Lord King, I die! I die!" sank from his horse, and expired almost in the royal arms. The popular verdict on his shameful excesses may be gathered from the tale of the appalling nocturnal spectres which haunted his grave before St. Mary's altar in Lincoln Cathedral, until the polluted spot was purified with masses and alms.

Though not disgraced by Bloet's sensual excesses, his successor, Alexander, was hardly less of a "strange prelate," according to modern notions of the episcopate. The nephew of Roger of Salisbury, chief justiciary of the realm, and second man in the whole land, who, being Bloet's companion at the time of his fatal attack, may well have seized the earliest moment to urge on Henry his claims on the episcopate, he, like his uncle, was far more of a secular baron than of a Christian bishop. "He was called a bishop"—to quote from the contemporary *Gesta Stephani*—"but was a man of vast pomp and of great boldness and audacity. Neglecting the pure and simple way of life belonging to the Christian religion, he gave himself up to military affairs and secular pomp, showing whenever he appeared at court so vast a band of followers that all men marvelled." He was a great builder, but it was of castles rather than of churches, until the misfortunes of the latter part of his episcopate—when he plunged into the turmoil of the civil strife of Stephen's miserable reign, and, together with his uncle, narrowly escaped being starved to death by the king, at the siege of the castle of Devizes—induced him, a sadder and a wiser man, to provide "an equivalent for the strong places of Newark, Sleaford, and Banbury, in the Cistercian houses of Thame, Stannholme, and Louth Park." His cathedral also, shortly before his death, shared largely in his munificence. It having been devastated by one of those conflagrations, so frequent in the history of our cathedrals, for which the flat timber ceilings of our early Norman churches afforded perilous scope, Alexander restored it with "such subtle skill," writes Henry of Huntingdon, "that it seemed to be fairer than when it came from the builder's hands," being, according to Giraldus, "the first to receive the firm and noble covering of stone vaulting." "This church

of Alexander"—of which only a few fragments remain, in the bases of the western towers, and their enriched gables, and the exquisite western portals—if, indeed, the Corinthianesque foliage of these does not point to a later date—"remained" writes Mr. Perry, "the glory of the land until the calamity of the great earthquake, and the ruinous condition into which the cathedral was thrown by it, brought out a still more famous builder in Hugh of Burgundy." The stirring life of this martial prelate is well told by Mr. Perry, and to his pages we must refer our readers. We may accept his verdict, though almost too lenient, that in him we see "a magnificent prelate, a liberal benefactor to his church, a fair specimen of the ecclesiastical baron of his day, but scarcely to be regarded as approaching to the highest type of bishop." So notorious was his worldliness and love of display, which on his two visits to Rome had gained him the title of "the Magnificent," as to elicit from the great St. Bernard an earnest warning not to "love his possessions more than himself lest he should lose both himself and his possessions"—"wise and solemn words," which we may hope, with Mr. Perry, "the bishop laid to heart before his summons came."

The episcopate of the fourth Bishop of Lincoln, Robert de Chesney, "whose surname" de Chesneto, "is from the oak copse" (*Henry Hunt.*), may be passed over rapidly. He was a prelate of a quiet, unassuming nature; "a simple man, not over wise," writes Gervase of Canterbury, forced against his will into controversies largely affecting the future of the Church of England, for the conduct of which he was wholly incompetent. The first of these was the claim of freedom from episcopal control, and dependence on the Papal see alone, extorted from him by the Abbot of St. Albans, the earliest example of the mischievous system of *imperium in imperio*, which afterwards became universal, by which "bishops were baffled at every turn," and the power of the Pope so enormously increased. The other was the historical struggle between Henry II. and Becket, in which his mild unenergetic temper, always more ready to yield than to contend, led him earnestly to deprecate Becket's resistance to his royal master's will. One utterance of his survives, "not devoid," says Mr. Perry, "of plain good sense." "It is evident," said he, "that this man's life's blood is sought after. He will either have to give up his archbishopric or his life, and for my part I do not see what good his archbishopric will do him if it is to cost him his life." Becket "would have no support in his struggle against the king and the national party from the mild temper of the Bishop of Lincoln." "But the Bishop did not live to see the bitterest part of the struggle, or its tragical termination. He died on December 27, 1166, and left his see exposed and undefended to the attacks of the spoiler."

After the death of this feeble bishop, "Henry," writes Mr. Perry, "was not unwilling to solace himself for the trouble he was suffering from the violent Archbishop, by deliberately robbing the see of Lincoln for many years." Following out the counsel given by the unprincipled miscreant Ralph Flambard to his equally unprincipled and greedy master William Rufus, to sweep the revenues of vacant benefices into the King's treasury, Henry II. kept the see of Lincoln vacant for no fewer than seventeen years. At the close of this period (in 1173) he added insult to injury by requiring the chapter to elect as their bishop Geoffrey Plantagenet, a natural son of his own, who, though under twenty years of age and only in deacon's orders, was already holding the post of Archdeacon of Lincoln, "who did not affect to be anything but the courtier and the soldier." The young man liked the rich revenues of the see well enough, but had no mind for its duties; and when in 1181 Pope Alexander, who had with great difficulty been brought to confirm so scandalous an election, commanded the Archbishop of Canterbury to compel the Bishop elect either to resign his rights to the see or make his episcopate a reality, he wisely chose the former alternative. "It may be truly said of Geoffrey that nothing in his connexion with the see became him like the leaving it." How his doting father afterwards heaped benefices upon his bastard, who repaid his affection with a tender and faithful care contrasting strongly with the undutiful conduct of his legitimate sons, and the not very creditable part played by him in English affairs as Archbishop of York, are fully detailed by Mr. Raine, following the interesting life of his contemporary Giraldus Cambrensis (*Fasti Eboracenses*, i. 251).

Another interval of a year and a half elapsed before the long-widowed church of Lincoln received a rightful lord. When the hearts of churchmen were utterly in despair, and prophecies were rife that "never again would a Bishop of Lincoln offer the holy sacrifice in his cathedral church," a mandate to the chapter arrived from Henry, then abroad in Normandy, to elect a bishop. Their choice this time seems to have been left perfectly free. It fell on one of their own body, Walter of Coutances, Archdeacon of Oxford, a member of the King's household, who, after a temporary outburst of displeasure on the King's part, who had no mind to lose a trusty servant, was consecrated at Angers, July 5, 1183. He made his solemn entry into Lincoln on the 10th of the following December, and for the first time for seventeen years a Bishop of Lincoln celebrated high mass at the altar of the cathedral. "Thus," writes Benedict Abbot, "was the mind of the false prophets confounded, and the Catholic faith strengthened." But Walter's episcopate was merely nominal. After a six months' tenure of the see—long enough to displease his chapter by confirming Bishop Chesney's prodigal grant to the new and popular Order of Sempingham—he was translated to the archiepiscopal see of Rouen.

With the close of his short episcopate "we approach," says Mr. Perry, a new era in the history of the See of Lincoln:—

After a succession of bishops who were for the most part courtiers or statesmen, and none of whom made any mark on the ecclesiastical history of their day, we come to one alike distinguished by his sanctity and the independent and manly tone which he adopted towards the kings, who were wont to oppress and intimidate churches and Churchmen at their will; who excelled his predecessors in his munificent adornment of his see, but excelled them still more in his exalted life and noble aims.

Here we must stop for the present. We hope in a future article to speak of the manner in which Canon Perry has dealt with the holy, able, and intrepid man, one of the noblest characters of mediæval history, whose name gives its title to his well-written and interesting book.

BARTLETT'S EGYPT TO PALESTINE.*

WHEN Dr. Bartlett's journey was made we had some difficulty in finding out. There is no date on the title-page. The landing at Alexandria has a date, but it is only "12th December"; and, as the 12th December occurs annually, we can only approximate to the year. Later on we find 1874 mentioned; and in the preface we read that "unforeseen hindrances (*sic*) have delayed the publication of this volume many months after its preparation." There is no necessity whatever for making any mystery about it; and the trouble of finding out if the above-mentioned 12th December fell in the close of 1873 is a "hindrance" to the reader, who likes to be taken fully into the confidence of an author. It certainly alters the value of Dr. Bartlett's researches to find that they are five years old; if the publisher had put a date on the title-page we should probably never have discovered that there was anything amiss; but we must look with suspicion on a book without a date. In the present case, however, our feelings of distrust thus aroused are fully allayed before we reach the end of what must be pronounced a careful, painstaking, fairly accurate and somewhat dry statement of the geographical facts which are concerned with the Bible narrative of the Exodus. Dr. Bartlett writes good American, using "quite" and "conclude" in their new meanings, but otherwise conveying his ideas in dignified, simple language, and occasionally rising to a high level of prose composition. Thus he well says of Rome that "there can hardly be found in the world another place that so shortens the way back through the world's history." This is very neatly put, and so is the example that follows. Dr. Bartlett's reader is told that he stands on the Piazza del Popolo, before a tall granite obelisk covered with inscriptions. Gay equipages, with fleet horses and showy liveries, are gliding by in a continuous stream of life. But, as he lifts his eyes to the column, he reads, first, the inscription of Sixtus V., "Pontifex Maximus," bearing date near three hundred years ago. Next he reads the name of another "Pontifex Maximus," Augustus Cæsar, who records that this was his own undivided gift to the Roman people, some fifteen hundred years earlier, and that he had brought it from Egypt. Higher yet Dr. Bartlett points "to the names of Rameses II. and Seti I., and you have mounted some fourteen hundred years beyond Augustus Cæsar." This is very well done, and it is evident that Dr. Bartlett has the clear chronological faculty so often denied even to those who teach history. Our confidence in him increases as we go on, and we cannot deny that the contribution he has made to the literature of a still obscure and difficult subject will be of use to future labourers in the same field. He does not theorize. He states both sides of a question fairly. Too often perhaps he hesitates to commit himself to one view or the other, and here, as in the matter of the date, he puts himself out with his reader, and does himself an injustice.

The essay on Rome from which we have quoted forms the first chapter of Dr. Bartlett's book; in the second he takes us direct to Egypt. Alexandria is described in a few graphic touches, but the author is wrong in saying that "Pompey's Pillar" is a misnomer. Here, as in some other places, he shows that already information five years old is out of date. The pillar was indeed set up by a Pompey, prefect in A.D. 302, but the contracted name was misread until lately. At Cairo and on the Nile everything Dr. Bartlett sees is turned into material for his purpose of elucidating the question of the Exodus. He realizes the splendid natural advantages which made Egypt the cradle of civilization, while he deplores the condition of the "Arab population," a fine race "groaning under a Government that with borrowed money builds palaces and sugar mills, runs its costly operas, grinds the poor with oppressive taxation, and does almost nothing for their real elevation." Dr. Bartlett's acute eyes saw all this, while we in England were still willing to believe in the fair promises of Ismail Pasha. But on every page we are reminded that Dr. Bartlett is not up to the new mark of historical information. He speaks of the Table of Abydos as containing the names of fifty of the ancestors of Rameses. Fifty should be seventy-six—twenty-six names are a serious omission from a pedigree. So, too, at Medinet Aboo Rameses III. is playing at draughts, not with his queen, but his daughter, as is now perfectly well ascertained. In a note a little further on he mentions Dr. Birch's clever suggestion that no great interval separated the eleventh and

* From *Egypt to Palestine, through Sinai*. By S. C. Bartlett, D.D., LL.D. London: Sampson Low & Co.

eighteenth dynasties—a suggestion which has been fully borne out by recent discoveries—yet, on what authority we know not, Dr. Bartlett adds that “Mariette admits no such proximity.” In the same note, by the way, there is the serious misprint “New Empire,” where there should be “Old Empire.” The want of new information is made even more conspicuous where, returning to the subject of the Table of Abydos, he betrays the fact that he is only acquainted with the existence of one such table, the much mutilated fragment in the British Museum. We cannot but admire the spirit with which he defends Christianity against the careless attacks of such a writer as Dr. Brugsch, who had the temerity to state that the forty-two laws of the Egyptian religion, as contained in the Book of the Dead, were in no wise below the Christian standard. Dr. Bartlett successfully refutes this assertion by the simple expedient of quoting the laws in question; and then comparing them with the beatitudes, or even with the Decalogue. Perhaps Dr. Brugsch is not acquainted with either. But Dr. Bartlett should have been content to let well alone. He injures his own case by the concluding sentence of the chapter. “The only claim more unfounded than this of Brugsch was the pretence of an American theologian to have found in Egypt the doctrines of the atonement and justification by faith.” Unfortunately for Dr. Bartlett there can be no doubt that both these doctrines may be found in a rudimentary form in the cult of Osiris; while many leading dogmas and leading errors of various branches of Christianity are also shadowed forth not very obscurely in the old Egyptian worship.

Dr. Bartlett and the companions of his journey, after visiting the land of Goshen, and endeavouring to identify Pithom, Rameses, and the other Egyptian sites mentioned in the Pentateuch, took caravan at Suez, and crossed into the peninsula of Sinai, following as far as possible the supposed route of the Israelites. He does not condescend to give Dr. Brugsch's now famous theory of the Exodus much more than a passing notice, and adopts as certain the route by the head of the gulf of Suez. Even here many alternative lines have been put forward by different commentators; and Dr. Bartlett, though he does not absolutely pin himself down to any one view, “within certain limits,” accepts the common and ancient opinion that the Red Sea of modern geography was the “Yam Suph,” crossed by the Hebrews, and quotes the Septuagint as a version completed in Egypt two centuries B.C. against the theory of Schleiden as revived by Dr. Brugsch. It must be allowed that the difficulties, great on either side, are infinitely greater against Schleiden; and that the sacred narrative, in its plain and simple meaning, is all the other way. Baal Zephon Dr. Bartlett agrees with Ebers in identifying with Jebel Atakah; Pi-Hahiroth is at Ajrood, four hours north-west of Suez; and Canon Cook's “very suitable conjecture” that Migdol is Bir Suez, two miles from Suez, is mentioned with approval. “There are, or were,” he says, “before the dredging for the Suez Canal, two places in the Gulf that could be forded at low water. One was some distance north of Suez, where the water in the narrowest place is, or was (for the Canal has made considerable changes), two-thirds of a mile wide, and two sandy islands form a part of the way.” Here Bonaparte and his suite were on one occasion caught by the tide and narrowly escaped. The other ford is south of Suez, where at low tide the water is reduced to a channel, some two hundred yards in width and, before the making of the Canal, only a fathom in depth. This last is the passage “best answering all the conditions of the case.”

The journey through the peninsula is described at great length and with painful minuteness; but it will be found interesting to many readers, especially to those who know their Bibles; and Dr. Bartlett throws new light on several passages. “The freshness of colour,” he remarks in one place, “in the whole narrative of the Exodus” appears in the ironical complaint of the people, “Because there were no graves in Egypt”—that land of tombs and catacombs and mummies—“hast thou taken us away to die in the wilderness?” Dr. Bartlett devotes a great deal of time to the Wady Mukatteb, or Written Valley, and quotes the theories of many writers on the meaning of the inscriptions “in letters differing from those of any known language.” Apparently he has never seen Mr. Sharpe's volume on the subject (*Hebrew Inscriptions from the Valleys between Egypt and Mount Sinai*), in which they are almost with certainty shown to be records of pilgrimages made by the Jews living in Egypt under the Ptolemies. The character is closely allied to the Hebrew, if indeed it be not taken as an archaic form of that alphabet. The inscriptions refer for the most part to the fulfilment of a vow, and would have furnished Dr. Bartlett with an additional fact to strengthen his belief that Serbal, not the mountain of St. Catherine, is the scene of the giving of the Law to Moses. Indeed Mr. Sharpe goes so far as to translate a well-known passage of the Book of Job as containing a reference to the writings on Serbal. We do not know how far the interpretations of Mr. Sharpe have been accepted by the learned, but it is strange that Dr. Bartlett, who goes so thoroughly into what has been written by the travellers who went before him, should have overlooked them altogether. From Sinai Dr. Bartlett went to Jerusalem, and through northern Palestine and Syria to Beyrout, and so home by Constantinople.

We have perhaps dwelt more on the mistakes into which he has fallen than the book altogether deserves. Misprints are unfortunately numerous, and it would be but too easy to lengthen our notice by minor corrections; but, taken as a whole, Dr. Bartlett's volume merits our approbation as a sober, careful

record of a journey undertaken with a praiseworthy object, and marked throughout by a calmness and impartiality too often wanting in works written with a purpose. There are many clear maps, some good woodcuts, and a short but excellent index.

WALFORD'S FAMINES OF THE WORLD.

THE doleful title of this volume should not deter the serious reader who may be inclined to glean historical notices of mankind's experience of starvation. As a too frequent condition of our race in different states of social progress, the liability to perish of hunger is a great fact in “the world, past and present.” It seems to be part of the business of the Statistical Society of London to receive from its members, in the crude form of chronological lists, with a slight attempt at generalization and induction, collected instances of such an often repeated momentous event. These tabular records of similar disasters to mankind, taking place in various countries from time to time all through the known ages till now, cannot look pleasant in the pages of a book. Nor could they have been very pleasant to listen to, if actually read aloud at two meetings of the Statistical Society; but they furnished suitable materials for a little discussion, not entirely void of profit. Mr. Cornelius Walford has reprinted from the Society's Journal both his own essays upon this subject, and the report of what his colleagues said after hearing each paper. Their contents, when treated with a fresh analysis, will be found to yield a certain amount of useful instruction.

The author's plan has been, first, to present, side by side with each other, a catalogue of famines, or periods of extreme food-scarcity, and parallel catalogues of the contemporaneous droughts, floods, excessive rains, stormy seasons, severe frosts, and plagues of insects or other vermin, to which the deficient natural supply of food might possibly be ascribed. In the second essay he presents a similar chronological arrangement of the notices that he has collected showing the existence of what he calls “artificial causes” of scarcity in the food-supply of those portions of mankind afflicted with famine. War, in a variety of ways, by diverting labour from cultivation, by devastating the land, by destroying the crops, by stopping traffic and conveyance, by imposing heavy taxation, and even by occasioning pestilence, may deprive a people of its food. Negligence or defective modes of agriculture, the want of proper stock, seed, and implements, which may result from commercial restrictions, the neglect of drainage or irrigation, or the absence of due precautions against epidemic disease, and the want of proper means of transport, as well as injudicious legislative interference with production or trade in articles of food, are preventable causes of famine. These are Mr. Walford's “artificial causes.” The tendency of modern scientific improvement gives increased importance to this second list of possible causes of such a calamity, in so far as preventive measures might be devised for some of the natural causes first enumerated, as for droughts by irrigation, and by drainage for the visitation of floods. This is what seems to be the most important practical consideration, under existing circumstances, in many extensive and populous territories of our Indian Empire, and probably in other parts of the world. The manner in which due commercial and industrial facilities are withheld from the work of supplying food in consequence of mistaken trade regulations, of an erroneous fiscal policy, or of land-laws prejudicial to agriculture, must also claim our attention. It is a plausible suggestion that we should look first to the removal or cessation of positive mischiefs which have been created by human wrong-doing in “the world, past and present,” before we inquire what can be rightly done henceforth to obviate the baneful effects of certain natural causes.

We find, therefore, a large part of Mr. Walford's treatise occupied in displaying the many instances which abound in our Statute-book where Parliament has meddled with the matters referred to, thereby doing more harm than good. This is one of the recognized commonplaces of writers and speakers on political topics whose arguments run into the historical line; and we do not see that Mr. Walford and the other members of the Statistical Society have made any considerable addition to the acknowledged force of what is really a truism. Nothing new remains to be said against Corn-laws. But much profitable reflection might be derived from the survey of facts illustrating the secondary and indirect effects of legislation upon agricultural and pastoral industry. It is well to extend our views beyond the present condition of this country to the general laws of social economy and the ordinary conditions of public welfare. Besides the incidence of taxation, there is the question as to what encouragement can be afforded to production by the construction of roads, of railways or tramways, in some instances of canals, especially designed for the service of local agriculturists. In several of our colonies, and in America, where large public funds accrue from the sale of land to new settlers, this is manifestly an object that should be kept in view. Mr. Walford's historical table of anecdotes or testimonies proving the “defective means of transport” in England in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, or at an earlier period, is not expressly or very closely connected with the state of English agriculture in

* *The Famines of the World, Past and Present.* By Cornelius Walford, F.I.A., F.S.S., F.R.H.S. London: E. Stanford.

those times. But it serves to remind us of the difficulty there must have been in bringing the produce of the soil to market; and we are thus enabled to perceive the chief causes of an extreme inequality of prices in different places at no great distance from each other. It would be interesting further to learn the instances of Government interference, by fiscal regulations, with the import of superior kinds of breeding stock or working horses and other cattle; also of plants or seeds which might have been cultivated with advantage, and of ploughs, threshing-machines, and other instruments for the farmer's use. The importation of labour for agricultural operations, whether in free or bond service, is obviously a matter of State policy for regulation or prohibition; but such imported labour has seldom been applied to the cultivation of ordinary food crops.

These remarks may serve to show how very complex and intricate is the subject which Mr. Walford has roughly sketched out in his twofold account of "natural" and "artificial" causes of scarcity. Public or private negligence, which may be set down either in the one category or the other, and in which may fairly be included the common ignorance of what is best to be done, is in all probability the greatest prime cause of famines all over the world. In guessing at special causes here or there, apart from known visitations of unfavourable weather and the like, or from the effects of warfare or any other social disturbance, there is room for many curious observations. One speaker at the Statistical Society conjectured that the famines in India were due to the cultivation of opium; and it was said that the grain-crops in China were injured by the practice of surreptitiously planting the forbidden poppy between the rows of corn. Another member fancied he remembered that the quantity of foreign grain imported to meet the Irish famine of 1846 was just about equal to the amount misused in the manufacture of alcoholic drinks. Malt and hops had therefore to answer for the dearth of bread, at least before the repeal of the Corn-laws. All these fancied objections, upon supposed economic grounds, to the employment of the soil in producing any kind of material wealth that is commercially exchangeable, must be set aside. A country which has the means of purchasing food need never be in danger of famine, whether or not its own soil produces enough for the food of its people. The danger is when a country produces in ordinary seasons amply sufficient of one kind of food to sustain its inhabitants, but produces little else. In diversity of products, whether of agriculture or manufactures, there is comparative security against the worst experiences, in the one case of a dearth of food, in the other of industrial depression. There are, indeed, upon the face of the earth immense plains which seem destined by nature for simple food-raising operations—the growing of corn, in some situations of rice, and the grazing of cattle. The problem to be solved is that of cheap and convenient transport for their superabundant natural wealth in this kind. It is true that the grain crop in such countries may chance to fail through a drought, or their harvest may be destroyed by locusts or the like; but their people will not starve, if there are ready means of conveyance and traffic. The surplus of former years, or that of other districts, will be in store for the wants of each distressed locality in its turn. This is the true remedy for the risk of famines in such countries as India, North China, Asiatic Turkey, and the recently afflicted provinces of Brazil, which possess no manufacturing industry. To provide the best facilities both for the carriage of articles of food and for the trade in them, without attempting directly to regulate these operations, seems to be all that Governments can beneficially do, apart from undertaking works of irrigation or drainage in suitable places. The financial question, however, which must needs rule the conduct of statesmen in deciding upon costly public works, has an obvious bearing in another direction upon the impoverished condition of the tax-paying people. A Government, while exerting its powers to cure the prevailing distress with one hand, might very possibly be inflicting equal distress with the other. The pressure of taxation is felt as a burden, before the utility of public works makes itself recognized as a boon. Sir Arthur Cotton, the well-known advocate of canals for the double service of irrigation and inland navigation in India, took part in the discussion upon Mr. Walford's papers; and he was followed by Mr. F. C. Danvers of the India Office. The conclusion arrived at by Mr. Danvers was "that more might be done, but it could not be done all at once."

There is yet another important question bearing on the prevention of droughts and floods, two great "natural causes of famine." Meteorology is now beginning to teach us how the safe and salutary retention of water in a country within its proper channels, and the genial proportion of moisture in the atmosphere, depend on preserving the trees from wholesale destruction. These terrible Asiatic famines are the scourge of treeless plains, which indeed were never much wooded since their earliest human habitation; but they have lost the benefit they once derived from bordering mountain slopes, which have long since been stripped of the ancient forest growth that sent down rivulets and rain clouds to nourish a thirsty land below. One of the speakers at the Statistical Society referred to an article on this subject which appeared in the *Saturday Review* of February 2, 1878, commenting on Dr. Crombie Browne's "Water System of South Africa." This is a matter undoubtedly of more vital concern to the permanent prosperity of our colonies in that region than even Zulu and Caffre wars. Its vast importance to Australia has not yet been expressly acknowledged. The drought in New South Wales in the summer of 1877—8 is officially reckoned to have caused the loss of four

million sheep, and the other provinces lost proportionate numbers at the same time. Now it is quite possible that the wholesale destruction of trees on the Blue Mountains and other ranges near the sea coast may aggravate the curse of extreme aridity which lies upon the interior of Australia. It has been observed in South Africa that the clouds brought from the Indian Ocean by sea-breezes, if not caught and detained by the wooded slopes of the Kathlamba or Drakensberg, will pass across the entire continent, as invisible vapour, without yielding a drop of rain. They rise to such a vast elevation above the earth's surface, when they are affected by the glaring heat radiated from the open plains of the Transvaal and other upland country, that their moisture is dissipated in the rarefied higher atmosphere. This is likely enough to be the case in Australia also, where moisture-bearing winds from the Pacific meet the mountain barrier a short distance inland, and find its face imprudently shorn of the natural growth of shady foliage. In such a situation a fringe of woodlands is a perfect apparatus for cooling the adjacent layer of the atmosphere, and thereby condensing the vapours which are carried through its breadth. If the trees are cut away there remains a mere hard wall of rock or rubble, which in Southern latitudes becomes so heated that its effect on the atmosphere makes the clouds rise to a vanishing height in the sky, and the bare flats of the interior region cannot draw them down again. We venture to suggest that a similar process may account for deficient rainfall and failure of grain-crops even in the vast agricultural plains of India and Northern China, or in the prairie lands of America, though distant a thousand miles from the nearest mountain ranges. In the United States, as well as in India, since the construction of railways there has been an inordinate consumption of forest timber instead of coal for the fuel of locomotive engines. Our Indian Government, after the example of the Governments of France and Germany, now bestows some attention upon the replanting of forests in the hill countries, especially around the sources of rivers, with a view to the more regular flow of perennial streams of water. The regulation of atmospheric moisture by a comprehensive and systematic management of this replanting business may prove still more beneficial.

With such grounds for hope that there is something to be done by human skill for the prevention of famines hitherto ascribed to "natural causes," we feel only a theoretical interest in the new theory of sun-spots indicating fluctuations in the amount of solar force bestowed from year to year on our globe. If it should indeed be established by the experience of repeated cycles of years that a certain meteorological condition here might be expected to follow an increased or diminished exhibition of those supposed rents or gaps in the flaming gaseous envelope of the sun, we might adjust our agricultural and commercial dealings to a scientific prediction of the seasons. Meantime, let us endeavour to turn to account the knowledge we are beginning actually to obtain by the institution of weather-signals and telegraphic communication from shore to shore for the choice of fit harvest days to save the corn which is grown. It is conceivable that various applications of physical science may hereafter contend successfully with the disastrous uncertainties of agriculture. The production of food may possibly in future ages be reduced to an exact and regular combination of forces and materials, like any other kind of manufacture. Every step gained in this direction will be a guarantee for the eventual deliverance of humanity from its ancient dread of famine.

COUSINS.*

MRS. WALFORD may perhaps have intended in the title of her first story to indicate the general line which she had proposed to herself as a novelist to follow. *Mr. Smith: a Part of his Life* was as far removed, in the associations it would suggest, from the heroic or the sentimental as from the sensational or the passionate type of fiction. A writer who chose to come before the world for the first time with such a title—which the contents of the book showed to have been deliberately adopted—may be assumed to hold that the study of character in very ordinary and undistinguished lives can be full of interest and is deserving of careful literary treatment. The publication of the present work establishes such a presumption; and the measure of success which the author has attained may fairly be judged from these volumes. We may say at once that this success is, in our judgment, decided; and we think that Mrs. Walford is on the way to acquire a reputation among our lady novelists for work which is as careful and honest as it is modest and pure. The purpose of the story is kept in view throughout; there are no tricks of style or language, and there is no padding. Under this last head the author deserves especial praise, since she has not availed herself of the "padding" device even where its use is so general as to disarm criticism. The heroine goes abroad at a certain point in the narrative. This is as much a matter of course as that she should fall in love. The hero, or the heroine, or some important actor in a plot always does go abroad, either to repair broken health, broken fortunes, or broken hearts, or perhaps to escape from the police; and, naturally enough, may be guided by destiny to the place where the author spent a few weeks last summer. The experienced reader turns the pages of half a volume, "discovers day and Eng-

* *Cousins*. By L. B. Walford Author of "Mr. Smith: a Part of his Life" and "Pauline." London and Edinburgh: William Blackwood & Sons. 1879.

land's chalky cliffs again," and resumes the thread of the novel unbroken. This is the usual course with novelists, but Mrs. Walford simply drops the curtain; her heroine is "at Rome," and the colonel's "voyage" is not so much geographically as telegraphically conditioned; he must be within call when he is wanted, and he is so.

In fiction, as in portrait-painting or in public speaking, the hard lines of reality require to be softened by some touches of optimism; and no one would have charged the author of *Cousins* with inconsistency if she had allowed herself this indulgence in drawing here and there an ideal character of beauty, without sacrificing any of the satire which she directs against the conventional arts of congratulation:—

He is perfect, and she is perfect; all the letters on both sides say so. Jane is now declared on all hands to be the Miss Manners, the flower of the flock, the rose of the garden, the everything of everything. So will you be, my love, when your turn comes; and, finally, so will Hester. . . . *Entre nous*, my dear Agatha, that was said of your humble servant a dozen times, and for at least a year afterwards I believed implicitly in my own infallibility. Now, I know better.

This is true enough to life; but a little of the illusion which must at times be allowed to fancy in the reality may legitimately be conceded to fiction, while its absence may leave a conscientious study of human character open to some accusation of the cynicism which "hates most people and dislikes the rest." To the hasty reader of *Cousins* it may perhaps appear that an ideal exception has been made in the character of Hester, who is evidently the author's favourite, as she is represented to be the favourite of her family; but we fancy that the author herself would not admit the exception, while Jem, the one really agreeable character in the book, is only a diamond in the rough, and would have been all the more attractive for some addition of cultivation and polish before he passes from the scene.

The interest of the story throughout follows the central figure, Colonel Lutteridge, with whose sudden withdrawal from active service in India the first chapter opens. He is a man of kindly heart, but essentially, though not coarsely, self-indulgent, and without any moral nerve or strength of will. For the purposes of the author it is necessary that his outward appearance should be in direct contradiction to his inner character, and he is represented as a kind of unwilling social imposture, carrying with him a superficial appearance of penetration, sternness, and resolution. He is really unable to exercise any authority, from a weak hesitation to inflict pain however necessary the discipline may be. In this weakness lies the true reason of his sudden return to England; his regiment had become completely disorganized, and he had been obliged to resign the command; a fact of which his neighbours and relatives are kept in ignorance when he comes, as a childless widower of thirty-eight, to a home and an estate over which the widow of a younger brother has reigned in his absence, nourishing the hope that her son, a boy of twelve or thirteen, will remain as the undisturbed heir-presumptive. The "plot" of the story is of the simplest kind; or rather there is no plot at all, strictly speaking, as the course of the action is directed merely with the object of bringing Colonel Lutteridge into a given position of immediate difficulty, which, under the conditions of his character, would appear to be hopeless and beyond remedy. At this point the author has laid herself open to a criticism which perhaps the structure of the story made it impossible to avoid. The stock "villain" of fiction might have been trusted to supply a forged and substituted letter, but there is no villain in Mrs. Walford's plan, and thus Colonel Lutteridge's genuine letter must not be too severely scrutinized. A novelist is not allowed the freedom conceded to the framers of chess problems, who are bound by no laws of probability, or even of reasonable possibility, to account for the initial complications which they present, and still less to play their pieces into position, as the writer of fiction must necessarily do in exhibiting the movements of his characters. No man of ordinary sense and moral courage would have hesitated as to the course he should pursue if by any chance he had become involved in a misunderstanding such as that of Sir John and Lady Manners. He would have told the truth and taken the consequences. But Colonel Lutteridge is not a man of moral courage; and in his unmanly and even dishonourable acquiescence in a formal engagement with one sister while he loves another the author has a secondary purpose to serve. Some form of Nemesis must overtake the irreproachable and insufferable piece of perfection and model of loveliness, the elder sister Agatha, before she can be sent away in peace to the country rectory where her bashful adorer awaits her with his twelve thousand pounds and his eight hundred a year; and the mortification which is provided for her is certainly bitter enough. We shall not describe the manner in which the discovery of the truth is finally made; but the author deserves much credit for the skill with which she has concealed her omission of a scene which would have been as difficult to the writer in description as it must have been unpleasant to her readers in its details. Colonel Lutteridge had arrived at Wancote in the character of accepted suitor, and Agatha was waiting her mother's summons, having found her way to Hester's room, in serene ignorance of the bitterness which she was thus adding to her sister's misery. "I wish it were over. Oh, dear! I wish these dreadful summonings were not a part of the business. I am getting quite nervous. There!" It was Lady Manners:—"Well, my love, are you ready?" He is in the morning-room." The scene, however, does not change, and the reader is brought so smoothly on that he forgets to ask—

and he is not told—how the acted or spoken falsehood below was carried through. Everything comes right in the end; that is, in the end of the third volume. But, with a bridegroom of more than forty, whose bride of half that age had made the discovery at seventeen that Simon—for such is the Colonel's name—"was not clever," herself being gifted with an active mind, a keen wit, and a singularly fearless tongue, the probable condition of domestic affairs at Lutteridge Manor twenty years later may be predicted with some confidence by even less watchful observers of human nature than the author of *Cousins* has shown herself to be.

We think that a certain incongruity between the treatment of character in the principal and in the subordinate figures in Mrs. Walford's work may be traced to a disparity between her powers of observation and of conception or creation. Simon and Hester seem to us to be drawn from the author's imagination, and are less real and consistent than the rest, of whom every one might have been taken from life. Sir John and Lady Manners have been painted with much care and with admirable effect, a little pardonable exaggeration being thrown into the picture of the choleric, placable, fussy old baronet who cannot bear to be put out of his way; while one of the most charming scenes in the story is that in which Lady Manners, for the moment taken off her guard in looking back on the past, is beguiled by Hester into a story of her own early love, whence that young lady derives many comforting auguries which she has the prudence not hastily to reveal. Besides Agatha and Hester, there is an intermediate sister, Jane, whose wedding in the second volume serves to introduce, by way of episode, a cleverly sketched contrast to the Manners family in that of the Cotterills, who invade Wancote *en masse* for the occasion, and who disturb the Manners traditions in every possible way, from the old squire who knows nothing about game or drain-pipes, and cares only for "remains" and ancient monuments, to the juniors among his sons and nephews who fence in the hall with walking-sticks.

A novelist always incurs some risk when his path lies among the pitfalls of the law; and where two old families are concerned in wedding preparations, it is not easy to escape altogether from the family solicitor and the settlements. Admitting, as we are bound to do, that the author has made no legal mistake, we can only accept the following passage with some reservations:—

"He has made the most tremendous settlements," whispered Sir John to his wife. "I had no idea he was worth one half as much. It appears he has never touched a penny of his first wife's fortune, and it has been rolling up at compound interest all these years. All the better for Hester."

No doubt; but Sir John may be trusted to have taken good care that his daughter's "fortune" should not "roll up at compound interest" for the benefit of a third Mrs. Lutteridge. We are unable to say with equal confidence that there is no technical mistake in the description of the railway accident in the third volume. Mrs. Walford has with very good taste avoided all painful and sensational details, and her sketches of life among the unhurt passengers are some of the best incidental touches in the book; but a railway engineer would probably tell her that the nature and cause of the accident is inadequate to the described results, and that there is nothing to account for the death of Jem, who was on the engine, but "was not outwardly touched." But these blemishes, if indeed they deserve the name, do not in any way detract from the value of a very thoughtful and well-written story—not the last, we trust, upon which the author will invite our opinion as reviewers.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF MADAME BONAPARTE.*

WE do not understand how it comes to pass that Mr. Didier describes the lady whose Life he gives us in this volume as Mme. Bonaparte. For a few years she certainly might with some justification have laid claim to this name. But when not only had her husband been divorced from her by the law court in France, but she also had been divorced from him by the law court in America, she ceased to belong to the Bonaparte family. In fact, she herself recognised this, as we can see by her letters, for after the divorce she signed herself by her maiden name, E. Patterson. Her son properly retained the name of Bonaparte, and as a Bonaparte he is recognised by Napoleon III. in a decree by which he was "réintégré dans la qualité de Français." The Emperor at the same time described the mother as Mme. Patterson, and Mme. Patterson, or Mrs. Patterson, she certainly should be called. Mr. Didier reminds us how, in the year 1860, on the death of Prince Jerome, the ex-King of Westphalia, the eloquent Berryer supported the claim of her son to a share in his father's estate. "Notwithstanding the eloquence of her advocate," our author goes on to state, "notwithstanding the justice of her cause, she lost her case; but she won the sympathy of Europe." No doubt not a little sympathy was raised. She was looked upon as an ill-used woman, who, as a mere girl, had married a Bonaparte for love, and had been made a sacrifice to ambition. Unfortunately for her, her Life has been written, and pity gives way to quite different feelings. Not that her biographer had the slightest intention of bringing about this result. He does not, indeed, attempt to set her up for a saint; but he does intend to win for her the admiration and the sympathy of the reader.

* *The Life and Letters of Madame Bonaparte.* By Eugene L. Didier. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1879.

"There was," he says, "about her the brilliancy of courts and palaces, the enchantment of a love story, the suffering of a victim of despotic power." What were the courts and palaces whose brilliancy was about her he forgets to mention. Of the insides of them, at all events, she saw very little. It is not easy to imagine how it is that her letters have been thus allowed to get abroad. It is not likely that they have been published without the approval of her grandsons—her son is dead—and yet it is a surprising thing that two young men should thus make known to the world that both their grandparents were quite unworthy of respect. Their grandmother, as she herself shows, had, with good reason, the heartiest contempt for their grandfather; while the reader, as he goes through her *Life and Letters*, soon comes to have a hearty contempt for both. Mr. Didier, however, to whom we suppose the publication of these letters has been intrusted, while he joins with Mme. Patterson in despising Prince Jerome, has, at the same time, as we have said, a great admiration of the lady herself.

She was the daughter of a merchant of Baltimore, who, before he died, became "the wealthiest citizen of the State of Maryland—perhaps of the United States—except Charles Carroll." This worthy man "believed and practised the maxim that 'money and merit are the only sure and certain roads to respectability and consequence.'" His daughter carried out, at all events, one half of this maxim. The merit she threw overboard; but she stuck to the money. Moreover, the worthy man held that "every citizen should contribute more or less to the good of society when he can do it without too much loss or inconvenience to himself." Finally, "towards the close of his long life he said, 'I always considered it a duty to my family to keep them as much as possible under my own eye, so that I have seldom left Baltimore either on business or on pleasure. Ever since I had a house it has been my invariable rule to be the last up at night and to see that the fires and light were secured before I retired myself.'" Such was her father as described by himself and by the admiring biographer of his daughter, and such were the maxims and the rules of life by which he guided himself and attained a large measure of respectability and consequence. At the same time we must admit that in the glimpses we get into his character in various parts of the book we see that, when compared with his daughter, he is really almost worthy of our admiration. "She was destined," we read, "to eclipse the most renowned beauties and to excel the greatest wits." That she was beautiful there can, we suppose, be no question. Of her wit we could have wished that the author had given us more instances. It was not till we had reached the 209th page—there are but 280 in the whole book—that we were fortunate enough to discover a single witticism of which she was the author. There Mr. Didier gives us two. "Her letters," he says, "display an amazing knowledge of the world, a keen analysis of men's motives, and an eager pursuit of worldly honours." We should certainly have failed to discover either the amazing knowledge or the keen analysis by ourselves, and therefore are grateful to the editor for pointing it out in a preface. He would, however, have displayed a greater, though not even in that case an amazing, knowledge of the world, had he cut out at least five-sixths of the contents of these letters. But to return to his heroine. "When only ten years old she was familiar with the best English poetry, and could repeat by heart her favourite books—Young's *Night Thoughts* and Rochefoucauld's *Maxims*." It would almost appear as if Mr. Didier included Rochefoucauld's *Maxims* among the best English poetry. Perhaps they had been versified by that famous American poet Timothy Dwight, whose odd name used to amuse literary men at the beginning of this century. When she was eighteen she was married to Jerome Bonaparte, who was in the French navy, and had come on a cruise to America. He was barely nineteen at the date of his marriage. She was warned of the risk she ran in marrying him. As Mr. Didier says, "Mr. Patterson, who knew the young Bonaparte was a minor, entirely dependent upon his brother, the First Consul, saw the great risk his daughter would run by marrying a Frenchman under the legal age without the consent of his legal guardians." He did what he could to break off the match, but the girl was obstinate. "She declared that she would rather be the wife of Jerome Bonaparte for an hour than the wife of any other man for life." It is impossible to believe that in this resolution she was carried away by love. In later life "she ridiculed," we are told, "the idea of love in marriage. She declared 'that she married for position, and anybody was a fool who married for love.'" By her letters she shows that, with all her cleverness, she was at heart a vulgar-minded woman, resolved to push her way up somehow or other into the highest circles. She met Napoleon's brother and at once seized her chance. She knew well enough that she was playing a hazardous game, but she trusted to her beauty and her cleverness to carry her through. She felt sure that she would master Napoleon himself could she see him; but he would never let her set foot in France. He insisted that his brother should be divorced, and Jerome had not strength of mind to resist. His conduct, no doubt, was pitiful enough; but when we read this narrative it is easy to see that he had, when a youth of nineteen, been married to a woman who was little better than an adventuress.

She did not on losing her husband give herself up to despair. She remained in Europe in the hope of making some grand match. She could not stay in America for, as she wrote to her father, "it became impossible for me to be contented in a country where there exists no nobility, and where the society is unsuitable in every

respect to my taste." She has not the slightest hesitation in unfolding all the meanness of her character and her contempt for the land of her birth to this highly respectable old Baltimore merchant. With his daughter, at all events, he must have felt that his maxim did not apply. He had money and he had merit; but in her eyes, though he was the second wealthiest citizen in the United States, he had but little respectability and no consequence. She writes to him on one occasion, "After I had married the brother of an Emperor I had not the meanness of spirit to descend from such an elevation to the deplorable condition of being the wife of an American." She had hated and loathed a residence in Baltimore so much, she said, that, when she thought she was to spend her life there, she had tried to screw up her courage to the point of committing suicide. When her son grew up, and, in spite of her, married an American, she wrote to her father:—

I had endeavoured to instil into him from the hour of his birth the opinion that he was much too high in birth and connexion ever to marry an American woman. . . . He has neither my pride, my ambition, nor my love of good company. . . . If he can be satisfied with living in such a place as Baltimore I have nothing more to urge against this. . . . I would rather die than marry any one in Baltimore; but if my son does not feel as I do upon this subject, of course he is quite at liberty to act as he likes best. As the woman has money I shall not forbid a marriage which I never would have advised. . . . I hope most ardently that she will have no children; but, as nothing happens which I desire, I do not flatter myself with an accomplishment of my wish on this subject.

She goes on to say that in the hope of pushing his fortune she had hitherto lived in a miserly way, and had been obliged to resort to beggarly shifts; but as he would not place his happiness in the only things which could ever content her (rank and living in Europe), she could now wash her hands of him. "I shall in future spend four thousand dollars a year. I am clean out of this scrape." She made, however, an idle boast. It was impossible for her to spend so much, for very early in life she showed herself to be in disposition a miser. Her biographer says that "she possessed the practical economy of Franklin." She was very mean and very stingy, and delighted in filling her letters with lamentations over the sums she has to pay on her travels. She had, as we have said, announced her intention of spending four thousand dollars a year. She never, however, contrived, it would seem, to screw her courage to the sticking-place. By her careful management she so increased her property that in the last years of her life it yielded her an income of nearly one hundred thousand dollars a year. The mistress of this splendid income lived in a boarding-house, and, forgetful of her boast, spent every year "something like two thousand dollars." She did, however, at times indulge in a magnificent generosity not unworthy of the sister-in-law of an Emperor. "In the last few years of her life she was accustomed to give at Christmas a present of one hundred dollars each to two or three favourite relations." Assuming that her income amounted to exactly one hundred thousand dollars, that her expenditure was two thousand a year, and that her favourite relations were three, it will be noticed by the reader who is given to calculation that by these generous presents she reduced her savings for the year from ninety-eight thousand dollars to ninety-seven thousand seven hundred. "She invested her money," we read, "in various ways, because, as she said, 'It was not wise to put all your eggs in one basket.'" These three hundred dollars by which she had thus reduced her savings she perhaps considered to be all that it was prudent to invest in that particular basket in which is stored up the treasure which neither moth nor rust doth corrupt.

We are little surprised to find that her father at last manifested his displeasure towards her in a way which she would thoroughly understand. He had more than once given her a sharp rebuke. She had written to say that she had heard that people did not "approve" her conduct in America. To them she was indifferent. But she feared he had in writing to some of his correspondents in Europe spoken against her. This would defeat her plans. "I beg," she wrote, "that whatever you may think, you will say nothing, and especially write nothing, about me, unless it be something likely to advance me. . . . All my conduct is calculated; but you will undo the effects of my prudence if you write to certain people who show your letters." The old man replied, "I have received your two letters. They have been seen or heard of by no person but myself, and to be candid with you, I would have been ashamed to expose them to any one else." He received many another letter which he must have been equally ashamed to show. Our only wonder is that he did not burn them all. When he died he was found to have left—no doubt to his great glory—"the longest and most remarkable will that has ever been filed in the Orphans' Court of Baltimore City." We pause for a moment to sum up the distinctions of this really remarkable American. He was not only one of the largest real estate owners in Maryland, he was not only the wealthiest citizen of that State, and perhaps the second wealthiest citizen of the United States, but his will is the longest that Baltimore City can boast of. We remember hearing of a Duke of Norfolk whose will consisted of the following words:—"I leave all my property to my brother Jack." He, poor man, little knew that a long will confers almost as much distinction as a long pedigree. But to return to Mr. Patterson. "The conduct of my daughter Betsey," he wrote in his will, "has through life been so disobedient that in no instance has she ever consulted my opinions or feelings." This, we may observe, is but a sad return for all the sacrifices made by a parent who, from a sense of duty, had kept his family under his eyes as much as possible, and had made it his invariable rule every night to sit up

till all his children had gone to bed. He should have taken warning by the example of King Lear. He went on to say that "it would not be reasonable, just or proper, that she should inherit and participate in an equal proportion with my other children in an equal division of my estate." We can, by the way, easily understand how his will grew to such a length; for in this "reasonable, just, and proper," this "inherit and participate," this "equal proportion and equal division," there is what Falstaff calls "a damnable iteration." He might very properly have left her nothing; but he yielded "to the weakness of human nature," and left her nine houses for life. She was better provided for than he had intended; for, owing to the great rise in the value of property in Baltimore, she became, as we have shown, very wealthy.

It would have been difficult, even in a brief sketch, to succeed in giving an interesting account of a woman who was so utterly mean and pitiful. In a dozen pages her whole story might have been easily told. Mr. Didier, however, has chosen to fill a volume, and, of necessity, has produced a very dull and tiresome book. It contains the names of a great many people of high rank and wealth and fashion, among others "the stepson of the Duke of Kent (father of Queen Victoria)." Mrs. Patterson, we are told, though a Protestant herself, had "a great respect for the Roman Catholic belief, as the religion of princes and kings." On some such principle as this there may be not a few readers who will have a great respect for Mrs. Patterson's Life and Letters.

ALBERICUS GENTILIUS.*

ALBERIGO GENTILI is a singular instance of a man who, having been altogether forgotten both in his native and in his adopted country during several centuries, has in our own time been restored to fame by a combination of curious accidents. He was an Italian of good family, born at San Genesio, a small town in the neighbourhood of Rimini, in A.D. 1551. Educated in the University of Perugia, he had begun to practise at the bar in his native place when his father, a physician of some repute who had embraced the Reformed opinions, was threatened by the Inquisition, and obliged to fly for his life. Alberigo accompanied him, being also inclined to Protestantism; and, after staying some time in Geneva, came to England. Here the cause of his exile, as well as his legal eminence, recommended him to the notice first of the colony of Italian Protestants, and then of some of Elizabeth's leading advisers. Among these was Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, who being then Chancellor of the University of Oxford, sent his protégé thither with a letter of recommendation. All doors flew open in those days to one who enjoyed the favour of the great. Alberigo was forthwith admitted to the degree of Doctor of Civil Law on the strength of his having taken that degree at Perugia, and some years afterwards was appointed by Queen Elizabeth Regius Professor in the same faculty. He lectured in Oxford and seems to have given a considerable impulse to the study of the Roman law there. But after a time, finding perhaps that the number of auditors was not likely to be large in a country where the feeling of the common lawyers ran pretty strongly against civilistic studies, he began to practise in the Court of Admiralty in London, was occasionally consulted by the Government on questions connected with the law of nations, and wrote a good many books, some of which were published in his lifetime, while some remain in manuscript. He died in 1608, and was buried in the church of St. Helen in the City of London. From that day downwards till five years ago nobody seems to have thought anything about him, though for a time one or two of his treatises, and in particular that of which we propose to speak presently, were read by the civilians of the Continent.

However, everybody sooner or later gets his chance. Gentili's came in 1875, when the distinguished Professor of International Law in Oxford, Mr. T. E. Holland, having to deliver an inaugural lecture, and having come across Gentili's writings, bethought him of taking this old Italian for the theme of his address, and a stray copy of the lecture, which had been printed, found its way to Italy, and fell into the hands of Professor Mancini, of Rome. He and his friends were so much interested by what it told them that they forthwith organized a committee to erect some memorial to their countryman. This is the age of celebrations and centenaries, the age when everybody seems occupied in building the sepulchres of the prophets. But in this case there were specially favouring circumstances. The Italians are a people specially given to these commemorations, and they had here the unusual pleasure and advantage of making their commemoration of a sage who had died two centuries and a half before a demonstration in favour of religious liberty against Pope Pius the Ninth and their other clerical antagonists. Gentili's exile for the sake of his faith commended him to thousands who could not have understood a line of his books, and the movement to honour him rose to the height of a political event. Prince Humbert, now King of Italy, became President of the Committee; money was gathered, festivals were held in San Genesio and Perugia, and some permanent monument (whose nature, we believe, has not yet been settled) is to be set up to make the name of Gentili immortal. In

England, sympathy with the Italians led to the formation of another Committee, which erected a memorial tablet in the church where Mr. Chester's diligent inquiries had discovered his burial-place, St. Helen's, Bishopsgate. Having a balance of funds in their hands, the English Committee wisely resolved to spend it in publishing a new and corrected edition of Gentili's largest work, and that by which he has really won a place among the great jurists of the Renaissance, his treatise *De Jure Belli*. This is the work which now lies before us. It has been printed in quarto, with no small elegance of type and paper, and is carefully edited by Mr. Holland, whose original discovery of Gentili seems to have imposed on him the obligation of carrying through this tribute to the author's memory. He has prefixed a short memoir in Latin, and an account of the origin of this treatise, which seems to have grown out of a discourse delivered by Gentili, as Regius Professor, at an Act when candidates were being admitted to their doctorate in civil law. But the chief part of the editor's labour seems to have lain in finding the references to Gentili's citations of ancient and mediæval writers, which Gentili has in general quoted without chapter or verse. There was, according to Sir Walter Scott, a belief among the Shetlanders that the man whose life you saved from drowning was sure to do you a mischief afterwards. The editor who has plodded through this excessively tedious task of verification must, we think, have often recalled that self-regarding doctrine and cursed the day when he dragged his author out of the dust and darkness of centuries. It need hardly be said, however, that these references add greatly both to the value and interest of the treatise, which is really an important contribution to the history of jurisprudence. It has a double interest, as an evidence of the ideas, necessities, and usages of the time which produced it, and as the foundation on which the elaborate system of rules which we now call International Law has been raised. We see more clearly here than elsewhere out of what materials the edifice had to be constructed, and how much of what now exists is due, not to treaties or the decisions of courts, but to the labours, unauthoritative but morally influential, of the great men who have devoted themselves to the subject. And we see also how appropriate the time was for the creation of this branch of law, a time when the relations of the States of Europe had become more complex, and when the principles of feudalism were disappearing before more philosophical conceptions of the State and of society.

Before the days of Gentili, such international jurisdiction as had existed had been administered by the Popes upon the principles of the civil law, and by the advice of their own ecclesiastical doctors. The casuists had written a little upon the subject, but rather with the view of solving isolated questions of morals which might arise between princes than of laying down any general rules for the behaviour of States to one another. Lawyers proper had scarcely touched these, as is natural enough when one remembers that they never come up in the Roman authorities, because to the great jurists of antiquity the Roman Empire practically included the whole world. Hence Gentili found, as he tells us himself, an all but untouched field when he attempted to lay down rules for the conduct of war and the intercourse of belligerents—a branch of the subject which more than any other needed to be settled. He had three sources to draw from. The first was the civil law, as found, not only in the *Corpus Juris*, but in the works of mediæval commentators. The second was the supposed law of nature, which several writers of his own and the immediately preceding generation had been trying to evolve by an application of metaphysics to law. The third was history, the great storehouse of instances showing how kings and States had in fact dealt with one another. And the book is a curious mixture of suggestions and observations heaped together from these three quarters. Not much of it—in strictness, indeed, no part of it—can be called law. It is disquisition on what ought to be done, illustrated by such innumerable citations of writers, ancient and modern, and by such a number of facts related by them, that it really becomes in places a kind of mosaic of quotations and anecdotes in which the author himself seems to disappear, though we see clearly enough the drift of his argument. Many of the quotations are from poets, who are summoned not merely as sayers of good things, but as witnesses to historical facts. Virgil, for instance, is called in as a witness to the behaviour of Æneas when he landed in Italy, in a passage on the duty of formally declaring war, where within seventeen lines we have found the following works and writers cited—Horace, Seneca, Herodotus, the Second Book of Samuel, Terence, Balbus, Dionysius of Halicarnassus, Euripides, the Epistles of Cassiodorus, and the Argonautics of Apollonius Rhodius. Although Gentili professed himself to be rather a mere lawyer than a humanist, ridiculing the literary tastes and pretensions of such jurists as Alciatus and Cujas, he shows himself very widely read, and fully master of his knowledge. There is not, however, any effort at literary grace or charm in his work. It is business-like throughout; written in a Latin which is easy and flowing, but without a trifle loose, full of post-classical words, and almost too bald and tame. In a Ciceronian age nobody could have written with less savour of Ciceronianism.

We have left ourselves so little space that it is impossible to do more here than give a brief outline of the scheme of the treatise *De Jure Belli*. The first book is chiefly occupied with the questions, What war is, in what points legitimate war is distinguished from brigandage and piracy—a distinction which it was more

* *Alberici Gentili, I.C. professoris regii, de Jure Belli*. Libri tres. Edidit Thomas Erskine Holland, L.C.D. Jur. Gent. Prof. Chichele, &c. Oxonii: e typographeo Clarendoniano.

difficult to draw in those days than it happily is in ours—and what are the causes which justify war. The remarks on this head are not merely moral reflections, but possess considerable historical interest, as illustrating the political ideas of the time, and the way in which religious differences influenced the relations of the States of Europe. Book II. discusses the proclamation of war and the modes of carrying it on, the employment of deceit and stratagems, the aid of deserters and traitors, the lawfulness of slaying privately a hostile leader (with references to the leading cases of Zopyrus and Judith), agreements during wars, truces, safe-conducts, the exchange of prisoners, quarter to prisoners and their treatment generally, hostages, and the right of killing them in certain cases, the treatment to be given to women and children, to non-combatant enemies, and to the subjects of neutral States; the ravaging of lands, the setting fire to towns, and the burial of the dead. In Book III. we come to the end of war and the conclusion of peace. The exaction of the expenses of war, the rights of a victor in conquered territory, the plundering of cities, the disposal of captured leaders, the right to alter the religion and institutions of the conquered, and all sorts of questions relating to treaties and the nature of the duties they impose, are among the topics which find their place here. Many of the discussions in this part of the book have still some freshness; for, though the points it deals with have mostly been settled, the principles laid down are just those which we now apply to the solution of the difficulties, sometimes old and sometimes new, which war raises. As instances, take the employment of explosive bullets, the treatment to be given to franc-tireurs or other guerilla troops, and the permanence of treaty obligations under changed conditions—questions which remain so undetermined that casuists and historians may still refine upon them or cite precedents, just as people did in the sixteenth century. It is needless to say that there has been in most respects a great advance in humanity. Nothing is more interesting than to see how Gentili advocates, as he usually does, the milder view against a harsher one which found many defenders then, and was constantly put in force by generals and princes, but which no civilized army could now venture on. More than half the instances from which he endeavours to establish what ought to be regarded as the settled practice come from the ancient world; the rest mainly from the wars of England and Spain, of the Italian princes with one another, and of France with Germany. And these Christian States do not compare so favourably as might be wished with the Greeks and Romans. We hear, for instance, of no ancient massacre of non-combatants on so large a scale as that of an Italian leader who, in a war against Siena, hanged more than five thousand peasants, on the charge of having carried food to the enemy. One is much struck, in comparing Gentili's disquisitions with those which a treatise of our own day would contain, by the fact that it is only in recent times that any attempts have been made to mitigate by treaty or other formal arrangement the severities of war. Those restrictions on the right of the strongest which are now generally admitted have either grown up by the force of public opinion or have been settled by treaty within the present century. It is some compensation for the scarcely diminished frequency of wars, and for the tremendous destruction of human life which the size of modern armies and the nature of modern warfare involve, that the rights of non-combatants as well as of neutrals have now become so fully recognized. Upon these two points Gentili, who allows great licence in the treatment of prisoners, is sensible and humane. Foreign merchants and their goods, according to him, ought to be respected when found in hostile territory; and to those who urge that a command to this effect, issued by one of the Lateran Councils, had been abrogated by a contrary practice, he replies that he rests his view, not on the rule of the Lateran Council, but on the Law of Nature, which no contrary practice can affect (Lib. ii. c. 22).

It may thus be said that the treatise discusses nearly all the important questions that arise in the carrying on of war and making of peace, except—and this is, no doubt, a large exception—those which relate to maritime trade and prize, which Gentili probably considered to be outside his scheme, as we can hardly think that he did not contemplate them and recognize the magnitude of the part they were destined to play. To praise for comprehensiveness may be added praise for acuteness and good sense. The suggestions which Gentili makes are generally reasonable and convenient, and, with all his fondness for citing poets and historians, he is seldom needlessly prolix. It is rather in profundity and weight that he yields to that great follower in the same path with whom one naturally compares him, and who largely profited by his labours—we mean Hugo Grotius. But to the Italian belongs the glory of having been first in the field, of having mapped it out with great skill as well as diligence, of having accumulated a mass of valuable references, and of having bequeathed to his successors an immense number of scattered, yet seasonable and practical, observations whereby their task was lightened. If any one man can claim the honourable title of founder of international law, that name must be held to belong rather to Alberigo Gentili, the adopted son of Oxford, than to any of the later luminaries of the science. Nor is it wonderful that his Italian countrymen should have been so eager to vindicate his services in the only branch of law in which the jurists of different countries can well compete with one another, and to the study of which the Italians have latterly applied themselves with such conspicuous industry.

ATTIC NIGHTS.*

SEQUELS are generally depressing works even when an author imitates himself and tries to prolong the effect of a first success. The *Paradise Regained* is probably even less read than *Paradise Lost*. The second part of the *Pilgrim's Progress* is at best a more lively production than the second part of *Tom Brown*. The *Comtesse de Rudolstadt* proves too severe a trial for most of the readers of *Conuelo*. If genius cannot keep alive its first inspiration, we need not hope for much when gentle dulness takes up the dropped threads of genius. One or two modern versifiers have been kind enough to supply the later pages of the history of *Christabel*; but not even the most curious admirers of Coleridge have consulted their solutions of the enigma. Some one has endeavoured to finish *Edwin Drood*, and to solve that "great mystery." Perhaps some feverish ambition will continue *Denis Duval* to its close. There is no safety for a popular author if he does not kill all his characters in the last page. Even Mr. Mills, who has absurdly tried in *Attic Nights* to write a sequel to *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, cannot hope to do much with *Hamlet*. The public is not sufficiently interested in the few characters who survive the last scene of that drama.

Perhaps, however, we are speaking hastily. Even with *Hamlet* it is not possible to say what Mr. Mills might not do. He might discover that the apparent decease of the Prince of Denmark and his friends was only a case of suspended animation. He might send his tragic muse tramping through the corridors of Elsinore. The death of all the characters in Wilson's *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, the extinction of the manners, the ideas, the society caricatured in those dialogues, has not prevented Mr. Mills from laying his hands on Christopher North, the Shepherd, Tickler, Gurney, and the other characters. Mr. Mills drags them out of their graves, makes them guzzle and booze as of old, makes them quote long screeds from the popular second-rate books of the day, and labels his compilation *Attic Nights*. The Scotch are fond of discovering a Scotch antitype for every person and place famous in history. Home is the Scotch Shakspeare, the Rev. Mr. Thompson or Thomson of Duddingstone the Scotch Turner, Killiecrankie is the Scotch Thermopylæ, and Edinburgh is the modern Athens. We cannot believe that Mr. Mills's *Attic Nights* will please even the modern Athenians. They have not Attic "salt enough to keep them sweet," or, as Dr. Johnson preferred to translate his own phrase, "they have not vitality enough to preserve them from putrefaction."

There are more pleasant moods than that "hatred of a stupid book" of which Boileau was proud and to which he gave too much of his time and thought. *Attic Nights* leaves no room in the mind for any other feeling than that of literary resentment and contempt. That any one should seriously set himself, like Mr. Mills, to "attempt an imitation of *Noctes Ambrosianæ*," to take over bodily all the old chaff about oysters, whisky, nectar, beer, the blue chamber, the Balaam Box, and the rest, lowers the reader's opinion of the human intellect. The old *Noctes Ambrosianæ* are now scarcely intelligible to many readers. The riotous, gluttonous Toryism, the violent provincialism, the prejudices, the bulky jokes of Edinburgh, as Edinburgh was when Vivian Grey was a boy, are dead without hope of resurrection. Dead, too, are Wilson's vast blustering force, his animal spirits, his tenderness, his humour, his gusty rhetoric, his intimate knowledge of the Lowland *patois* and of the romance and the burlesque of peasant life. The *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, even without this most uncalled-for sequel, are far too long, far too noisy, far too greedy. The rampant politics and provincialism are only interesting to historians of the Scotch society of fifty years ago. There are, however, descriptions of life as it was in Ettrick fifty years ago, of life which Mr. Carlyle, at least, declared to be truly idyllic and pastoral in the pleasant sense of the word. There are scraps of criticism still luminous and unfaded. There are pictures of sport in highland and lowland, and especially of angling, which one would be glad to have in a convenient form. Wilson was never more of a poet than when, with the trout-rod in his hand, and the "professor" and "wood-cock wing and hare-lug" at the end of his line, he was up to his waist in the Tweed at Cloven fords or Caddon foot. His sentences serve to remind one of that happy time when manufactories were scarce, and scientific drainage unknown; when Tweed ran full and pure, and the water was all alive, morning and evening, with big trout "on the take." "Christopher in his sporting jacket" was Christopher at his best. We have seldom reason to be grateful to Mr. Mills, but we must thank him for not trying to wear that shooting coat, and for keeping clear of the waters in which Wilson delighted to angle and to swim.

The boisterousness of the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, the violent exaggerations of praise and blame, political or literary, were perhaps part of their evanescent attractions. Mr. Mills's characters seem to us to lack the violence and the vigour of North and the Shepherd; they are poor ghosts of their old burly selves; they have fallen on a washed-out time, when oysters are almost as extinct as the dodo, and when people take whisky with Apollinaris Water (if they take it at all) because a fashionable doctor recommends the mild mixture. The characters of these *Attic Nights* discuss the very mildest books. We have nothing to say against Professor Veitch's Poems, or against the *Guido and Lita* of Lord Lorne. Mr. Gladstone's *Juventus Mundi* is a laudable bywork, and it is creditable to Mr. Gladstone that, on one point of Homeric lore, he

* *Attic Nights*. By Charles Mills. London: Chatto & Windus. 1879.

anticipated the verdict of archæologists. Mr. J. S. Mill's criticism of Sir William Hamilton is also a learned work; but where is the fun of setting the ghosts of North and the Shepherd to quote from, and dilate on, and expound these productions? This is what Mr. Mills does. He makes the persons in his dialogue prose about books which Time has left behind it. Their literary disputes are like what the Shepherd would have called "saw-ball bickers," with missiles made of *les neiges d'antan*. Will it be believed that Mr. Mills actually trots out the overworked Aryan race and Mr. Max Müller:—

North.—According to Professor Müller, the most eminent living philologist, most of the Greek, the Roman, the Indian, and other heathen gods, are nothing but poetical names, which were gradually allowed to assume a divine personality never contemplated by their inventors. *Eos* was a name of the dawn before she became a goddess, the wife of *Tithonus*, or the dying day.

Shepherd.—And a grand couple they mann has been, and no unlike each other; for Tithonus should be pictured as resplendent wi' a' those glorious tints which gild the horizon when the sun sinks ahiut the distant peak, or the cawm circle o' the watery deeps, blushing as red as a matador's mantle. Then the twa—lawfully wedded, nae dout, by Nicht—become locked i' eachither's arms, and sae remain, till auld Sol, wham I should tak to be their inexorable father, waukens Eos, wha rises fresh and rosy frae her couch, as a bride should. But what about the siege o' Troy and fair Helen?

North.—It becomes "but a repetition of the daily siege of the east by the solar powers, that every evening are robbed of their brightest treasures in the west." Helen becomes typical of the dawn, and Paris of night, and thus the Iliad is but the glorious relation of a myth which has germinated from a metaphor.

Shepherd.—I hope it isna true, sir.

North.—He argues that the modern Aryan dialects are offshoots of a more ancient language, just as the Romance languages were derived from Latin. That ancient language he supposes to have been spoken by a small tribe in Asia, &c. &c.

This is fresh and useful information, and it was well worth while to call up Wilson and Hogg, "souls of shepherds dead and gone," from Hades to tell us about Helen and the Dawn. The old characters of the *Noctes* bring back out of the realm of Proserpine, not the apples of the Hesperides, but dry and dubious chips from a German workshop.

Mr. Mills makes his characters discuss, not only the Aryan myths, but Mr. Gladstone's Homeric theories. The mere name of Mr. Gladstone would have roused the Wilson of old days, like the mention of a bagman. He would have bellowed at him as if he had been a Cockney desecrating Braemar. But the fine heady Toryism has evaporated with the wit and the poetry from this *simulacrum* of Christopher North. The Shepherd, too, seems to us to have lost the idiomatic Scotch of the Border. We doubt whether he could translate "a gowpen o' glaur" into "a meifu o' clarts." Nay we doubt, and there is some consolation in the uncertainty, whether Mr. Mills is really a Scotchman at all. On the other hand, if he were a Southron, how could he have read *The Tweed and other Poems*, and how could he be "verra proud to think that the Marquis of Lorne inherits his father's taste for lesterature"? The Shepherd that we knew, the old shepherd of Mount Benger, would not have been an admirer of the head of the clan of Campbell. Still less would North have quoted the *Prometheus Bound* from "Bohn's Edition." But this whole book, in all its three hundred and fifty pages, is full of "culture" of the sort that may be derived from "Bohn's Editions," and from the English translation of M. Taine's *History of English Literature*. The entire compilation is second-hand, from the form, cribbed from Wilson, to the ideas—those which are promulgated by modern popular philosophers, Mr. Lecky, Mr. Froude, Mr. Herbert Spencer, the *Contemporary*, and the *Fortnightly Review*. Mr. Mills has sat at the feet of these Gamaliels; he has his views about Comte and Mr. Darwin, and Professor Huxley, and a dozen others whom Wilson and the Shepherd would have "damned at a venture," like Charles Lamb. His notions about modern men and doctrines, notions mild and slightly orthodox, Mr. Mills has put into the inappropriate mouths of the mighty men and Tories that were of old. Not a shred of Wilson's windy plaid has fallen on his shoulders. He might have taken the advice of his own North:—"I often wish, James, that all aspirants to authorship were obliged . . . to take the opinion of their literary friends." If Mr. Mills has a discreet literary friend, he would have urged him to deposit the MS. of *Attic Nights* in his own private "Balaam Box." If he felt compelled to publish what he thinks about *Guido and Lita*, the Aryan race, Darwinism, and Professor Köllicker, he might have let his thoughts drift in the shape of essays. He need not have indicted these watery *Noctes* on an indifferent generation.

LETTERS OF THE YOUNGER PLINY.*

THE correspondence of Pliny the Younger is such agreeable reading, its scholarly author flows on so smoothly and complacently in his vein of never-tedious gossip, chronicle, and reminiscence, that it is a wonder no English scholar has given the world a worthy edition of him as a companion to the learned leisure of his classical brethren. As a writer of the silver age he deserves perusal among the foremost, and, be his topic what it may, he gives proof, if not of his wisdom and freedom from vanity, at all events of his shrewd obser-

vation of his contemporaries, his general intimacy with the leading men of his period, the blamelessness of his life, and the goodness of his heart and acts. That which his critics appear to have agreed to convict him of—namely, a set purpose to write his letters with a view to putting them together in a book—is certainly not an aim of which he can be said to make any secret; and it may indeed be due to it that we find so much variety and versatility, with so little tedium, in the collection. The letters to Trajan, and Trajan's replies, may be historically the cream of the collection; and a special curiosity ensures their being perused by readers who ignore his general correspondence; as is also the case in regard to his famous letter to Tacitus describing the great eruption of Vesuvius, and the circumstances which attended the death of his uncle therein. But it is true all the same that you rarely stumble on a dull letter, open Pliny's correspondence where you will; and this although the determination to write, and even to prune and polish, with an eye to being read, might seem to bar the possibility of spontaneity—a great secret of letter-writing. Perhaps the charm and attraction of the whole must be ascribed to the writer's personal revision and collection—not, indeed, as an initial fib in his opening epistle would have it supposed—"non servato temporis ordine," but yet in some sense "ut quæque in manus venerat," in a selection made with an eye to variety of matter and subject. With the German commentary of Döring, and the editions of Gierig and Keil, and the pilot-boats of "Selected Letters," edited for English scholars by Church and Brodribb, and by Pritchard and Bernard, it is a little strange that Pliny's letters are not more familiarly known, especially as they introduce a phase of Imperial Roman life interesting for its cultivation, scholarship, home tastes, literary pursuits, and general domestic amenities. Pliny, as he has sought to present himself in his letters, would fain pass, as was the taste of more than one Roman before him, for the learned and refined country squire. As such, perhaps, his writings recommended him to our eighteenth-century translators—Melmoth and Lord Orrery—though one would have thought that sympathy with his character would have commended him rather to the present age. At any rate, Pliny has at length found an English translator with less weakness for paraphrase and with stricter views of accuracy than either of the above-named writers, and found him, too, in a scholar favourably known already to the literary world by a prose translation of Juvenal's Satires. Pleading as his object the desire that Pliny should no longer be missed or inadequately presented in an English dress in public libraries or bookstalls, he has undertaken and completed an accurate and readable translation, bearing on every page the evidence of independent following of the best texts and annotations, and laudably uncumbered with notes, except in such cases as urgently demanded them.

We need scarcely go beyond the First Book to arrive at the full variety of the material of these Letters. For a full and minute description of Pliny's Laurentine country house, within an easy reach of town on a saddle-horse, and yet feeling the last spray of the broken sea-wave on the dining-room windows, we must go to the fifteenth letter of the Second Book, a "locus classicus" on the villa residence of the Roman scholar and gentleman. It teaches us how in the cloisters, in front of which ran a walk fragrant with violets, when the sun was fiercest on the roof, those within were least sensible of the heat. The *châlet*, or summer-house of this exquisite rural retreat must have been the chosen refuge for the jaded courtier or pleader to recruit himself in; the neighbouring seaside yielded the excitement of prawn or lobster-catching; so that one can imagine Pliny diversifying his literary morning by visiting, book in hand, his well-laid lobster-pots, or, if it pleased him, turning inland to contemplate his lowing herd, just as elsewhere he tells us of his engaging in a boar-hunt, and capturing three magnificent "pigs" in the net, which, armed only with pen and tablets, he was in no trim to stick. This last incident comes from his amusing letter (I. vi.) to the historian Tacitus, who knew his sedentary ways, and whom he sought to convince by example and experience that "Minerva as well as Diana rambles over the mountains." It is, however, quite early in his First Book that he shows, in a letter to Caninius Rufus, an intense love of villa-life, inquiring after his retreat at Comum, in the writer's native soil, where there was a "porticus semper verna"; "a canal with green and enamelled banks," as Mr. Lewis neatly turns "Euripus viridis et gemmeus"; and an airing-ground, or promenade, which Pliny represents as "illa mollis et tamen solida gestatio"—"an exercising-ground uniting softness and solidity." With his antecedents as nephew of a weighty authority on natural history, we are not surprised to find him winding up a letter on forensic engagements to Octavius Rufus with thanks for a present "of dates, which vie with the figs and mushrooms"; and it is obvious, from the tenor of a letter to Minucius Fundanus, written from Laurentum, that to Pliny the Younger the recess and retirement was only relative leisure, and that he might really have pleaded "Strenua nos exercet inertia." It was only in his never-idle curiosity and research, and the field afforded it by leisure from the courts of the Centumviri, that he could endorse the wise saw of Atilius, and affirm "satiù otiosum esse quam nihil agere."

As one would imagine from his character and tone, Pliny appears in his correspondence as a kindly and humane master of slaves. Thus it is amusing in a very early letter to find him contrasting the attention paid to his comfort by his mother-in-law's servants with the matter-of-fact "bare duty" of his own house-

* *The Letters of the Younger Pliny*. Literally Translated by John Delaware Lewis, M.A. London: Trübner & Co. 1879.

hold. He suggests to her a return visit, partly that she may be welcomed with the same alacrity that he has met with at her house, partly too "that my people may be occasionally routed up, who await my coming quite at their ease, and almost negligently." For he adds:—"Mitium dominorum apud servos ipsa consuetudine metus exolecit; novitatibus excitantur, probariusque dominis per alios quam per ipsos laborant." There was such a thing seemingly as spoiling servants at Laurentum, as elsewhere.

One advantage of Mr. Lewis's well-printed and generally accurate, although not servilely literal, rendering of the letters is that they afford the general reader a clearer and fuller view of the author than can be picked up from a cursory survey of the original. In one letter (I. 13), *à propos* of the poets' readings of which Juvenal tells us in his first Satire, and at which Pliny notes that, however attractive are the men of genius who recite, "ad audiendum pigre coitur," he lets us into the secret why, with his manifest vanity, he never seems to have worn out his popularity. He kept his appointments for the readings of other poets, and never threw an audience into disorder by flashing upon it unexpectedly. Hence he could say, "There is hardly a man who loves literature but loves me too." Hence also he found himself delayed in town beyond the season, and had sense enough to resolve, when he did get back to his retreat and his studies, that the fruit of them should not be recited to hearers in quittance of a similar service. For, he concludes, "ut in cæteris rebus ita in audiendi officio perit gratia, si repositur." "As in all other matters, so in this attendance of hearing, the favour ceases to be a favour if a return be asked."

One or two excellent commendatory letters might be picked with ease out of the voluminous correspondence of Pliny, but we know of none to surpass that in reply to Junius Mauricius, who had entrusted him with the task of looking out for a husband for the daughter of his brother Arulenus Rusticus, the friend and panegyrist of Thrasea, and the victim of Domitian's tyranny. It is as nearly a perfect model as can be conceived of judicious introduction and commendatory rhetoric. The writer turns the native place, the connexions and kinsfolk, the personal appearance, the manners, and the official promise of his young friend Minucius Acilius into so many arguments for his acceptance as a suitor, and adroitly suggests that the selected bridegroom's ingenuous modesty, which a detractor might have called an awkward trick of blushing, is "a proper tribute to virgin innocence." Of lighter and less logical material is the playful reproach to Septicius Carus for disappointing him at dinner—a very pretty sample of Pliny's lighter vein, which may be illustrated in Mr. Lewis's version. The writer mulcts the offender in the cost of the feast, which, he adds, was no trifle:—

There was a lettuce apiece provided, three snails per man, ditto two eggs, sweet cake (*g. alica*, spelt-cake), with meat and snow (this last you'll have to reckon, and among the first items too, for it melted in the dish), olives, beetroot, gourds, onions, and a thousand like delicacies. You would have heard a comedian, or a reader, or a late-player, or, such is my liberality, all three. But you, at some one or other's, have preferred oysters, tid-bits of pork, sea-urchins, dancing-girls from Gades. You have punished, if not yourself, at any rate me; yes, and on second thoughts, yourself too. How we should have jested, laughed, improved our wits. You will dine more sumptuously at many houses; nowhere with more gaiety, with more absence of pretence, with greater unreserve than at mine. In short, make the experiment, and after that, if you don't decline other folk's invitations for mine, I give you leave to decline mine for ever.

Another characteristic letter from the close of the First Book is worthy of notice, no less for the interest and fellow-feeling in the scholar class which the writer shows, than for his readiness as one of the fraternity to guarantee their habits. Pliny is anxious to advance his friend Suetonius Tranquillus's desire to buy a small property of one Bæbius Hispanus; but it is of importance that the price should be a reasonable one. "In that case," he writes, "there is much in this little property to tempt the fancy of my friend Tranquillus,—the neighbourhood of the city, the easiness of access, the moderate size of the house, the extent of the land, enough to amuse, not to engross him ('qui avocet magis quam distringat.'). For your scholars," he adds, "when they are proprietors, are amply satisfied with so much of the soil as permits them to lift their heads from their books, refresh their eyes, and crawl along their boundaries, always keeping to the same path, knowing all their tiny vines, and able to number their diminutive shrubs." "This," he concludes, "I have set before you that you may better understand how much he will owe to me and I to you, if he buys this little country place recommended by so many attractions, at such a reasonable price as not to leave room for repentance."

From the same group of earlier letters might be selected charming examples of the writer's varied epistolary style, such as where, writing to Erucius a letter full of the praises of their friend Saturninus, he professes a doubt whether some letters which he said were his wife's were not Plautus or Terence in prose. "Whether," he adds, "they are his wife's as he affirms, or his own, as he denies them to be, he is entitled to equal credit, in the one case for producing such compositions, in the other, for turning his wife—a mere girl when he married her—into such a learned and finished woman." Or take his playful banter to Suetonius, asking him to move an adjournment of a lawsuit he was concerned in, because of a dream omen. "It makes all the difference," writes our scholar, "whether his correspondent is one of those who are wont to dream what comes true or the reverse" ["eventura solens an contraria somniare"]. Again there can be no doubt that in his correspondence with an able man and a shrewder judge, his fellow-

pleader Tacitus, he maintains with a good show of authorities and no small learning and research the argument that a good speech should be copious rather than brief, and prefers, on the whole, the oratory of Ulysses, whose words fell thick-pouring, continuous, and abundant, according to Homer "like wintry snows," to the more direct succinctness of Menelaus. Perhaps his strong dislike of the noted and notorious pleader, Marcus Regulus, who was also infamous as an informer and a fortune-hunter, had something to do with his taste in oratory, for he tells us that that unscrupulous character thus contrasted their styles of oratory and persuasion. "You," said Regulus, "think you must follow up every point in a suit. I at once see the throat of the case and grasp that" ("ego jugulum statim video; hunc premo"). The procedure in the latter case was in keeping with the man, if it was true, as was written of Regulus in a letter to Domitian, "that he was the greatest scoundrel that walked on two legs," as Mr. Lewis happily renders "Regulus omnium bipedum nequissimus"—a true bill, no doubt. Had we space, we might multiply letters which serve to depict Pliny's character in its weakness as well as its strength. But our present business has been rather to inquire how far Mr. Delaware Lewis has performed his task, and what we have seen and shown must attest our satisfaction. It would be a high treat to scholars could they be furnished with a good annotated edition of the whole of the letters; but, failing that, it is no small boon to possess a translation by one who is not only a scholar himself, but well up in the literature of the period when the subject of his volume flourished.

A YACHTSMAN'S HOLIDAYS.*

WE know that there is no accounting for tastes; but yachting in a cockleshell of a few tons burden more or less has always appeared to us the most questionable of pleasures. The element of danger may lend a charm to the pursuit; but otherwise Johnson's famous definition of a ship must apply with increased force in an inverse ratio to the tonnage. The chances of being drowned are so many times multiplied, while you are not merely confined in a floating prison, but in something more like a mediæval "little-encase." Should you pass much of your time in what is dignified by the name of the cabin, you are sensible of shooting muscular pains which threaten to develop into chronic contraction of the spine; while constitutionals on the deck are out of the question, since a stride and a half will carry you overboard. We can hardly conceive a more crucial test of good-fellowship than inviting a party of friends to sea under such conditions. You cannot stretch a cramped limb in the night without making one of your shipmates sympathize in your restlessness; and a violent fit of coughing or sneezing below decks sets the craft shaking from stem to stern. As for your meals, you must snatch them anyhow; and possibly, after an involuntarily prolonged fast, may have to lie to for a scrambling dinner, as you ride uneasily at anchor. Yet that such rough experiences have a charm of their own is shown by the lively little volume before us. Four different seasons did the same quartet meet at a trysting-place in the Clyde for a cruise among the Western islands; and on one occasion an enthusiast of the company actually hurried home from the Tagus that he might have his share in the hardships of the annual outing. Looking for a Lilliputian yacht in the circumstances, far beyond the reach of the telegraph and among post-offices where the arrivals were fantastically irregular, might seem like seeking a needle in the proverbial bundle of hay. But the speculative search was crowned with the success it deserved; his companions happened to hear of their belated friend at Oban; and, in a self-sacrificing spirit of Christian charity, lost a day and a favourable wind to await his arrival at Tobermory. These are the sort of men to ship for expeditions which might possibly fall flat, or rather worse, on grumblers with impaired constitutions. The spirit and freshness with which the logs are written may be taken as pretty conclusive evidence that the crew of amateurs really enjoyed themselves. Yet we call attention to the fact, and it strikes us as highly significant, that even they in each succeeding voyage very materially bettered their accommodation. Their first cruise was in the tiny *Ilna* of five tons. And we remark that the yachtsman always professes himself passionately in love with his craft for the time, though he is as invariably ready to transfer his affections. The *Ilna* was not only small but narrow; and not unnaturally, "therefore, was considered by some knowing hands to be probably unsafe and certainly uncomfortable." But we are assured that she was neither one nor the other. She was "as reliable a little vessel as ever floated; buoyant as a cork, and stiff as a church." We suppose we must take the safety for granted; but we repeat that the comfort must have been matter of opinion. The "main" cabin was just eight feet in length, with four feet of headroom; and there was a most ingenious contrivance for roofing it in, which could be unshipped and stowed away at pleasure. Of quite as much importance as the sleeping quarters were the cooking arrangements in the galley; and accordingly there was a marvellous cooking stove seven inches square, which supplied everything indispensable for the appetites of four hungry men, with the youthful Highlander who constituted the crew. On the next

* *A Yachtsman's Holidays; or, Cruising in the West Highlands.* By the Governor. London: Pickering & Co. 1879.

occasion they went to sea in the *Concordia*, schooner-rigged, and measuring no fewer than three tons extra. Next time the Sybarites had absolutely doubled the size of their craft, having launched the *Princess* of sixteen tons; and finally we find them afloat in the *Mermaid*, a magnificent craft of twenty tons. And though nothing in the way of pleasure-seeking would have tempted us to face the Atlantic storms and rollers in the *Ilma*, we can imagine even a landsman having a pleasant time on board the comparatively roomy *Princess* or the *Mermaid*.

The scenery of these Western coasts and islands is very fine, and, unlike our perilous Eastern shores, they offer plenty of sheltered anchorages and land-locked harbours, where you may take refuge from rough weather or wait for favourable winds. It is a necessity, indeed, for active men to land from time to time to stretch their legs by breasting the slopes of heather, or climbing some hill for the sake of the view. Nothing, to begin with, can be finer in their way than the coasts of Renfrewshire and Ayrshire and the widening estuary of the Clyde. Now you are running along under wooded banks; now you are opening up some arm of the sea that goes winding back among the purple mountains; and again you are fetching a compass and tacking under the picturesque peaks of Arran or the softer beauties of Bute and the Cumbraes. Further on you are in the full scenery of the "Lord of the Isles," between "Ardornish Towers" and "Aros Bay." Then, as you stand clear of the Sound of Mull, you catch the swell of the Atlantic among the scattered isles that "fence famed Staffa round"; and still further to the north you set foot on Skye, and tread those savage solitudes which struck the Bruce with admiration, even when his mind was pre-occupied with anxieties in abundance. We will say for the writer of *A Yachtsman's Holidays* that he never bores us with descriptions of scenery. Many men in his circumstances would have been tempted to expatiate, and to expand their volume into such a bulk as might have rivalled that of the *Voyage of the Sunbeam* round the world. But at the same time the "Governor" and his light-hearted friends had a keen appreciation of the beauties of nature, and every now and then we have pleasant little touches that indicate what we may hope to enjoy should we ever visit those latitudes. Here is what they saw when off the Scur of Eigg:—

At nine o'clock we opened up the full view of the glorious Coolin Hills, their rugged peaks sharply defined against a pale blue sky. The setting sun tinged them for an instant with violet and gold, then sank beneath the horizon; and almost as soon as the sunset tint had faded, the milder light of the full moon shed a softer, but no less lovely, radiance over the scene. It is almost sacrilege offered to moonlight—so frequently the poet's theme—to speak of it photographically, but I hope to be forgiven for recording that at midnight the smallest type was plainly legible.

Even in the height of a Scotch summer, when the weather might be supposed to be tolerably settled, there are frequent contrasts to such peaceful scenes. The lochs, as the author says, are decidedly "uncanny"; and you are liable at the shortest warning to those tremendous gales which are so terribly destructive to the undecked fishing-boats. In a calm, lightened by fitful puffs of wind, they had been working along the Sound of Kilbrannan, and, threading the scattered fishing fleet, had made their way into Loch Ranza, where they lay to, and prepared to turn in for the night. Then, "as we got our canvas furling, a fierce squall came tearing through the glens at the head of the loch, making a hum and clatter among our loose gear for the space of ten minutes, when it subsided as quickly as it had arisen. There was something awesome in the strength and suddenness of the blast, and the death-like stillness succeeding it." As a Dutch gentleman, whom they had shipped for their fourth cruise, remarked, when a storm had blown up all at once, and the little schooner was tearing along under reduced canvas, burying the rail in the foam at each plunge:—"Vat a goontree. I go to shleep for vife minute in de zonshine. I wake, and it blow like de bliksem, and so tick is it, zat you can nossing see." For although the "Governor," in his brief preface, modestly affects to apologize for the national absence of humour, in reality he shows a quick perception of comic sides of character; and, as he can tell a capital story, he makes his narrative very amusing. He takes off the islanders and their broken Anglo-Saxon vernacular in a manner that would do credit to Mr. William Black. By way of finale to the "Cruise of the *Princess*," he quotes with pardonable vanity the following dialogue:—

"Iss that you, Erchee? "
 "Ay, it's me, Angus."
 "Iss the *Princess* back again? "
 "Ay, iss she."
 "Whar wass you, Erchee? wass you at Skye? "
 "Deed wass we, Angus."
 "And whan you left Skye, Erchee? "
 "Yesterday mornin' we are leavin' Loch Eishart."
 "An that iss wan lie, Erchee Macalister; an it's the coot cheek you hev to be tellin' me you are coming in two days from Skye with a sellin' yatt."
 "Coot cheek yoursell', Angus McDiarmid; we are cumin' in two day, and we are seevin' oors bekannt, and we are ten oors to an anchor, and we are sax oors in the canawl too, and you can ask the skyipper, nirover, and mebbe you will not caal him a lye-ar, bekaas he tells you we mek a coot passitch."
 "Losh, but it was a grett passitch whatefir."

There are amusing accounts, too, of how they recruited the stores—a matter apparently of considerable difficulty—interspersed with pleasant traits of the manners of the natives. Thus at Tobermory, which is by no means an inconsiderable place, they had sought in vain for a butcher. Having given up the quest in despair, they

were accosted by a gentleman who said that he heard they were in want of "some good mittens," and accordingly carried them off to his establishment, where he showed them sundry joints for sale, among boots, bibles, hardware, and a miscellaneous assortment of haberdashery. And it appears that a dislike to part with their produce to casual customers is a not uncommon eccentricity of these lonely islesmen. Seeing a quantity of poultry round a small inn they asked for eggs. "We have no ecks" was the answer. On being pressed as to whether the hens never laid eggs, the people admitted that such a thing did happen now and then, but that in that case the eggs were despatched to Glasgow. And it was with extreme difficulty they were persuaded to sell them, at at least double the ordinary price. Altogether, the little volume is greatly to be recommended to any adventurer in those Western waters; and, thanks to its modest proportions, there need be no objection to shipping it among the sea stores of even such a vessel as the *Ilma*.

MINOR NOTICES.

MR. FENN'S account of his experiences as a volunteer (1) who served in the Frontier Light Horse in South Africa is a favourable specimen of the class of book to which it belongs. The writer tells his story simply and straightforwardly, and may be fairly said to have accomplished his object, which, he says in an introduction, "is to impart a few 'wrinkles,' more or less valuable, to such young fellows as may feel inclined to follow my example, and go out to the Cape on a soldiering expedition; but, at the same time, I trust that the book will not prove uninteresting to those who perchance have relatives and friends serving Her Majesty in South Africa." The rules which Mr. Fenn proceeds to lay down in his introduction are clearly sound. "First and foremost," he says, "don't take any more luggage than you can possibly help. This advice may sound trivial, but it is not. My experience has been bought very dearly. . . . I took out a great deal too much, and from the day I started until the day I returned, I never ceased to regret it." Mr. Fenn warns persons likely to follow his example against the representations of outfitters as to the need for "a large stock of clothes of gossamer thinness." He himself happened by chance to take out a stout Ulster, and found it of the greatest service. For an outfit, as far as wearing apparel is concerned, he recommends a suit of stout Bedford cord, two or three pairs of Bedford cord trousers, two pairs of high Wellington boots, one or two pairs of stout lace-up boots, a pair of leather gaiters, and flannel shirts *ad libitum*. Things of this kind had better be got in England; but blankets, waterproof sheeting, and so on can be got in the colony at very little over the English prices. Mr. Fenn's first experience of a march in the bush appears to have been decidedly trying, and his discomfort was increased by a pair of ill-fitting boots. "It was very cold that night, and we were all without grog, so there was nothing for it but to turn in under our blankets, and get as warm as we could." No warmth, however, could be got in this way; and, after shivering for some time in misery, Mr. Fenn bethought him of some essence of ginger which he had in a small medicine chest, and of which he mixed two strongish doses for himself and a friend. It was, as one might expect, "very nasty; but it was like liquid fire, and, once inside, it seemed unquenchable in its heating properties." Mr. Fenn's account of the active service which he saw is pretty much like all accounts of bush-fighting, but has, of course, an interest of its own. "This kind of warfare," he writes in one passage, "is very exasperating; you can imagine how annoying it is to have bullets whizzing and singing about your ears all day, fired at you by a nigger that you can't see, hidden as he is in some secure crevice of the rocks."

Mr. Forwell has written a bright and lively account of an adventurous voyage which he made, accompanied by his son of fourteen years old, from Dundee to France (2), and back again, in a yawl constructed according to his personal directions. "The order was:—a fisher's yawl—one exception, she must be square-sterned, an exception which only affects the eye, but never touches the water. Length, 19 feet on the keel, with a proportionate breadth of beam, 7 feet 9 inches, which I fixed after measuring scores of boats of this type. Rig, the usual yawl, with lug sail." Mr. Forwell prudently provided his boat with air-tanks. "There are three compartments filled by these floaters, two with a large tank in each able to float together about 12 cwt. The third I filled with forty-two biscuit tins hermetically sealed by the plumber, so that, if a steamer ran through our ship, cutting her into splinters, the forty-two would be scattered over the water; and by laying hold on any one of them you could float yourself without fail, each of them having exactly double the floating power of an ordinary-sized life-belt." For cooking apparatus the writer employed the Russian lamp recommended by Mr. MacGregor, which as far as it went was perfect, but had, in Mr. Forwell's eyes, one grave deficiency. It did not "know anything about making porridge. It was too quick, and either boiled them over, or singed them, or went out before they were boiled enough, or all three." Mr. Forwell not only accomplished his voyage without any dis-

(1) *How I Volunteered for the Cape*. By T. E. Fenn, late Lieutenant Frontier Light Horse. London: S. Tinsley & Co.

(2) *A Thousand Miles' Cruise in the "Silver Cloud"*. From Dundee to France and Back in a Small Boat. By William Forwell. Second Edition. Glasgow, Edinburgh, and London: Blackie & Son.

aster, but obtained immense credit for a certain piece of navigation from a Thames skipper whom he met in Calais harbour, and who said he "would not have attempted it for 100l., and he had sailed as master out and in the Thames for thirty years." He refused to take Mr. Forwell's statement that he was a landsman as anything but a joke; but added, "It matters not what you have been; after this you are duly entitled to the designation captain." There is an amusing innocence about Mr. Forwell's account of what he saw in France, which he entered with an ignorance of the French language which, to judge from the text of his book, he has not yet found an opportunity of improving. He came away from Paris with the impression, caused by the sight of the *cafés* on the boulevards, that the whole population of Paris is given to excessive drinking. "Drinking is one of the grand fashions of Paris—one of the things in which the French glory." Mr. Forwell's statement is not so absurd as many which are made by French visitors to London; but, if he ever makes another voyage, he will do well to protect himself more fully against the dangers of ignorance. The dangers of the sea he overcame or avoided with uniform success; but it may be hoped that his pleasant volume will not tempt people who are less accomplished sailors than himself to follow his example.

Mr. Fuller has with much industry produced in *Our Established Church* (3) a sort of handbook of the Church of England in its complex aspects both of spiritual society and of established institution. Indeed the title of the work hardly does justice to its scope, and might lead to the idea that it was no more than a defence of some kind of modified Erastianism. In another edition Mr. Fuller must revise the statement that, since the Disestablishment of the Irish Church, the Maynooth Grant and the Regium Donum continue. Both were paid off out of the Church surplus. That which Mr. Fuller does in an original work Mr. Webb most ingeniously effects in a very useful series of extracts from many works systematically woven together. His *England's Inheritance* (4) is a very varied cento, which may be of specific use as an easily accessible and carefully classified collection of passages of permanent value. The *Englishman's Brief on behalf of the National Church* (5) is a small brochure cast in the form of catechism, and serviceable for less instructed readers than the other two volumes. We cannot share the sanguine hope of its writer that Parliament is likely to adopt the short and easy system of legalizing rubrics known as the Bishop of London's Bill.

Mr. Birch offers some creditable suggestions for cottages and lodges under the title of *Picturesque Lodges* (6), in the now well-understood Tudor style. The title is liable to criticism as seeming to forestall criticism; but we think that it is justified. We must take exception to the open rustic porch of unshaped trunks which appears in several designs. It is too mock-rustic for the remaining compositions, and besides, as a porch is meant to keep the wind out of the house, it had better have closed sides or not appear at all. The design which we least like has brick mullions and stepped gables. These features are more in their place in a large East Anglian manor-house than in a building on so small a scale as an entrance-lodge. We do not understand why Mr. Birch only gives ground-floor plans; comfort and decency are involved in the bed-room arrangements of cottages.

The nature of Mr. Meadows's volume is sufficiently indicated by its title (7). The writer's matter is perhaps better than his manner. Most of his stories and sketches are entertaining enough; but in some his desire of producing an effect has led him into obvious exaggerations. The contents of the book have the great merit of variety, and among them are two of the best ghost stories that we have ever read.

Messrs. Strahan have republished in a convenient volume (8) the papers from various hands which have appeared in the *Contemporary Review* on the question of alcohol.

Dusky Rambles (9) is a collection of some of the most astonishing verses we have ever seen. So strange are they that we feel it a duty to quote some of them. Here are some passages from the introduction:—

These be dusky rambles—
Fitter for the greyish shade,
Either than the sunlit glade
Or the light of lamp well made,
Where 'twould strike one gambles
Running 'mid the brambles.
Why they seemed alluring,
'Tis a thing I meditate,
And the scuffle comes too late,
If for it I've had to wait—
Sipping the alluring
Reft of the assuring.

Sweetly flowed the river
When I saw it at its rise,
Rambling with it thro' the wise
Till I could not see its size—
Feeling but the shiver—
Ever near the river.

Then it was that dusky,
Ere the tent I could regain,
I had lost the narrow lane,
Where oft trifling I had lain—
Breathing air that musky
It undid the tusk.

Here is one more specimen, taken from a thing called "The Seaweed":—

As variable am I
As seaweed, and yet why?
—It tells the weather comin',
And I the life a-runnin'.

I smiled at it of old,
But those have gone to mould
Who gave my love sunshine,
E'en in the river's whine.

The production entitled *De Bigard* (10) is chiefly remarkable for the adoption of a curious innovation in the English language which we had occasion to notice the other day. *De Bigard*, we learn, on one occasion

Half-dozed at length, and lo! light shadows moved,
Shortened, and grew, stood still and moved again,
As stood, or swayed the lamp; and through his thought
Brake into being many a grimy tale."

Borrowing the new method, we may say that *De Bigard* is an oddly attempt at poetry.

A complete edition has been issued of Mr. Barnes's charming poetry in the Dorset dialect (11). From these we give some extracts at random, as specimens of the simplicity and beauty of Mr. Barnes's verse. Here are two stanzas from "The Blackbird":—

Ov all the birds upon the wing
Between the zunny show'rs o' spring,—
Vor all the lark, a-swingin' high,
Mid zing below a cloudless sky,
An' sparrows, clust'ren roun' the bough,
Mid chatter to the men at plough,—
The blackbird, whisslen in among
The boughs, do zing the gayest zong.

Vor we do hear the blackbird zing
His sweetest ditties in the spring,
When nippen win's noo mwore do blow
Vrom northern skies w' sleet or snow,
But drève light doost along between
The leine-zide heddes, thick an' green;
An' zoo the blackbird in among
The boughs do zing the gayest zong.

Here is a charming illustration of an old idea (which modern writers on the art of dress would like to upset), called "Beauty Undecked":—

The grass mid sheen when wat'ry beids
O' dew do glitter on the meids;
An' thorns be bright when quiv'ren studs
O' rain do hang upon their buds—
As jewels be a-meide by art
To zet the plainest vo'k off smart.

But sheikén ivy on its tree,
An' low-boughed laurel at our knee,
Be bright all day, without the gleare,
O' drops that duller leaves mid wear—
As Jéine is feilur to look upon
In plainest gear that she can don.

M. Francisque Reynard-Bois (12) is pursuing his important task of rendering the great writers of Italy more accessible to French readers. He has now added a translation of the *Decameron* to his already published version of the *Divina Commedia*, to which the present work is a worthy companion. It unites a close following of the original with an excellent French style, and is probably the best translation that has appeared of Boccaccio into another language. Previous attempts have failed to do justice to the original in more than one respect, and it has been the aim of M. Reynard, as explained in his preface, to maintain for readers of his own country the reputation of his author in the literature of Europe—a reputation which has somewhat suffered from the imperfections or the wilful misrepresentations of his predecessors.

The guide to good manners, compiled by "A Member of the Aristocracy" (13), differs from all handbooks of the kind that we have seen before in that the information which it contains is for the most part correct.

The two first volumes of *The Theatre* (14), a magazine which recalls the time, before the present generation, when there was a demand for more than one magazine devoted to the same subject, fulfil with great success the promise which we found some time ago in the first appearance of *The Theatre* as a monthly review. It is need-

(10) *Legends of Knight Errantry: De Bigard*. By "Cavalier." London: Jarrold & Sons.

(11) *Poems of Rural Life, in the Dorset Dialect*. By William Barnes. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co.

(12) *Boccaccio.—Le Décaméron*. Traduction nouvelle par Francisque Reynard-Bois. Paris: G. Charpentier. 1879.

(13) *Manners and Tone of Good Society; or, Solecisms to be Avoided*. By "A Member of the Aristocracy." London: Warne & Co.

(14) *The Theatre: a Monthly Review and Magazine*. New Series. Vols. I. and II. London: Wyman & Sons.

(3) *Our Established Church: its History, Philosophy, Advantages, and Claims*. By the Rev. Morris Fuller, M.A. London: Pickering & Co.

(4) *England's Inheritance in her Church on the Testimony of many Witnesses*. Collected and Arranged by the Rev. William Webb, B.A. London: Seeley, Jackson, & Halliday.

(5) *The Englishman's Brief on Behalf of the National Church*. 8vo. London: W. Wells Gardner.

(6) *Picturesque Lodges. A Series of Designs*. By John Birch, Architect. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood.

(7) *College Recollections and Church Experiences*. By Lindon Meadows, Author of "Word Poems," &c. London: Ridgway.

(8) *The Alcohol Question*. London: Strahan & Co.

(9) *Dusky Rambles*. By Elizabeth Warne. London: S. Tinsley & Co.

less to say that *The Theatre* has a wider and freer scope than its ancient prototypes, which went by such names as *Dramatic Table-Talk*, *The Theatrical Magazine*, and so on; but it may be worth while to point out that each number gives an account of dramatic doings, not only in England and France, but also in every country, European or not, where the drama is held to be a subject of interest. The magazine contains, among other things, discussions by the persons most interested in the matter on the meaning of the phrase "new and original," and produces with each issue a portrait and an account of some player of reputation. We would suggest to the editor that he might pay more attention to correctness of printing, while we congratulate him on the general merit of a publication which deals critically and sensibly with an art that, in England at least, needs all the sympathetic encouragement that it can get.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

THE UNITED STATES.

The Annual Subscription to the SATURDAY REVIEW, including postage to any part of the United States, is £1 10s. 4d., or \$7 58 gold, and may be forwarded direct to the Publisher, Mr. DAVID JONES, at the Office, 38 Southampton Street, Strand, or to Mr. B. F. STEVENS, American Agency, 4 Trafalgar Square, London. International Money Orders can be sent from any office in the United States, and Subscriptions, payable in advance, may commence at any time.

PARIS.

Copies of the SATURDAY REVIEW may be obtained every Saturday of M. FOTHERINGHAM, 8 Rue Neuve des Capucines.

The SATURDAY REVIEW is duly registered for transmission abroad.

Nearly all the back Numbers of the SATURDAY REVIEW may be obtained through any Bookseller, or of the Publisher, at the Office, 38 Southampton Street, Strand, W.C., to whom all Communications relating to Advertisements should likewise be addressed.

The publication of the SATURDAY REVIEW takes place on Saturday Mornings, in time for the early trains, and copies may be obtained in the Country, through any Newsagent, on the day of publication.

Copies of the SATURDAY REVIEW Bill of Contents will be forwarded every Friday Evening by post, prepaid, to any Newsagent in Town or Country on application to the Publisher.

Now ready, VOLUME XLVII., bound in cloth, price 10s. Cloth Cases for Binding all the Volumes, price 2s. each. Also, Reading Cases, price 2s. 6d. each. May be had at the Office, or through any Bookseller.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW

OF
POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Price 6d.

CONTENTS OF No. 1,244, AUGUST 30, 1879:

Affairs in South Africa.
Mr. Goschen at Ripon. The French Councils-General.
Sir Rowland Hill. Pretenders and their Prospects. Railway Property.
Crochets of the Chambers of Commerce.

The British Association at Sheffield.
The Robust Style of Writing. Loch Fishing.
Professional Beauties. Alpine Accidents. The Pope and the Schoolmen.
A Frenchman's Week in England. A Modern Arabic Romance.
Forget-Me-Not at the Lyceum.

Perry's Life of St. Hugh of Avalon.
Bartlett's Egypt to Palestine. Walford's Famines of the World.
Cousins. Life and Letters of Madame Bonaparte. Albericus Gentilis.
Attic Nights. Letters of the Younger Pliny.
A Yachtsman's Holidays. Minor Notices.

CONTENTS OF No. 1,243, AUGUST 23, 1879:

Mr. Gladstone at Chester—The Chilian War—Count Andrassy's Resignation—The Metropolitan Police—America—The Daira Report—The Ferry Bill and French Opinion—Poor-Law Administration.

Roaming Society—Jack Among the Journalists—Cardinal Newman at Birmingham—Nervousness—The Accident in the Channel—Baden, Now and Then—Lord De L'Isle and the Standard—Some Features of West and Mid Cheshire—The Theatres.

Clifford's Lectures and Essays—A Hindoo Poetess—Besant's Rabelais—My Lady Green Sleeves—Modern Chromatics—The Great Far Land—Two Minor Novels—American Literature.

London: Published at 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, W.C.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

DORÉ'S GREAT WORKS, "CHRIST LEAVING the PRÆTORIUM," "CHRIST ENTERING JERUSALEM," and "The BRAZEN SERPENT," each 33 by 22 feet; with "Dream of Pilate's Wife," "Christian Martyrs," &c. at the DORE GALLERY, 35 New Bond Street. Daily, Ten to Six. 1s.

CRYSTAL PALACE COMPANY'S SCHOOL OF ART, SCIENCE, AND LITERATURE.—LADIES' DIVISION.—THE TWENTIETH SESSION will OPEN on October 1. Some of the Lectures and Classes are conducted by the Local Lectures Syndicate of the University of Cambridge:

Water-Colour Painting	Mr. Edward A. Goodall, S.P.W.C.
Painting in Oils	Mr. Frederick Smallfield, S.P.W.C.
Drawing from Antique, &c.	Mr. O. von Glin.
Sculpture, Modelling, &c.	Mr. Constant Vinocet.
Art Pottery Painting	Miss E. Cowper.
Artistic Wood-carving	Mr. G. A. Rogers.
English Language and Literature ..	Mr. Ulric R. Burke, M.A.
French	Professor A. Mandrou, M.A.
German	Dr. Heinemann, F.R.G.S.
Italian	Professor Filtrucci.
Greek	Rev. G. T. Handford, B.A.
Latin	Mr. H. E. Malden, M.A.
General History	Mr. J. Mainwaring Brown, M.L.
English History	Mr. J. Mainwaring Brown, M.L.
Political Economy	Professor H. G. Seeley, F.R.S.
Physical Geography	M. Jules Andrieu, B.A. (Paris) Sc. et Lettr.
National Geography	Str Julius Benedict.
Lectures in French	Sir Julius Benedict, Herr Ernest Pauer,
Arithmetic, &c.	Mr. E. Froust, B.A., Miss M. E. von Glin.
Pianoforte Performance, Ensemble ..	J. F. Bridge, Mus. Doc.
Playing	John Stainer, M.A., Mus. Doc.
Pianoforte	Sig. A. Handegger, Signor Rizzelli,
Organ	Madame St. Germaine.
Harmony, Composition, &c.	Madame St. Germaine.
Singings	Miss Mary Hooper.
Softs	M. Louis d'Erville, Mrs. George Gilbert.
Dancing	

Prospectus in the Office of the School, in the Library, next Byzantine Court, Crystal Palace, or of
F. K. J. SIENTON, Superintendent Literary Department.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL and COLLEGE.—The WINTER SESSION begins October 1. The Hospital has a service of 710 Beds (including 30 at Highgate, for Convalescents). Students can reside within the Hospital walls, subject to College regulations. For particulars apply personally or by letter, to the WARDEN of the College, St. Bartholomew's Hospital, Smithfield, E.C. A Handbook forwarded on application.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL and COLLEGE.

OPEN SCHOLARSHIPS.
THREE OPEN SCHOLARSHIPS will be offered for competition on September 23. Candidates must be under Twenty-five years of age, and not have entered to the Medical or Surgical practice of any Metropolitan Medical School. Two in Science, of the value of £100 (one limited to Candidates under Twenty years of age). Subject: Botany, Zoology, Physics, Chemistry.
One of the value of £50, in Latin, Mathematics, and French, German, or Greek, at the option of the Candidates; not more than one to be taken by any Candidate.
For particulars and papers of former Examinations, apply personally or by letter, to the WARDEN of the College, St. Bartholomew's Hospital, Smithfield, E.C.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL and COLLEGE.—CLASSES for the UNIVERSITY of LONDON MATRICULATION EXAMINATION.—A CLASS is held from October 8, for the January Examination. Fee (including all subjects), £10 10s.

UNIVERSITY SCIENTIFIC EXAMINATION.—A CLASS in all the subjects of this Examination, including practical work, is held from January to July. Fee, to Students of the Hospital, 28 s.; to others, £10 10s. (including Chemicals).
FIRST M.B. EXAMINATION.—A CLASS is held from January to July. Fee, £7 7s. All fees are open to Students of the Hospital, and to others.
For particulars, apply to the WARDEN of the College of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, Smithfield, E.C.

THE LONDON HOSPITAL and MEDICAL COLLEGE.

Mid-end.—The SESSION, 1879–80, will Commence on Wednesday, October 1, 1879. Two Entrance Scholarships, value £20 and £10, will be offered for Competition at the end of September to new Students. Entries on or before September 20.
Fees to Lectures and Hospital Practice, 50 Guineas in one payment, or 100 Guineas in three instalments.
All Resident and other Hospital Appointments are free.
The Hospital Appointments: Five House-Physicians, Four House-Surgeons, One Accoucheur; also Two Dressers and Two Maternity Assistantships.
The London Hospital is now in direct communication by rail and tram with all parts of the Metropolis.

NORMAN CHEYERS, M.D., Principal.

OWENS COLLEGE, MANCHESTER.—The NEXT

SESSION will commence, in the Department of Arts, Science, and Law, on October 7; in the Medical Department, on October 1; and in the various Classes on October 7. Candidates for admission must not be under Fourteen years of age; and in the Arts and Science Department those under Sixteen will be required to pass a preliminary Examination in English, Arithmetic, and Elementary Latin.—Prospectuses of the several Departments may be obtained from Mr. CORSHAM, Piccadilly, and other Booksellers in Manchester, and at the College.
J. HOLME NICHOLSON, Registrar.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON.

SESSION 1879–80.
The SESSION of the FACULTIES of MEDICINE, of ARTS and LAWS, and of SCIENCE, will begin on October 1. Instruction is provided for WOMEN in all Subjects taught in the Faculties of Arts and Laws and of Science.

The SCHOOL for BOYS, between the ages of Seven and Sixteen, will RE-OPEN on September 23.

Prospectuses, and Copies of the Regulations relating to the Entrance and other Exhibitions, Scholarships, &c. (value about £2,000), may be obtained from the College, Gower Street, W.C.

The Examinations for the Entrance Exhibitions will be held on September 25 and 26.

The College is close to the Gower Street Station of the Metropolitan Railway.

TALFOURD ELY, M.A., Secretary.

UNIVERSITY HALL, Gordon Square, W.C.—STUDENTS

and Selected CANDIDATES for the Indian Civil Service, attending Classes at University College, London, reside in the Hall under Collegiate discipline.—Particulars as to fees, rent of rooms, &c., may be obtained on application to the PRINCIPAL, or the SECRETARY, at the Hall.

E. A. WURTZBURG, Secretary.

MALVERN COLLEGE.

The NEXT TERM will begin on Monday, September 22.

LEAMINGTON COLLEGE.

Preparation for the Universities, Army, Civil Service, Commerce.—Apply to the Rev. Dr. WOOD, Head-Master.

BRIGHTON COLLEGE.

The NEXT TERM will commence on Tuesday, September 23.

F. W. MADDEN, M.R.A.S., Secretary.

SOMERSETSHIRE COLLEGE, BATH.

Head-Master.—T. M. BROMLEY, M.A., Merton College, Oxford. The NEXT TERM begins on Saturday, September 20.

TRENT COLLEGE.

ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIP.
For particulars apply to the SECRETARY, Trent College, near Nottingham.

ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE, CHARDSTOCK, Dorset.

WINTER TERM begins September 19. Scholarships. Seaside Home for Vacations at Bournemouth. Reduced school Fees.—H. M. ROBINSON, D.D., Head-Master.

CARSHALTON HOUSE SCHOOL, Surrey.—BOYS carefully

prepared for Civil and Military Examinations.

DOVER COLLEGE.—Board, £45 a year. Tuition, from 10 to 15 Guineas a year. The NEXT TERM begins September 17.—Apply to the Rev. W. BELL, M.A., the Head-Master, or W. KNOCK, Esq., the Honorary Secretary.

UNITED SERVICES PROPRIETARY COLLEGE, WESTWARD HO! N. Devon, on the Coast (with the approval of H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge). The instruction follows in the main the usual Public School curriculum; but provision is made for the complete preparation of Pupils for Civil and Military Examinations. Two passed direct from the School into Woolwich this July. Boys can be left at the School all the year round. There is a Junior School attached, for Boys between Seven and Twelve, to prepare them for the College or other Public Schools.—Further information from the HEAD-MASTER.

S. MARTIN'S GRAMMAR SCHOOL, SCARBOROUGH, offers exceptional health advantages, direct personal supervision, and a High-class Education by experienced Graduates of high standing, on strictly moderate terms.—Apply for particulars, honours list, &c., to the Rev. the HEAD-MASTER.

INDIA CIVIL SERVICE, &c., EXAMINATIONS.—Messrs. W. WREN, M.A., Christ's Coll., and the Rev. H. P. GURNEY, M.A., Fellow of Clare Coll., Cambridge, prepare Resident and Daily PUPILS for the I.C.S. and other Competitive Examinations. Eleven of the Candidates selected in the recent Examination for I.C.S. were their Pupils. Also the Candidate who passed First in the last competition for Home C.S. (May 1879), to whom reference can be made, as well as to the friends of many pupils who have passed for the Army, Ceylon C.S., Cooper's Hill College, &c.—3 Powis Square, W.

THE PHILBERDS PREPARATORY SCHOOL (near MAIDENHEAD).—BOYS are specially prepared for the Scholarship and Entrance Examinations at all the Public Schools, also for the Naval Cadetship Examination. In the New House a JUNIOR PREPARATORY SCHOOL has been established for quite LITTLE BOYS.—For full information apply to the Rev. the HEAD-MASTER.

SOUTHBOROUGH, TUNBRIDGE WELLS. PREPARATION for the PUBLIC SCHOOLS and ROYAL NAVY. Head-Master—J. W. H. STOBART, B.A., Worcester College, Oxford, First-class Law Assisted by two Resident Masters, Graduates in Honours of Oxford and Cambridge. Fees, 100 Guineas.—Prospectus on application.

WIMBLEDON SCHOOL.—This School affords especial means of preparation for the different Military Competitive appointments. An unusually large Staff of Masters enables each Pupil to receive complete individual instruction and attention. During the past year TWENTY successful Candidates PASSED direct from this School into the Artillery and Infantry. The NEXT TERM commences on September 2. For further information apply to the Rev. the HEAD-MASTERS, Wimbledon School, Surrey.

PREPARATION for the PUBLIC SCHOOLS, &c.—A CLERGYMAN (late Public School Tutor), residing in a pleasant part of Yorkshire, assisted by an able resident Tutor, receives about TWELVE PUPILS, from Seven to Fourteen years of age. The Principal himself always accompanies his Boys in their walks and takes part in their games; his wife pays the closest attention to their health, comfort, and happiness. Thorough grounding and individual teaching. Terms, £30 or £35 a year.—Address, CLERKING, Leyland, Greenhill Road, Hampstead, London.

THE Rev. F. CALDER, Rector of Wingerworth, Chesterfield, late Head-Master of Chesterfield Grammar School, wishes to receive, about September, TWO PUPILS, to prepare for the Universities.

ST. LEONARD'S-ON-SEA.—The Rev. H. J. GRAHAM, M.A. Oxon, receives PUPILS to prepare for the Public Schools. Large house on high ground, Cricket Field adjoining the Sea, and use of Sea-water Swimming Bath and Gymnasium. Terms, for Boys under Ten, 50 Guineas; above Ten, 100 Guineas.—Address, the Mount Lodge, St. Leonard's-on-Sea.

HILLSIDE SCHOOL, WEST MALVERN.—The Rev. EDWARD FORD, M.A., of St. John's College, Cambridge, assisted by his two Sons and by able Masters, prepares BOYS for the Public Schools, Universities, and Universities. References: Rev. Dr. VAUGHAN, Master of the Temple, &c.—Full particulars, and view of School, forwarded on application.

A MARRIED GRADUATE, of Cambridge, First Class Honours, receives BOYS from Nine to Fourteen, to prepare for the Public Schools or otherwise. Large Country House and Grounds, close to London. Terms reasonable, and according to age. Several Vacancies for next Term, beginning September 9.—Address, the Rev. S. R., Chiswick Library, Chiswick.

ARMY EXAMINATIONS, COOPER'S HILL COLLEGE, &c.—Rev. Dr. WIGLEY, M.A. Cambridge, formerly Professor of Mathematics at R. M. C., Addiscombe, Prepares Resident and Daily PUPILS, by whom on several occasions the highest places have been obtained. Pupils assemble on September 1.—Address, 67 High Street, Clapham, S.W.

SANDHURST and WOOLWICH.—Rev. Dr. HUGHES, Wrang. Cam., who has passed nearly 400 Pupils, has a VACANCY. Number received about Twelve.—Castlebar Court, Ealing, W.

OXFORD MATRICULATION.—A MARRIED M.A., Rector of a small Country Parish near Oxford, prepares a limited number of PUPILS for Matriculation. Satisfactory references.—Address, Rev. A. W., Ch. Ch., Oxford.

WOOLWICH, LINE, CIVIL SERVICE, and other EXAMINATIONS.—Apply to Mr. ALFRED TUCKER, Salamis Lee Park, Lee, S.E.

UNIVERSITIES.—MILITARY and other EXAMINATIONS. R. D. BEASLEY, M.A., Sixth Wrangler 1853, late Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, Twenty-one years Head-Master of Crantham School, Old Kesteven, receives PUPILS into his house to prepare for the above.—The Parsonage, Whitechurch, Hants.

PREPARATION for the UNIVERSITIES, for the Naval, Military, East Indian, and Civil Services, for the Preliminary Examinations for the Legal and Medical Professions, and for Mercantile and other pursuits, under the direction of the Principal, the Rev. E. B. ALDER, M.A., late Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. The MICHAELMAS TERM commences on September 10. Particulars as to Cadetships, Exhibitions, Scholarships, Prizes, Medals, Terms, successes of former Pupils, &c., may be obtained of the SECRETARY.

By order of the Council, ALFRED EAMES, Secretary.

ROYAL NAVAL SCHOOL, New Cross, S.E., August 1879.

TO MILITIA OFFICERS and CANDIDATES for COMPETITIVE EXAMINATIONS.—Captain CHAWNER (late 7th Regiment) has a few VACANCIES. Terms on application and references.—The Manor House, Newton Valence, Alton, Hants.

ARMY EXAMINATIONS.—Professor PRITCHARD (late R. M. Academy, Woolwich) has been SUCCESSFUL this year with Five-sixths of his Pupils. Wargrave, Henley-on-Thames.

SCHOOL for BOYS, age Five to Thirteen.—Recommended by the Rev. Dr. Jex-Blake, Head-Master of Rugby; the Rev. Dr. Duckworth, Canon of Westminster; the Rev. Dr. Abbott, Head-Master of the City of London School, 22 Abbey Road, N.W.—For terms apply to Rugby House, 77 Avenue Road, Regent's Park. The NEXT TERM begins September 20.

CLASSES for the SONS of GENTLEMEN, 64 Kensington Gardens Square, Hyde Park, W. The AUTUMN TERM will begin September 16. Boarders return the previous day. Principals, MISS BAILEY and Fraulein NEUHOFF.

EDUCATIONAL OPPORTUNITY.—Fifty Guineas a year.—There will be Two Vacancies next Term, commencing September 20, in a high-class School at the West End. To fill these, TWO YOUNG LADIES will be received at the above reduced terms, which include English, French, German, and Music, by resident certificated English and Foreign Governesses. Highest references. Usual Terms, 100 Guineas.—Address, B. F., care of Mr. Young, Chemist, New Brompton, Herts.

MISS SIBLEY receives TWELVE RESIDENT PUPILS, who receive home comforts and careful supervision. A High-class Education guaranteed. Pupils prepared for the Oxford and Cambridge Examinations, Resident English and Foreign Certificated Governesses. Professors of eminence attend. References kindly permitted to Messrs. Wren and Gurney, 42 Powis Square, Bayswater, W. AUTUMN TERM commences September 30.—For Prospectus apply to Miss SIBLEY, 59 Linden Gardens, Kensington Gardens, W.

TRAVELLING TUTOR.—Address, Rev. W. C. BISHOP, Jun., Emmanuel College, Cambridge.

ARMY EXAMINATIONS, SANDHURST, WOOLWICH, and UNIVERSITIES.—Messrs. ASKIN and GABBITAS will be happy to forward gratis PROSPECTUSES and information of successful TUTORs. References kindly allowed to the Chaplain-General to the Forces and others.—3A, Saville Street, Piccadilly, W.

SEDBERGH GRAMMAR SCHOOL.—HEAD-MASTER-SHIP.—This School has been reformed under a Scheme of the Endowed Schools Commission, and is to be a Classical School of the First Grade.

The Governors will now appoint a HEAD-MASTER.

The Stipend of the Head-Master is thus regulated by the Scheme: The Head-Master shall receive a fixed Stipend of £200 a year. He shall also receive head money calculated on such a scale, uniform or graduated, as may be agreed upon between himself and the Governors, being at the rate of not less than £1, nor more than £5, a year for each Boy. N.B.—The head money is for the present fixed at £4 per Scholar in the School.

The Head-Master will have the use of the Head-Master's house, which is capable of accommodating forty Boarders. There are also two other Boarding-houses, one to accommodate forty Boarders, the other thirty.

In addition to the former School, which has been thoroughly remodelled, new class-rooms are ready for use. The Governors will from time to time fix the payments for Boarders, which, exclusive of Tuition Fee, cannot under the Scheme exceed £25 yearly. The Governors now sanction the full charge of £35 yearly.

The Head-Master must be a Graduate of some University within the British Empire.

Each Candidate is requested to state his age, his University and College, the year in which he graduated, and (with precision) his place in the Class List, and if married or single.

Preference will be given to Candidates whose age does not exceed Thirty-five.

Applicants are requested to send their Testimonials to Mr. W. ROBINSON, Solicitor, Sedburgh, Yorkshire, Clerk to the Governors, not later than October 1, 1879.

Candidates can be furnished with copies of the Scheme on application.

Sedburgh, August 25, 1879.

A LADY, who can give thoroughly satisfactory references, offers her services as RESIDENT COMPANION without salary, in some Lady requiring a great deal of Reading aloud.—Address, A. Z., Scadding's Library, Belgrave Road, S.W.

AS SECRETARY, or as STEWARD of an Estate.—ADVERTISER has had great business and legal experience, and is capable of superintending all kinds of property.—Address, A. B., 26 Ellington Street, Liverpool Road, N.

A LITERARY MAN, Clergyman, or Student, may find a most desirable HOME in a Gentleman's Family, resident in one of the best Squares near the British Museum.—Apply, by letter only, S. R., Mr. G. Osborne, 15 Catherine Street, Strand.

ISLE of WIGHT.—A charming RESIDENCE, on the South Coast, to be SOLD or LET. The house, which is at present furnished, is approached by a carriage drive of half a mile from the turnpike road from Ventnor to Freshwater Bay. The grounds are well wooded, and the house is situated in the Class List, and if married or single. Preference will be given to Candidates whose age does not exceed Thirty-five. Applicants are requested to send their Testimonials to Mr. W. ROBINSON, Solicitor, Sedburgh, Yorkshire, Clerk to the Governors, not later than October 1, 1879. Candidates can be furnished with copies of the Scheme on application. Sedburgh, August 25, 1879.

MIDLAND RAILWAY.—TOURIST ARRANGEMENTS, 1879.—FIRST and THIRD CLASS TOURIST TICKETS, available for Two Months, will be issued from May 1 to October 31, 1879. For Particulars, see Time Tables and Programmes, issued by the Company. Derby, April 1879. JAMES ALLPORT, General Manager.

HOTELS.

BRIGHTON.—BEDFORD HOTEL.—Facing Sea and Esplanade. Near the West Pier. Central and quiet. Long established. Suites of Rooms. Spacious Coffee-room for Ladies and Gentlemen. Sea-water Service in the Hotel. BENJN. BULL, Manager.

MARGATE.—CARLTON HOTEL, facing Sea; Bed, Break-fast, Lunch, Dinner, or Tea, by Hotel List. Weekly Boarders, £4 4s.; Two, one Bed, 47s. Estimates for Families. Attendance free. ROBERT KERR, Proprietor.

THE ILFRACOMBE HOTEL is on the Sea-shore, in its own Picturesque Grounds of five acres. It contains 250 Rooms, and is fitted with every sanitary improvement which science could suggest. Charges fixed and moderate. Table-d'ôte daily. Every information of the MANAGER. Tourist Tickets to Ilfracombe, for Two Months, are issued at all principal Railway Stations in England.

DENTS CATALOGUE, New Edition, Illustrated, and de-scribing several hundred varieties of WATCHES, CHRONOMETERS, CLOCKS, &c., will be forwarded free on application to 61 Strand, or 34 and 35 Royal Exchange, London.

WILLIAM S. BURTON, 39 OXFORD STREET, W., &c., &c.

THE PERFECT SUBSTITUTE for SILVER.—The Real NICKEL SILVER, when strongly SILVER PLATED, cannot be distinguished from Silver. With ordinary usage this quality will wear twenty years.

Best Quality Strongly Plated.	Fiddle or Old Silver.	Head or Thread.	King's or Shell.
12 Table Forks.....	£ s. d. 1 10 .	£ s. d. 2 1 .	£ s. d. 2 5 .
12 Table Spoons.....	1 10 .	2 1 .	2 5 .
12 Dessert Forks.....	1 2 .	1 9 .	1 11 .
12 Dessert Spoons.....	1 2 .	1 9 .	1 11 .
12 Tea Spoons.....	1 14 .	1 12 .	1 13 6
6 Egg Spoons, gilt bowls.....	9 .	8 .	9 .
2 Sauce Ladles.....	6 .	8 .	9 .
1 Gravy Spoon.....	6 .	8 .	9 .
2 Salt Spoons, gilt bowls.....	3 .	4 .	4 6
1 Mustard Spoon, gilt bowl.....	1 6 .	2 .	2 3
1 Pair of Sugar Tongs.....	2 6 .	3 6 .	4 .
1 Butter Knife.....	2 9 .	3 6 .	3 9
1 Soup Ladle.....	9 .	11 .	12 .
1 Sugar Sifter.....	3 .	4 .	4 .
Total.....	8 9 .	10 16 0	11 16 0

A Second Quality of Fiddle Pattern Table Spoons or Forks, 25s. per doz. Dessert, 17s. Tea Spoons, 12s. Samples at above rates post free.

TEA and COFFEE SETS, silver-plated, from £3 15s. to £21. Dish Covers, silver-plated, from £7 to £24 the set of four. Corner Dishes, silver-plated, from £7 2s. 6d. to £18 15s. the set of four. Biscuit Boxes, silver-plated, 10s. 6d. to £5 10s.; Cruet Frames, silver-plated, from £2s. to £10 10s. Carriage paid to any Railway Station.

WILLIAM S. BURTON, GENERAL FURNISHING IRONMONGER, by appointment to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. Catalogues containing 500 Illustrations, post free.

HEAL & SON

Have on Show the largest Stock in London of

BEDROOM FURNITURE.

HEAL & SON'S CATALOGUE, with 450 Designs of Bedsteads and Bedroom Furniture, with Price List of Bedding, sent free by post.

195, 196, 197, 198 TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON, W.

FURNISH YOUR HOUSE or APARTMENTS

THROUGHOUT on MOEDER'S HIRE SYSTEM. The original, best, and most liberal. Cash Price; no Extra Charge for time given. Large, useful Stock to select from. Illustrated priced Catalogue, with Terms, post free.—215, 216, and 217 Tottenham Court Road, and 19, 20, and 21 Morwell Street, W.C. Established 1862.

ROSE'S LIME JUICE CORDIAL.

Prepared from the Lime Fruit.

Entirely free of Alcohol.

A Wholesome Family Beverage.

A delicious Cooling Drink in Water.

An excellent Stimulant blended with Spirits.

Highly Medicinal, cooling and purifying

the Blood, assisting Digestion.

Is recommended by the "Lancet."

WHOLESALE STORES—11 CURTAIN ROAD, LONDON.

ROBE'S LIME JUICE CORDIAL

LIFE ASSURANCES, &c.

IMPERIAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.
Established 1808.—1 OLD BROAD STREET, E.C.; and 16 & 17 PALL MALL, S.W.
CAPITAL, £1,600,000. PAID-UP AND INVESTED, £700,000.

E. COZENS SMITH, General Manager.

PHENIX FIRE OFFICE.
LOMBARD STREET AND CHANCERY CROSS, LONDON.—ESTABLISHED 1782.

Prompt and liberal Loss Settlements.
Insurances effected in all parts of the World.

JOHN J. BROOMFIELD, Secretary.

NORTHERN FIRE and LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.
ESTABLISHED 1836.

OFFICE IN LONDON—1 MOORGATE STREET.

Capital	£3,000,000
Fire Revenue	£25,000
Life Revenue	157,800
Accumulated Funds (December 31, 1878)	£2,291,000.

Insurances effected in all parts of the World.

A. P. FLETCHER, General Manager.

THE AGRA BANK, Limited.—Established in 1833.
CAPITAL £1,000,000.

HEAD OFFICE—NICHOLAS LANE, LOMBARD STREET, LONDON.
BRANCHES IN Edinburgh, Calcutta, Bombay, Madras, Kurrachee, Agra, Lahore, Shanghai, Hong Kong.

Current Accounts are kept at the Head Office on the Terms customary with London Bankers, and Interest allowed when the Credit Balance does not fall below £100.

Deposits received for fixed periods on the following terms, viz.:
At 5 per cent. per ann., subject to 12 months' Notice of Withdrawal.

For shorter periods Deposits will be received on terms to be agreed upon.
Bills issued at the current exchange of the day on any of the Branches of the Bank, free of extra charge; and Approved Bills purchased or sent for collection.

Sales and Purchases effected in British and Foreign Securities, in East India Stock and Loans, and the safe custody of the same undertaken.

Interest drawn, and Army, Navy, and Civil Pay and Pensions realized.
Every other description of Banking Business and Money Agency, British and Indian, transacted.

J. THOMSON, Chairman.

UNION BANK of AUSTRALIA.
Established 1837.

Paid-up Capital	£1,487,500
Reserve Fund	800,000

LETTERS OF CREDIT, and BILLS ON DEMAND or at Thirty Days' Sight, are granted on the Bank's Branches throughout Australia and New Zealand.

BILLS on the COLONIES are negotiated and sent for collection.
DEPOSITS are received at notice, and for fixed periods, on terms which may be ascertained on application.

1 Bank Buildings, Lothbury, London, E.C. W. R. MEWBURN, Manager.

COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE.—PIESSE & LUBIN have the honour to announce that they have, under "special command," made a new and exquisite Bouquet pour le Mouchoir, named THE COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE. Sold in Bottles, 2s. 6d., 5s., 7s., at all fashionable Druggists and Perfumers in the principal Cities of the World.

Distilled at the Laboratory of Flowers, 2 New Bond Street, London.

WILLS' "WESTWARD HO!" NEW SMOKING MIXTURE.

"When all things were made, none was made better than Tobacco: to be a lone man's Companion, a bachelor's Friend, a hungry man's Food, a sad man's Cordial, a wakeful man's Sleep, and a chilly man's Fire. There's no Herb like it under the canopy of heaven."—*Kingsley's "Westward Ho!"* In 1oz., 2oz., & 4oz. packets, lined with tinfoil.

WILLS, W. D. & H. O.

MR. ERASMUS WILSON, F.R.S.
Writes in the "Journal of Cutaneous Medicine,"

"PEARS' TRANSPARENT SOAP
Is of the nicest and most careful manufacture, and the most refreshing and agreeable of balms for the Skin."
SOLD EVERYWHERE.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS.

"THE fresh and splendid distinction of a Gold Medal, now given in 1878."—*Paris Correspondent of the Daily Telegraph.*

FEY'S COCOA EXTRACT.
Guaranteed pure Cocoa only, deprived of the superfluous oil. Sold in Packets and Tins.

ELLIS'S RUTHIN WATERS.

ELLIS'S PURE AERATED RUTHIN WATERS.
ELLIS'S RUTHIN WATERS.—"Absolutely pure."—See Analyses, sent post free on application.

ELLIS'S RUTHIN WATERS.—Soda, Potass, Seltzer, Lemonade, Lithia, and also Water without Alkali.

ELLIS'S RUTHIN WATERS.—For Gout, Lithia Water, and Lithia and Potass Water.

ELLIS'S RUTHIN WATERS.—Corks branded "R. Ellis & Son, Ruthin." Every label bears Trade Mark.

ELLIS'S RUTHIN WATERS.—Sold everywhere. Wholesale—R. ELLIS & SON, Ruthin, North Wales. London Agents—W. BEST & SONS, Henrietta Street, Cavendish Square.

DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA.—The best remedy for Acidity of the Stomach, Heartburn, Headache, Gout, and Indigestion.

DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA.—The Safest and most gentle Aperient for Delicate Constitutions, Ladies, Children, and Infants.

OF ALL CHEMISTS.

BOOKS, &c.

MUDIE'S SELECT LIBRARY.—NEW BOOKS.—See

MUDIE'S LIBRARY CIRCULAR for SEPTEMBER. Among the latest Books are Canon Farrar's *Life and Work of St. Paul*; *Memoirs of Mrs. Tait*; and every other recent Work of general interest. Fresh Copies are added as the demand increases, and an ample supply is provided of all the principal forthcoming Books as they appear. First-class Subscription, Three Guineas per annum and upwards, according to the number of volumes required. Book Societies, Town and Village Libraries, and Literary Institutions supplied on liberal terms.

MUDIE'S SELECT LIBRARY.—CHEAP BOOKS.—See

MUDIE'S CLEARANCE CATALOGUE for SEPTEMBER. This Catalogue contains *The Life of the Prince Consort*, *Fanny Kemble's Recollections*, *Mrs. Bracey's Voyage Round the World*, *The Life of Charles Kingsley*, *Buch's Bismarck*, *Life of Mrs. Jameson*, *Seely's Life and Times of Stein*, *Hooker's Tour in Morocco*, *Philochristus*, and more than Three Thousand other Popular Works in History, Biography, Religion, Philosophy, Travel, and Adventure, and the Higher Class of Fiction, at the lowest current prices, and is especially commended to the attention of Librarians and Secretaries of Public Institutions, and other large purchasers of modern Books.

MUDIE'S SELECT LIBRARY.—NOTICE.—All the Books

in Circulation or on Sale at MUDIE'S SELECT LIBRARY may also be obtained, with the least possible delay, by all Subscribers to MUDIE'S MANCHESTER LIBRARY, BARTON ARCADE, MANCHESTER (one Minute's Walk from the Exchange).

Mudie's Select Library, Limited, New Oxford Street. City Office, 3 King Street, Cheapside.

THE UNITED LIBRARIES, 307 Regent Street, W.

Subscriptions from One Guinea to any amount, according to the supply required. All the best New Books, English, French, and German, immediately on publication. Prospectuses, with Lists of New Publications, gratis and post free.
* * * A Clearance Catalogue of Surplus Books offered for Sale at greatly Reduced Prices may also be had free on application.

BOOTH'S, CHURTON'S, HODGSON'S, and SAUNDERS & OTLEY'S United Libraries, 307 Regent Street, near the Polytechnic.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW.—The following NUMBERS

of THE SATURDAY REVIEW are required, for which 6d. each will be given, viz.: 10, 74, 75, 76, 81, 88, 91, 102, 689, and 771 (clean copies)—at the Office, 38 Southampton Street, Strand, W.C.

FRASER'S MAGAZINE, SEPTEMBER 1879.
No. DXCVII. NEW SERIES CXVII. Price 2s. 6d.

Edited by Dr. JOHN TULLOCH, Principal in the University of St. Andrews.

CONTENTS:—
MARY ANFLET: A YORKSHIRE TALE. By R. D. BLACKMORE. CHAPTER XI.—DR. UPDOWN. XII.—IN A LANE, NOT ALONE. XIII.—GRUMBING AND GROWING.

MR. FROUDE'S CESAR. By PROFESSOR W. Y. SELLAR.
MY JOURNAL IN THE HOLY LAND. By MRS. BRASSEY.

TENANT RIGHT IN IRELAND.
CHENEYS AND THE HOUSE OF RUSSELL. By J. A. FROUDE.

IN THE CORSICAN HIGHLANDS. By THE HON. RODEN NOEL.
A HUNGARIAN EPISODE: ZIGZAG MUSIC. By THE AUTHOR OF "FLEMISH INTERIORS."

HOLIDAY TRAVEL BOOKS.
THE CLOSE OF THE SESSION.

London, LONGMANS & Co.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE for SEPTEMBER 1879.
No. DCCLXVII. 2s. 6d.

CONTENTS:—
SYRIA.—AMONG THE DRUSES.

BEATA; OR, WHAT'S IN A NAME. Part VI.
GODFREY'S WHITE QUEEN. Conclusion.

THE PRIZE FRENCH NOVEL.
RUFUS HICKMAN OF ST. BOTOLPH'S.

THE REVIEW OF THE SESSION.
WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS, Edinburgh and London.

Now ready, No. CCXXXVII. 1s.

THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE for SEPTEMBER. With
Illustrations by George Du Maurier and W. Small.

CONTENTS:—
WHITE WINGS: a Yachting Romance. With an Illustration. Chapter 8. Plots and Counterplots. Chapter 9. A Wild Studio. Chapter 10. "Dunvegan!—Oh! Dunvegan!"

BISHOP ATTERBURY.
DULCE EST DESPERARE. (A Latin Student's Song of the Twelfth Century.)

By J. A. SYMONDS.
THE COUNTERESS'S RUBY. Part II.

THE STORY OF THE REGISTERERS.
OXFORD IN THE LONG VACATION.

THE DANCE OF DEATH IN ITALIAN ART.
HER CUCKOO. By FREDERICK LOCKER.

MADEMOISELLE DE MERSAC. With an Illustration. Chapter 20. On the Road to La Trappe. Chapter 21. An Unromantic Parting.

London: SMITH, ELDER, & Co., 15 Waterloo Place.

Price 2s. 6d.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY
For SEPTEMBER (1879).

RECREATION. By GEORGE J. ROMANES.
A DIALOGUE ON HUMAN HAPPINESS. By W. H. MALLOCK.

CLERICAL EDUCATION IN FRANCE. By EDMOND ABOUT.
CHARLES TENNYSON TURNER. By JAMES SPEDDING.

THE GOD OF ISRAEL: a History. By JOSEPH JACOBS.
THE POLITICAL NOVELS OF LORD BEACONFIELD. By T. E. KEBBEL.

NOTES BY THE WAY IN INDIA: the Land and the People. III. By JAMES CAIRD, C.B., F.R.S.

A CAGLIOSTRO OF THE SECOND CENTURY. By JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE.
THE PUBLIC INTEREST IN AGRICULTURAL REFORM. Concluded. By WILLIAM E. BEAR (Editor of the "Mark Lane Express").

C. KEGAN PAUL & CO., LONDON.

Now ready, 1s.

SCRIBNER'S ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.
CONTENTS for SEPTEMBER:

SANDY HOOK. GEORGE HODGKINS. I W. S. GILBERT. KATE FIELD.
THE UNIVERSITY OF ROME. HJALMAR HJORTH BOYSEN.

CONFIDENCE. HENRY JAMES, JUN.
BRAZIL. IV. An American Home on the Amazon. HERBERT H. SMITH.

FOUR-LEAF CLOVER. JENNIE E. T. DOWE.
SIGNS AND SYMBOLS. FRANK B. MAYER.

MY LORD FAIRFAX OF VIRGINIA. CONSTANCE CAREY HARRISON.
A POOR MOTHER. MARY AINGON DE VEBE.

ENGLISH SPELLING AND SPELLING REFORM. I. T. R. LOUSABURY.
THE ART SCHOOLS OF PHILADELPHIA. WILLIAM C. BROWNELL.

DESTINY. EMMA LAZARUS.
SCRIBNER for SEPTEMBER contains Seventy high-class Illustrations.

FREDERICK WARNE & Co., Bedford Street, Strand.

CONCERNING ST. PAUL'S.—See THE BUILDER; Views

of London Leather Exchange, and New Synagogue, Paris—Architecture of Schools—Dragon Worship—Gleanings after Gladstone—Water Supply Question—Hendon and Harrow—A Saxan Church—British Archaeological Association—British Association, &c. 4d.; by post, 4d.

46 Catherine Street. And all Newsmen.

In 1 vol. post 8vo. with 12 Illustrations, price 12s. 6d.

WINTERING in the RIVIERA; with Notes of Travel in
Italy and France, and Practical Hints to Travellers. By WILLIAM MILLER, S.S.C. Edinburgh.

London, LONGMANS & Co.

UNITED STATES AND CANADA GUIDE.
The Sixth Edition, with numerous Illustrations and Maps, in small crown 8vo. price 7s. 6d. red cloth, red edges.

THE ENGLISHMAN'S ILLUSTRATED GUIDE-BOOK to
the UNITED STATES and CANADA, for the use of British Tourists and Settlers visiting those Countries; with full Information as to the best Routes of Travel, most Attractive Scenery, Sporting and Fishing Grounds, Recommendable Hotels, Fares, Prices, &c.

London, LONGMANS & Co.

13 GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

HURST & BLACKETT'S NEW NOVELS.

FALSE HEARTS and TRUE. By Mrs. ALEXANDER FRASER, Author of "A Fatal Passion," &c. 3 vols.

THE HONOURABLE ELLA. By the Earl of DESART, Author of "Kelverdale," &c. 3 vols.

"A brilliant and most powerful novel, which is sure to command wide circulation. The interest is absorbing."—*Post*.

ROSE MERVYN. By ANNE BEALE, Author of "Fay Arlington," &c. 3 vols.

"A clever and readable novel."—*d Times*.

MADON LEMOINE. By Mrs. LEITH ADAMS, Author of "Winetown," &c. 3 vols.

"In many ways a book of exceptional power. Mrs. Adams has humour and she has pathos, and both are well employed. Her figures are studies from the life."—*Fall Mail Gazette*.

GODWYN'S ORDEAL. By Mrs. J. K. SPENDER, Author of "Parted Lives," &c. 3 vols. [Next week.]

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW, for SEPTEMBER.

THE COMING LAND QUESTION. By J. BOYD KINNEAR.
THE NEW PSYCHOLOGY. By W. L. COURTNEY.
GERMAN POLITICS. By H. TUTTLE.
MAXIMS OF WISDOM. By G. A. SIMCOX.
THE PRESENT STATE OF CHINA. By HERBERT GILES.
TWO MEN OF LETTERS. By GEORGE SAINTSBURY.
THE WAGE FUND THEORY. By HENRY SIDGWICK.
MACDONALD. By J. KINNAIRD ROSE.
HOME AND FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

NEW WORK ON THE MODERN REVOLUTION.

EUROPE and ASIA: Discussions of the Eastern Question in Travels through Independent, Turkish, and Austrian Illyria. With a Politico-Ethnographical Map. By JOHN S. STUART-GLENNIE, M.A., Barrister-at-Law. Demy 8vo. 14s.

"It is impossible not to admire the boldness, industry, ingenuity, originality, and evident sincerity of the author; and his book is the result of much reading and thought, and displays considerable insight and ability."—*Spectator*.
"The book will well repay perusal for the solid information it contains on a variety of questions which interest the student of international politics. The facts are valuable and lucidly stated, even if some of the conclusions seem strained, and others altogether erroneous."—*Globe*.

MONTH in YORKSHIRE. By WALTER WHITE. Fifth Edition, post 8vo. with a Map, 4s.

LONDONER'S WALK to the LAND'S END, and A TRIP to the SCILLY ISLES. By WALTER WHITE. Third Edition, post 8vo. with 4 Maps, 4s.

NEW NOVELS.

JOHN CALDIGATE. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE. 3 vols.

SIDONIE. By Mrs. COMPTON READE, Authoress of "Rose and Rue," 3 vols.

THE LADY of OAKMERE; or, Lost Lives. By CHARLES DURANT, Author of "Wynyard of High Wynyard," 3 vols.

"This is a clever book, written in a style that is always vigorous, and sometimes even becomes brilliant."—*Spectator*.
"A strong and dramatic element pervades 'The Lady of Oakmere.'.....Much of the conversation is brilliant."—*Whitchell Review*.

THE SWINTONS of WANDALE. By J. CRAWFORD SCOTT. 3 vols.

"The Swintons of Wandale" is more than a readable story."—*Athenaeum*.
"It is so very different in tone from many novels written to-day that it comes on the reader with an impression of a certain return on former ways of thinking and feeling, something fresher, simpler, more natural and bright. Janet Swinton, with her sharp tongue and her warm heart, is a charming creation. The Scotch scenes, drawn from the life, are excellently true to life. The whole book is amusing, without any forced facetiousness; some portions indeed are touched with true pathos."—*Daily News*.

CHAPMAN & HALL, 193 PICCADILLY, W.

Now publishing, to be completed in Four Parts, each containing 15 Plates, Imperial 4to. 10s. 6d. per Part nett.

Parts I. and II. now ready: Part III. will be issued in October; and the concluding Part, with which will be given Introductory and descriptive Letterpress, Title, List of Plates, &c. before the close of the year.

A GRAMMAR of JAPANESE ORNAMENT and DESIGN. Illustrated by 60 Plates, some in colours and gold, representing all classes of Natural and Conventional Forms; the examples having been specially collected, arranged, and drawn by THOMAS W. CUTLER, F.R.I.B.A.

Orders to be sent direct to

B. T. BATSFORD, 52 HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON.

NEW SERIES.

TALES from "BLACKWOOD." No. XVII. is published this day, price 1s. containing:

GUY NEVILLE'S GHOST.
THE GREAT UNKNOWN.
THE EASTER TRIP OF TWO OCHLOPHOBISTS.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS, Edinburgh and London.

Now ready, Fifty-second Edition, 2s.

THE CHILD'S GUIDE to KNOWLEDGE. By A LADY. The Original Authorized Edition, brought down to the Present Time. London: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, & CO.

To be had of all Booksellers, 4s. 6d.

CONSUMPTION, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, and all other Diseases of the Respiratory Organs, with their Specific Treatment by Dr. CHURCHILL'S Hypophosphites and Inhalants. J. W. KOLCKMANN, 3 Langham Place, London, W.

RICHARD BENTLEY & SON'S LIST.

Now ready, at all Booksellers' and Railway Stations, 1s.

THE TEMPLE BAR MAGAZINE.

No. CCXXVI. for SEPTEMBER 1879.

CONTENTS:

1. PROBATION. Continued.
2. THE ZULU AT HOME.
3. HER FIRST APPEARANCE.
4. A FRENCH BOURNEMOUTH.
5. TWO PRESIDENTS OF MAGDALEN.
6. LOVE AND TIME.
7. BUNKETT'S LETTER.
8. OTWAY.
9. THE LARK.
10. VIVIAN THE BEAUTY. By Mrs. ANNIE EDWARDS, Author of "Ought We to Visit Her?" &c. Continued.

THE LIVES OF THE ARCHBISHOPS OF CANTERBURY.

NOTICE.—The Second and the Eleventh Volumes (New Series, Vol. VI.) of DEAN HOOK'S LIVES of the ARCHBISHOPS of CANTERBURY have been reprinted to enable purchasers of the other Volumes to complete their Sets.

Volume II. Anglo-Norman Period, 1070-1229, containing the Lives of Lanfranc, Anselm, Ralph of Escures, William of Corbeil, Theobald, Thomas à Becket, Richard the Norman, Baldwin, Reginald Fitzjocelin, Hubert Walter, and Stephen Langton, is now ready, to be obtained at all Booksellers', demy 8vo. 15s.

Volume XI. (N.S. VI.) Reformation Period, containing the Lives of Laud and Juxon, is now ready, to be obtained at all Booksellers', demy 8vo. 15s.

The other Volumes are all in print, and may be obtained as follows; Vol. I. 15s.; Vols. III. and IV., 30s.; Vol. V., 15s.; Vols. VI. and VII., 30s.; Vol. VIII., 15s.; Vol. IX., 15s.; Vol. X., 14s.

At all Booksellers'.

IN TENTS in the TRANSVAAL. By Mrs. HUTCHINSON. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

"Entertaining throughout, with admirable descriptions of the Boers."—*Saturday Review*.
"We have never read a more lively or graphic volume of travels."—*Spectator*.

NEW NOVELS AT ALL LIBRARIES.

NEW NOVEL BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADY GRIZEL."

MY LORDS of STROGUE. By the Hon. LEWIS WINGFIELD. 3 vols. crown 8vo.

"The personages, real and imaginary, are drawn with consummate power, and there have been few novels of recent years more distinguished by conscientious care and elaboration of a worthy subject."—*Daily Telegraph*.

MONSIEUR LOVE. By ETHEL COXON. 2 vols. crown 8vo.

NO SURRENDER. By ERNST WERNER, Author of "Under a Charm," "Success; and How He Won It," &c. 3 vols. crown 8vo.

"No Surrender" deserves the very warmest commendation; and it is so thoroughly well written that the reader who puts it down may be perfectly satisfied with it, and yet not know how clever it is; but if it be compared with the numerous other attempts at novel-writing, the difference becomes clear enough."—*Fauntleroy*.

THE AMBASSADOR EXTRAORDINARY. 3 vols. crown 8vo.

Also, immediately.

IN TWO YEARS' TIME. By ADA CAMBRIDGE. 2 vols. crown 8vo.

RICHARD BENTLEY & SON, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.

PUBLISHERS IN ORDINARY TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

New and Cheaper Illustrated Edition of the

COMPLETE WORKS OF W. M. THACKERAY.

In 24 Monthly Volumes, each 3s. 6d.

Now ready, 1 vol. crown 8vo. 3s. 6d., with Illustrations by the Author, Charles Keene, and M. Fitzgerald.

ROUNDOABOUT PAPERS.—To which is added THE SECOND FUNERAL OF NAPOLEON.

LONDON: SMITH, ELDER, & CO., 15 WATERLOO PLACE.

A SECOND EDITION IS NOW READY OF THE

NEW NOVEL BY THE AUTHORESS OF "COMIN' THRO' THE RYE," &c.

MY LADY GREEN SLEEVES.

3 vols.

"The admirers of Miss Helen Mather's writings will find in her latest production the qualities that secured their approbation for her former books displayed in great profusion."—*Daily News*.

LONDON: SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON, SEARLE, & RIVINGTON, CROWN BUILDINGS, 188 FLEET STREET, E.C.

Price 6d.

A SIMPLE CREED: the Confession of One who has Ceased to be a Christian.

London: C. WATTS, 21 Fleet Street, E.C.

COMPLETION OF
THE ÉDITION DE LUXE OF
THE WORKS
OF
W. M. THACKERAY.

In Twenty-four Volumes, Imperial 8vo.

CONTAINING

248 STEEL ENGRAVINGS, 1,473 WOOD
ENGRAVINGS, and 88 COLOURED
ILLUSTRATIONS.

The Publishers have the pleasure to announce the completion of this FINE EDITION of Mr. THACKERAY'S WORKS. In undertaking the venture they felt assured that such a publication, produced in the highest style of Art, and in which all other considerations have been made subsidiary to perfection and completeness, would be welcomed by the admirers of Mr. THACKERAY'S genius. They are glad to be able to state that the result has justified their expectations.

ALL the ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS by the AUTHOR, RICHARD DOYLE, FREDERICK WALKER, A.R.A., and GEORGE CRUIKSHANK have been retained; while to supply the ADDITIONAL ILLUSTRATIONS deemed desirable the Publishers have had the advantage of the skill of the following EMINENT ARTISTS:

J. E. MILLAIS, R.A.
LUKE FILDES, A.R.A.
Mrs. BUTLER (Miss Elizabeth Thompson).
GEORGE DU MAURIER.
JOHN LEECH.
FRANK DICKSEE.
LINLEY SAMBOURNE.
F. BARNARD.
E. J. WHEELER.
F. A. FRASER.

CHARLES KEENE.
R. B. WALLACE.
J. P. ATKINSON.
W. J. WEBB.
T. R. MACQUOID.
M. FITZGERALD.
W. RALSTON.
JOHN COLLIER.
H. FURNISS.
G. G. KILBURNE.

&c. &c.

The Illustrations (with the exception of those in colour) have been printed on REAL CHINA PAPER; the STEEL ENGRAVINGS by Messrs. J. H. and F. C. McQUEEN; and the WOOD ENGRAVINGS by Messrs. CLAY, SONS, & TAYLOR, who have also executed the Letterpress. The Paper has been specially made for it by Messrs. DICKINSON. The full beauty of the Illustrations can thus for the first time be appreciated; and this ÉDITION DE LUXE will find a place in ALL COLLECTIONS of RARE and CHOICE BOOKS. The FINAL VOLUME contains an ESSAY on the WRITINGS of W. M. THACKERAY by Mr. LESLIE STEPHEN.

The NUMBER of COPIES PRINTED is LIMITED to ONE THOUSAND, each copy being numbered. The mode of publication adopted is that of SUBSCRIPTION THROUGH BOOKSELLERS; and intending Subscribers can obtain of any Bookseller information regarding the Terms of Subscription.

LONDON: SMITH, ELDER, & CO.,
15 WATERLOO PLACE.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN & CO.'S
PUBLICATIONS.

Just ready, crown 8vo. with 2 Portraits, engraved by C. H. Jeens, 12s. 6d.

CATHARINE and CRAUFURD TAIT,
WIFE and SON of ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL, Archbishop of Canterbury: a Memoir, Edited, at the request of the Archbishop, by the Rev. W. BENHAM, B.D., Vicar of Margate, and One of the Six Preachers of Canterbury Cathedral.

NEW NOVEL BY THE AUTHOR OF "THAT LASS
O' LOWRIE'S."

"HAWORTH'S." By FRANCES H. BURNETT.
2 vols. crown 8vo. 21s. [This day.]

NEW NOVEL BY MRS. MACQUOID.

THE BERKSHIRE LADY. By Mrs. MACQUOID, Author of "Patty," &c. Crown 8vo. 10s. 6d. [This day.]

A RIDE in EGYPT, from Siout to Luxor, in 1879; with Notes on the Present State and Ancient History of the Nile Valley. By the Rev. W. J. LOFTIE. Crown 8vo. 10s. 6d. [Just ready.]

NEW VOLUME OF THE "GOLDEN TREASURY SERIES."

WORDSWORTH'S SELECT POEMS.
Edited, with Introduction, by MATTHEW ARNOLD. 18mo. 4s. 6d. [Just ready.]

NEW VOLUME OF THE "NATURE SERIES."

SEEING and THINKING. By the late Professor CLIFFORD, F.R.S. Crown 8vo. with Illustrations. [In a few days.]

STUDIES on FERMENTATION. — The Diseases of Beer: their Causes and the means of Preventing them. By L. PASTEUR. A Translation of "Études sur la Bière," with Notes, Illustrations, &c. By F. FAULKNER and D. C. ROBB, B.A. 8vo. [In October.]

EDUCATION: its Principles and Practice as developed by GEORGE COMBE, Author of "The Constitution of Man." Collated and Edited by WILLIAM JOLLY, H.M. Inspector of Schools. 8vo. with Portrait by Jeens, 15s.

"Carefully arranged, with an admirable index and table of contents, patches of explanation, innumerable references to the best and latest authors on matters connected with 'the great cause' it may almost be styled a Cyclopædia of Education. As it is, there is no guide more complete to the various educational problems and controversies of this generation and the last." — *Athenæum*.

NORTHWARD HO! By Capt. A. H. MARKHAM, R.N. Including a Narrative of Captain PHIPPS'S Expedition, by a Midshipman. Crown 8vo. with Illustrations, 10s. 6d.

"Captain Markham's interesting volume has the advantage of being written by a man who is practically conversant with the subject." *Full Malt Gazette*.

BALLADS and SONNETS. By ALEXANDER ANDERSON ("Surfaceman"). Crown 8vo. 5s.

"A work of great interest." — *Saturday Review*.
"This volume claims little consideration on the plea that its author is a working man. The reader will forget the author's position while reading his verses, or will remember it only to wonder at the refinement and culture they exhibit. . . . The writer has put his heart into his song." *Full Malt Gazette*.
"His work is very exceptionally good of its kind." — *Academy*.

LANCASHIRE MEMORIES. By LOUISA POTTER. Crown 8vo. 6s.

"An unaffected, fresh, and entertaining little book." — *Daily Telegraph*.
"The various characters who are introduced to the reader have each and all their own individualities so strongly marked that one recognises in a moment the fact of their having been drawn from life; and a delicate sense of refined humour touches these portraits here and there with bits of subdued fun which make very amusing reading indeed." — *Globe*.

Monthly, 1s.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE,

No. CCXXXIX. (for SEPTEMBER).

CONTENTS:

1. HISTORY AND POLITICS. By Professor SEELEY. No. II.
2. A DOUBTING HEART. By Miss KEARY. Chapters 35 and 36.
3. AN EDITOR'S TROUBLES. By WILLIAM MINTO.
4. NEEDLEWORK IN THE GERMAN SCHOOLS. By Miss HEATH.
5. INDO-MEDITERRANEAN RAILWAY. By Commander V. LOVETT CAMERON, R.N.
6. HELLENIC STUDIES. By C. T. NEWTON, C.B., D.C.L., LL.D., &c. &c.
7. "HAWORTH'S." By FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT, Author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's." Chapters 49–51.
8. ALMS AND LEGS IN FRANCE. By WINIFREDE M. WYSE.
9. CYPRUS—IS IT WORTH KEEPING? By R. HAMILTON LANG, late H.M. Consul for the Island of Cyprus.

MACMILLAN & CO., LONDON.

SCHOOL BOOKS PUBLISHED BY LONGMANS & CO.

The **PUBLIC SCHOOL LATIN GRAMMAR**, for the Use of Schools, Colleges, and private Students. By B. H. KENNEDY, D.D. Canon of Ely. Reg. Prof. of Greek in the Univ. of Cambridge. Fourth Edition. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

The **CHILD'S LATIN ACCIDENCE**, extracted from Canon KENNEDY's Child's Latin Primer; containing all that is necessary to lead Boys up to the Public School Latin Primer. 12mo. 1s.

The **PUBLIC SCHOOL LATIN PRIMER**. Edited with the sanction of the Head Masters of the Nine Public Schools included in Her Majesty's Commission. 12mo. 2s. 6d.

SUBSIDIA PRIMARIA, STEPS to LATIN; Easy Companion-Books to the Public School Latin Primer, for Beginners. By B. H. KENNEDY, D.D. Reg. Prof. of Greek in the Univ. of Cambridge. PART I. *Accidence and Simple Construction*, price 2s. 6d. PART II. *Syntax*, price 3s. 6d. The KEY to PARTS I. and II. price 5s.

SUBSIDIA PRIMARIA, PART III. Manual of the Rules of Construction in the Latin Compound Sentence; being a SUPPLEMENT to the Public School Latin Primer. By B. H. KENNEDY, D.D. Reg. Prof. of Greek in the Univ. of Cambridge. 12mo. price 1s.

PALÆSTRA LATINA, or Second Latin Reading Book; adapted to the Public School Latin Primer. By B. H. KENNEDY, D.D. Reg. Prof. of Greek in the Univ. of Cambridge. 12mo. 5s.

A **NEW ELEMENTARY GREEK GRAMMAR**, intended as a Companion to the Public School Latin Primer. By the Rev. EDWARD ST. JOHN PARRY, M.A. of Balliol College, Oxford. New Edition, with indexes. 12mo. 3s. 6d.

WHITE'S GRAMMAR-SCHOOL GREEK TEXTS.

ÆSOP'S FABLES & PALÆPHATUS' MYTHS, 32mo. 1s.

HOMER, ILIAD, Book I. 1s.

LUCIAN, SELECT DIALOGUES, 1s.

XENOPHON, ANABASIS, Books I. III. & V. price 1s. 6d. each; Book II. 1s.

ST. MATTHEW'S & ST. LUKE'S GOSPELS, price 2s. 6d. each.

ST. MARK'S & ST. JOHN'S GOSPELS, 1s. 6d. each.

THE ACTS of the APOSTLES, 2s. 6d.

ST. PAUL'S EPISTLE to the ROMANS, 1s. 6d.

THE FOUR GOSPELS in GREEK, with a Greek-English Lexicon. Edited by JOHN T. WHITE, D.D. Oxon. Square 32mo. 5s.

WHITE'S GRAMMAR-SCHOOL LATIN TEXTS.

CÆSAR, GALLIC WAR, Books I. II. V. & VI. price 1s. each.

CÆSAR, GALLIC WAR, Books III. & IV. 9d. each.

CICERO, CATO MAJOR, 1s. 6d.

CICERO, LÆLIUS, 1s. 6d.

EUTROPIUS, ROMAN HISTORY, Books I. & II. 1s.

EUTROPIUS, ROMAN HISTORY, Books III. & IV. price 1s.

HORACE, ODES, Books I. II. & IV. 1s. each.

HORACE, ODES, Book III. 1s. 6d.

NEPOS, MILTIADES, CIMON, PAUSANIAS, ARISTIDES, 9d.

OVID, SELECTIONS from EPISTLES & FASTI, price 1s.

OVID, SELECT MYTHS from METAMORPHOSES, price 9d.

PHÆDRUS, SELECT EASY FABLES, 9d.

PHÆDRUS, FABLES, Books I. & II. 1s.

SALLUST, BELLUM CATILINARIUM, 1s. 6d.

VIRGIL, GEORGICS, Book IV. 1s.

VIRGIL, ÆNEID, Books I. to VI. 1s. each.

LIVY, BOOKS XXII. & XXIII. Latin Text with English Notes, and Vocabulary of Proper Names. Edited by JOHN T. WHITE, D.D. Oxon. 12mo. 2s. 6d. each Book.

A **LATIN-ENGLISH DICTIONARY** (the Parent Work). By JOHN T. WHITE, D.D. Oxon. and JOSEPH ESMOND RIDDLE, M.A. Oxon. Founded on the larger Dictionary of Freund. Seventh Edition, revised, 4to. 28s.

The **COLLEGE LATIN-ENGLISH DICTIONARY** (Intermediate Size), abridged for the Use of University Students from the large Latin-English Dictionary of WHITE and RIDDLE, by JOHN T. WHITE, D.D. Third Edition revised. Medium 8vo. 15s.

The **JUNIOR STUDENT'S LATIN-ENGLISH DICTIONARY**, abridged for the Use of Schools from the Dictionaries of WHITE and RIDDLE, by JOHN T. WHITE, D.D. Joint-Author. Square 12mo. price 7s. 6d.

A **NEW ENGLISH-LATIN DICTIONARY**, for the use of Schools, founded on WHITE and RIDDLE's large Latin-English Dictionary. By the Rev. JOHN T. WHITE, D.D. Oxon. Square 12mo. 5s. 6d.

WHITE'S JUNIOR STUDENT'S COMPLETE ENGLISH and ENGLISH-LATIN DICTIONARY. Square 12mo. price 12s.

A **LATIN-ENGLISH DICTIONARY** adapted for the use of Middle-Class Schools. By JOHN T. WHITE, D.D. Oxon. Square fcp. 8vo. 3s.

LATIN PROSE EXERCISES; consisting of English Sentences translated from Cæsar, Cicero, and Livy, to be re-translated into the Original Latin. By the Rev. W. W. BRADLEY, M.A. New and Revised Edition. 12mo. 3s. 6d.—KEY, 5s.

LESSONS in LATIN PROSE; consisting of Rules and Exercises, and forming an Easy Introduction to the Writing of Continuous Latin Prose. By the Rev. W. W. BRADLEY, M.A. New Edition, with copious Indexes, English and Latin. 12mo. 5s.—KEY, 5s. 6d.

The **INSTITUTES of JUSTINIAN**; Latin Text, chiefly that of Huschke, with English Introduction, Translation, Notes, and Summary. By THOMAS C. SANDARS, M.A. Barrister-at-Law, late Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford. Sixth Edition, revised, 8vo. 18s.

A **SYSTEM of LOGIC, RATIOCINATIVE and INDUCTIVE**. By JOHN STUART MILL. Tenth Edition. 2 vols. 8vo. price 25s.

ANALYSIS of J. S. MILL'S SYSTEM of LOGIC. By W. STEBBING, M.A. New Edition [1875], revised. 12mo. 3s. 6d.

HANDBOOK of J. S. MILL'S SYSTEM of LOGIC. By the Rev. A. H. KILICK, M.A. Third Edition [1877], revised. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

The **HISTORY of ENGLAND from the ACCESSION of JAMES the SECOND**. By the Right Hon. Lord MACAULAY. Student's Edition. 2 vols. crown 8vo. 12s.

A **MANUAL of ENGLISH LITERATURE**, Historical and Critical. By THOMAS ARNOLD, M.A. of University College, Oxford. Fourth Edition [1877], revised and corrected throughout, with Additions. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

"Mr. ARNOLD has fulfilled his task with great care and good judgment, and his book fills an important place in our school literature. We hope that in its enlarged and perfected form it will be even more generally used in our higher schools than has hitherto been the case." THE TIMES, Jan. 10.

A **MANUAL of GEOGRAPHY**, Physical, Industrial, and Political. By WILLIAM HUGHES, F.R.G.S., late Professor of Geography in King's College, London. New Edition, with 6 Coloured Maps. Fcp. 8vo. 7s. 6d.

Or in PART I.—Europe, 3s. 6d.
2 Parts PART II.—Asia, Africa, America, Australasia, and Polynesia, 4s.

The **PUBLIC SCHOOLS ATLAS of MODERN GEOGRAPHY**, in 21 entirely new Coloured Maps. Edited by the Rev. G. BUTLER, M.A. Principal of Liverpool College. Imperial 8vo. or imperial 4to. price 5s.

The **PUBLIC SCHOOLS ATLAS of ANCIENT GEOGRAPHY**, in 23 entirely new Coloured Maps. Edited by the Rev. G. BUTLER, M.A. Principal of Liverpool College. Imperial 8vo. or imperial 4to. price 7s. 6d.

A **NEW STAR ATLAS for the Library**, the School, and the Observatory, in Twelve Circular Maps, with 2 Index Plates, and 9 Diagrams on Wood. By RICHARD A. PROCTOR, B.A. Cantab. Sixth Edition. Crown 8vo. 5s.

MESSRS. RIVINGTON'S EDUCATIONAL LIST.

BY ARTHUR SIDGWICK, M.A.

Lecturer at Corpus Christi College, Oxford; late Assistant-Master at Rugby School, and Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.

AN INTRODUCTION to GREEK PROSE COMPOSITION; with Exercises. Second Edition, revised, crown 8vo. 5s.

A KEY, for the use of Tutors only, 5s.

CONTENTS: (1) Notes on Constructions; Preliminary—Final Sentences—Deliberative Sentences—Conditional Sentences—Indefinite Sentences—Oratio Obliqua—Consecutive Sentences—Limitative Sentences—Temporal Sentences—Casual Sentences—Concessive Sentences. (2) Notes on Idiom; Preliminary—Abstract and Concrete—Tense—Negatives—Connexion—Tenses—Attraction—Participles—Middle Voice—Metaphors—175 Exercises. Lists; Pronouns, &c.—Conjunctions—Participles—Prepositions—Scheme of Subjunctive—Optative—Index of Moods. Vocabulary, &c.

A FIRST GREEK WRITER. [*In preparation.*]

CICERO de AMICITIA. With Notes. Small 8vo. 2s.

CONTENTS: Introduction—Time and Circumstances—Dedication—Scheme of the Dialogue—Characters of the Dialogue—The Scipionic Circle—Pedigree of the Scipios—Conspectus of the Dialogue—Analysis—Text—Notes—Scheme of the Subjunctive—Notes on the Readings—Indices.

HOMER'S ILIAD. Books I. and II. With

Notes at the End for the Use of Junior Students. Small 8vo. 2s. 6d.

CONTENTS: Preface—Introduction—The Language of Homer—The Dialect—Forms—Syntax—General Text, Books I. and II.—Notes—Indices.

SCENES from GREEK PLAYS. Rugby Edition. Abridged and Adapted for the use of Schools. Small 8vo. each 1s. 6d.

ARISTOPHANES—The Clouds, The Frogs, The Knights, Plutus.

EURIPIDES—Iphigenia in Tauris, The Cyclops, Ion, Electra, Alcestis, Bacchae, Hecuba.

BY R. W. TAYLOR, M.A.

Head-Master of Kelly College, Tavistock, and late Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge.

XENOPHON'S ANABASIS of CYRUS.

With Syntax, Grammatical References, Notes, Indices, Vocabularies, and Map. Crown 8vo.

Books I. and II., 2s. 6d. (May also be had separately.)
Books III. and IV., 3s. 6d.

A SHORT GREEK SYNTAX. Extracted from "Xenophon's Anabasis, with Notes." Crown 8vo. 9d.

STORIES from OVID in ELEGIAC VERSE.

With Notes for School Use and Marginal References to the "Public School Latin Primer." Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

SCOTT'S LADY of the LAKE. Small 8vo. price 2s.; or in Three Parts, each 9d. (Forming a Volume of the "English School-Classics.")

THE MERCHANT of VENICE. With Notes

at the end of the Volume. Small 8vo. (Forming a Volume of the Rugby Edition of Select Plays from Shakspeare.) [*In preparation.*]

ARNOLD'S HENRY'S FIRST LATIN

BOOK. By C. G. GEPP, M.A., Head-Master of King Edward VI.'s School, Stratford-upon-Avon; late Junior Student of Christ Church, Oxford. New and entirely revised Edition, 12mo. 5s.

A KEY for the use of Tutors only, 12mo. 5s.

The Original Edition of this Work is still kept on Sale.

A PRACTICAL GREEK METHOD for

BEGINNERS; being a Graduated Application of Grammar to Translation and Composition. By F. RITCHIE, M.A., and E. H. MOORE, M.A., Assistant-Masters at the High School, Plymouth. Crown 8vo.

[*Nearly ready.*]

BY GEORGE L. BENNETT, M.A.

Head-Master of the High School, Plymouth; formerly Assistant-Master at Rugby School, and Scholar of St. John's College, Cambridge.

FIRST LATIN WRITER. Comprising

Accidence, the Easier Rules of Syntax illustrated by copious Examples, and progressive Exercises in Elementary Latin Prose, with Vocabularies. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

CONTENTS: Preface—Accidence—Exercises on the Syntax (270): The Simple Sentence; The Compound Sentence; Adjectival Clauses, Adverbial Clauses, Substantival Clauses—Latin-English Vocabulary—English-Latin Vocabulary.

A KEY for the use of Tutors only, 5s.

FIRST LATIN EXERCISES. Being the

Exercises with Syntax Rules and Vocabularies from a "First Latin Writer." Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d.

A SECOND LATIN WRITER. Crown 8vo.

This work, in continuation of the First Latin Writer, will give hints on writing Latin Prose for Boys about to commence the rendering of continuous passages from English Authors into Latin. There will be a large collection of Exercises, graduated according to their difficulty, with Notes. [*Nearly ready.*]

EASY LATIN STORIES for BEGINNERS.

With Vocabularies and Notes. Forming a First Latin Reading Book for Junior Forms in Schools. Second Edition, revised, crown 8vo. price 2s. 6d.

A KEY for the use of Tutors only, 5s.

BY FRANCIS STORR, M.A.

Chief Master of Modern Subjects at Merchant Taylors' School, late Scholar of Trinity College, Cambridge, and Bell University Scholar.

COWPER'S TASK. Small 8vo. 2s.; or in Three Parts, each 9d.

COWPER'S SIMPLE POEMS. [*Just ready.*]

TWENTY of BACON'S ESSAYS. 1s.

MILTON'S PARADISE LOST. Book I. 9d. Book II. 9d.

MILTON'S L'ALLEGRO, IL PENSEROSO, and LYCIDAS. By E. STORR. 1s.

MACAULAY'S ESSAYS: MOORE'S LIFE of BYRON, 9d.; BOSWELL'S LIFE of JOHNSON, 9d.

GRAY'S ODES and ELEGY WRITTEN in a COUNTRY CHURCHYARD. 1s.

Forming Volumes of the "English School-Classics."

THE ÆNEID of VERGIL. Edited, with Notes at the End. Crown 8vo. Books I. and II., 2s. 6d. Books XI. and XII. 2s. 6d.

LESSING'S FABLES. Arranged in order of difficulty. A First German Reading Book. Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d.

SELECTIONS from HAUFF'S STORIES:

a First German Reading Book for Schools. Edited by W. E. MULLINS, M.A., Assistant-Master at Marlborough College; and F. STORR, M.A. Crown 8vo. 4s. 6d.

STORIES in ATTIC GREEK. Forming a

Greek Reading-Book for the use of Junior Forms in Schools. With Notes and Vocabulary. By FRANCIS DAVID MORICE, M.A., Assistant-Master at Rugby School; and Fellow of Queen's College, Oxford. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

SELECTIONS from LUCIAN. With English

Notes. By EVELYN ABBOTT, M.A., LL.D., Fellow and Tutor of Balliol College, Oxford, and late Assistant-Master at Clifton College. Second Edition, small 8vo. 3s. 6d.

CAESAR. DE BELLO GALLICO. Books I.

to III. Edited, with Preface, Introductions, Maps, Plans, Grammatical, Historical, and Geographical Notes, Indices, Grammatical Appendices, &c., by J. H. MERRYWEATHER, M.A., and C. C. TANCOCK, M.A., Assistant-Masters at Charterhouse School. Small 8vo.

[*Just ready.*]

RIVINGTONS: WATERLOO PLACE, LONDON; OXFORD, AND CAMBRIDGE.

Printed by SPOTTISWOODE & CO., at No. 5 New-street Square, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London; and Published by DAVID JONES, at the Office, No. 38 Southampton Street, Strand, in the Parish of St. Paul, Covent Garden, in the County of Middlesex.—Saturday, August 30, 1879.